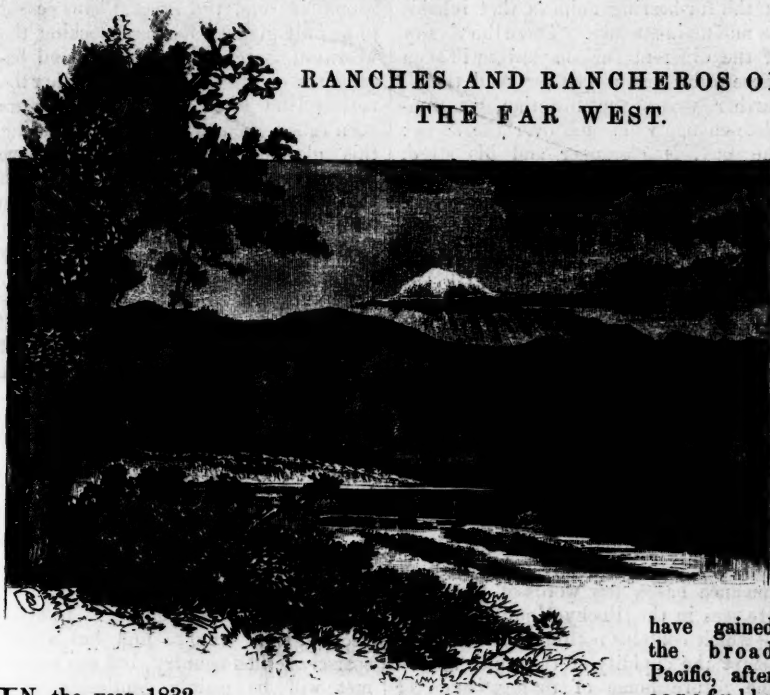


# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1882,

## RANCHES AND RANCHEROS OF THE FAR WEST.



IN the year 1832, Captain Bonneville, U.S.A., starting from a frontier trading-post in Missouri, led a trapping expedition across the Rocky Mountains. Some years later, his adventures were chronicled by the graceful pen of Washington Irving. Having followed his hero across vast plains infested with savages, through the snows that whiten the continent's mighty Divide, and down the course of rushing torrents that never rest till they

### RUINS OF OLD FORT RENO.

have gained the broad Pacific, after carefully studying the Rocky Mountain region and weighing the possibilities of the great upland plains that stretch to the eastward, the historian pauses to forecast the future of this inland empire. "The great Chipewyan (or Rocky) chain of mountains," he writes, "and the sandy and volcanic plains which extend on either side, are represented as incapable of cultivation.

The pasturage which prevails there during a certain portion of the year soon withers under the aridity of the atmosphere, and leaves nothing but dreary wastes. An immense belt of rocky mountains and volcanic plains several hundred miles in width must ever remain an irreclaimable wilderness, intervening between the abodes of civilization and affording a last refuge for the Indian." He finds nothing of value in this whole immense region except the skins of the fur-bearing animals that inhabit its mountain-streams. These the rivalry of the different fur-companies will soon cause to become extinct. "And then," further writes the historian, "a complete change will come over the scene: the gay, free trapper and his steed, decked out in wild array and tinkling with bells and tinketry; the savage war-chief, plumed and painted and ever on the prowl; the traders' cavalcade, winding through defiles or over naked plains, with the stealthy war-party lurking on its trail; the buffalo-chase, the hunting-camp, the mad carouse in the midst of danger, the night-attack, the stampado, the scamper, the fierce skirmish among rocks and cliffs,—all this romance of savage life which yet exists among the mountains will then exist but in frontier story, and seem like the fictions of chivalry or fairy-tale."

Thus glowingly is the present portrayed. For the future the great historian of romance has a few words of prophecy. He sees in the Rocky Mountain region—which contains nothing that will ever tempt the cupidity of the white man—the future home of roving bands of hunters plentifully supplied with horses, with perhaps small herds of cattle, but gaining their subsistence principally from the chase. In time, from the intermingling of different nationalities, there may arise a hybrid race, like the mountain Tartars of the Caucasus. Across the great plains, which must ever remain dreary and trackless wastes, may descend these savage hordes, laying desolate, perchance, some peaceful town in the Mississippi Valley, and returning laden with plunder to their mountain-fastnesses.

All this is strange reading in this year of grace 1882, but, nevertheless, strange only as viewed in the light of less than a half-century's achievements. Had we taken pen to write our nation's destiny before California had yielded up a single drop of the great golden stream that has ever since poured from her rock-ribbed hills and sunny slopes, before the possibility of a Pacific Railroad had shaped itself in the brain of the wildest dreamer, before the Rocky Mountains and the great Plains ceased to be only gigantic barriers blocking the westward march of civilization and became the one the mint and the other the pasture-land of a continent,—had we been called upon to prophesy concerning this glorious future, we might have fallen further short of the realization than did the gifted author of the "Sketch-Book."

And yet upon this splendid July morning, as the train bears us rapidly northward from Denver along the base of the Snowy Range, whose peaks still wear their glistening caps in defiance of the fiery sun, I find it difficult to realize the wonderful change wrought by less than half a century. Into the very heart of this "irreclaimable wilderness," where the hybrid race of savages might be expected ere this to have developed itself, into the midst of this region where the "pasturage withers under the aridity of the atmosphere," we are proposing to go,—yea, and by rail and stage-coach to the very end of the journey. I am expecting, it is true, to find but a very sparsely settled country; but the persons met will be mainly gentlemen, who, though their clothes are coarse, will be possessed of a higher intelligence, education, and refinement than the average to be met with in an Eastern city. Moreover, I am expecting to find tens of thousands of fat cattle grazing upon these plains, though they have passed the winter without other feed or shelter than the country naturally afforded. In short, my friend Hamilton and I are on our way to a frontier cattle-ranch, situated on the Powder River in Wyoming Territory, and midway between the

Black Hills of Dakota on the east and the Big Horn Mountains on the west. Less than fifty years ago Captain Bonneville journeyed through this very country, and considered it a dreary waste, "containing nothing to tempt the cupidity of the white man:" to-day it is in the lips of every stock-man in the land, and he is considered fortunate who has a "range" within its favored limits.

At Cheyenne, that mushroom railroad city of the Plains, the Union Pacific train waits to carry us still a hundred miles farther westward,—climbing the great Divide at Sherman, and then descending to traverse with majestic sweep the beautiful Laramie Plains. In the twilight we reach Rock Creek, where the real journey begins; for upon the morrow, at four A.M., we start upon a stage-ride of one hundred and seventy-five



A STAGE-RANCH ON THE WYOMING PLAINS.

miles, to be accomplished in thirty-four consecutive hours. And yet the anticipation of this tiresome ride awakens no dread: on the contrary, it is looked forward to with eager interest. For once the beaten track is to be left and unfrequented places visited. But who in these latter days can find the frontier,—that line which bounds the exploits of the restless American pioneer, and beyond which lies the real *terra incognita*? The wild and desolate region through which we journey, and in which, aside from the stage-stations, scarce a human habitation is seen, is full of historic interest, albeit the history is crowded into the last forty years. The road over which we travel was made by the government in 1866 as an emigrant-route to Montana, and along its dreary stretch of almost four hundred miles four posts were established: Fort Fetterman was built upon the North Platte,

Reno upon the Powder, Phil Kearney upon the Piney, and Fort Smith upon the Big Horn. Then the real history of the country began, for it was then the Crows, the Sioux, the Arapahoes, and the Cheyennes were dispossessed each in part of their traditional hunting-grounds, and the reign of the pale-face began. But the possessions thus gained were soon regarded as scarce worth the trouble of keeping, and only two years later the region was relinquished by treaty to the Sioux and the posts were abandoned. For eight years more the Indian roamed and hunted from the Big Horn to the Black Hills, and again does the white man look with covetous eyes upon the region which has acquired new value, for gold is to be dug from the Black Hills and cattle are crowding in upon the rolling plain. In 1876 the government, not without a bloody massacre, once more took formal possession

and began the establishment of a new chain of posts. And to-day we are riding in a Concord stage, one of a *daily* line running from Rock Creek, Wyoming, to Etchetah, Montana,—a distance of four hundred and five miles,—and carrying the mail through the posts above referred to, for which service the company receives eighty-eight thousand dollars per annum. As a sample of daring frontier enterprise this certainly deserves mention.

The stars that shone brightly upon us as the stage pulled out of Rock Creek have faded before the dawn, and the sun rises to inaugurate another magnificent summer's day, as we plunge into the wilderness of broken, rolling plain and rugged, dark-brown mountains known as the Laramie Hills. Laramie Peak, one of the handsomest giants of the northern Rockies, is left on the east as the road winds through the handsome La Bonté Cañon and down the course of the La Prêle, on whose banks ended the division of the old overland stage- and emigrant-road on which the notorious Slade carried on his business of highway-robbery. The mid-day sun is warm, and Hamilton begins to question the expediency of wearing two complete suits of clothes at the same time, even though they had been donned to defraud the company of extra baggage-charges, since eleven and one-third cents per pound must otherwise be paid. But the lengthening shadows bring speedy relief in this region of rapid changes, and the evening air is cool as we reach Fort Fetterman. A unique and curious sight is a frontier post upon the Plains. The quadrangle of low, dirt-roofed log cabins enclosing the parade-ground, the officers' quarters, more pretentious with their little log piazzas, the house of the commanding officer, for the construction of which the largest and straightest logs had been selected, and all nestled down upon the bosom of the great, outstretching plain, form a picture that will dwell long in the mind of the beholder. Thus looked Fort Fetterman from the summit of the last ridge. Soon the post is reached: the driver flourishes his whip,

and with unwonted speed we are whirled up to the post-office door, where we stop with a sudden jerk that sets the little canvas-covered box swinging upon its leathern supports. The soldiers stroll lazily out to look upon the one daily excitement, while the travellers seek such refreshment as can be secured. Some fifty miles back we had passed the northernmost limit of the potato as an article of diet. From that on, the bill of fare was to be a dreary constant. Breakfast, dinner, or supper,—it mattered not,—the identical quartette invariably appeared,—viz., fried bacon, soda or baking-powder biscuit, dried apples, and a decoction of various materials dignified by the name of coffee. These were the beginnings of our experiences: we had yet to learn that dried apples, under some circumstances, may be regarded as an absolute luxury.

Darkness descends, and the stage rumbles on. The night grows cold; we pin down the canvas curtains that serve as doors, brace ourselves each in a corner, and proceed to pass the night as comfortably as we may. The stage rumbles on through a desolate country, over an endless succession of "divides," and across innumerable gulches, down into which we are precipitated, only the next instant to be projected against the opposite almost vertical bank. How much we slept may be imagined; and when the dawn once more brightens the eastern sky, and the curtains are again rolled up, the same billowy, dreary, water-scarred plain is seen to stretch away in every direction. Through this country the stage company had difficulty in finding drinkable water at intervals of about twenty miles upon which to locate stations. At many places the water is alkaline, brackish, and otherwise mineralized to a degree that renders it exceedingly repulsive. The stage rumbles on. Soon the snow-covered peaks of the Big Horn Mountains are seen on the northwestern horizon; later, the handsome Pumpkin-Seed Buttes rise gracefully out of the rolling plain; away to the west we descry a green line winding across the plain like a gigantic



serpent, which, however, we know to be the timber upon the Powder River. A few hours later, we have descended one of its tributaries: a dash through the stream, a whirl past deserted log cabins, a quick turn, and we are in the parade-ground of old Fort McKinney and at the door of Powder River Post-Office. The long journey is over, and but five miles now separate us from our ultimate destination. These are quickly covered in the wagon that has been sent to meet us; and not many hours later we are luxuriating in venison and flapjacks beneath the hospitable roof of a frontier ranch-house.

Many pens have essayed the task of describing a cattle-ranch in the Far West; yet the writer must confess to a total and radical misapprehension of the subject, corrected only when he himself crossed the Plains and saw with his own eyes. The idea is a difficult one for the Eastern mind fully to grasp. It is required that all preconceived notions of what should constitute a well-regulated stock-farm must be abandoned and a totally new set substituted. Fences, green pastures, stables, the whistling boy driving home the cows from the meadow when the sun is casting long shadows, the stone mansion embowered in stately trees upon the overlooking hill,—this picture of rural beauty that graces ten thousand canvases throughout our land must be laid aside and forgotten if we would contemplate a Western cattle-ranch. He who would successfully follow the business of cattle-raising upon the Plains must keep ever on the frontier, pushing farther on into the wilderness as civilization follows in his wake. If he is pressed too closely, he must strike into a new country "to find a range." His judgment must be exercised with regard to several particulars. The country he selects must be fairly covered with the natural grasses, with here and there patches of greasewood, white sage, or other browse, to serve as food in case the grass is covered by a fall of snow. He must further assure himself as to the perennial character of the stream or water-holes upon

the range, upon which the cattle are to depend for one essential element. And, lastly, he should also see to it that the country affords good shelter from the winter winds and storms, secured by clumps of trees, bluffs, or other features of a broken country. With feed, water, and shelter assured, he feels that a suitable range has been found, and returns to drive thither his herd. Into a heavy freight-wagon is loaded the whole ranch-equipment, including tent, bedding, cooking-utensils, and provisions to last perhaps a year. The mounted herders drive the cattle with many a whoop and halloo, and the procession strikes out for the new country. Over the rolling plain, making a wagon-road as they go, fording unknown streams, finding a way across deep ravines, often suffering for water and making many a dry camp, riding all day long under the scorching sun, with alkali dust, stirred up by ten thousand hoofs, blown into mouth and nostrils, riding all night long around the prostrate herd, and sometimes galloping away in the darkness to check, if possible, the wild stampede,—thus for months, it may be, the procession moves on, until the selected range is reached. Here the cattle are turned loose, to explore their new home, to eat, drink, wander, and rest at will, to forget the hardships of the long drive, and to grow fat upon the nutritious grass. Meantime, the site for the ranch-house is selected, a few trees are felled and logs cut, and a low, dirt-roofed log cabin or hut is quickly thrown together. Several small fenced enclosures, or *corrales*, and a branding-chute are soon completed, and the ranch may be considered as established. No title to the land is secured; none is desired. The sovereign American citizen simply takes possession, fully persuaded that it is his privilege to dedicate to useful purposes the waste places of our great country.

Let it be understood that the ranchman lays no exclusive claim to the range he has selected. The plains on which his cattle graze are just as free to others that may come. Ranches may be located all about him, and, as long as the

range is not overstocked, it matters little to him. But when this comes to pass he must either remain and suffer the loss and risk incident thereto, or else remove farther.

Over the country into which they are driven the cattle wander at will during a greater part of the year. Little care can be exercised over them; little is necessary. The experienced stock-man will carefully study his range, and determine the points, if any, toward which the cattle are liable to drift, and the passes by which they may wander away from the natural range and entirely out of the country. These points must be watched and straying stock turned back. During the winter months very little can be done, and the range is rarely ridden. The band of saddle-horses—of which a goodly number should be kept, at least a half-dozen to each man—must be hunted and driven in, morning and night; for the horses, as well as the cattle, must gain their living, summer and winter, upon the range. About the 1st of May the season's work begins, and preparations for the annual "round-up" are made. The country is divided into districts, and, under the auspices of the stock association, captains are appointed to command the different companies. At a given time, an organized army of mounted herders ride forth, each company starting from a given point and searching over a given territory. Thus the whole country in which range-cattle are likely to be found is gone over; and, by a thorough system of organization, each stock-man who is represented in the "round-up" at its close has in his possession his own herd, the individuals of which have been collected from a territory possibly some hundreds of miles square. Then the calf-branding begins. The ownership of the calves that still, thus early in the season, run beside their mothers cannot be questioned, and a like brand that adorns the cow is applied to her offspring. This accomplished, each stock-man drives his own herd back to his range, where the cattle are again turned loose, to roam the country for another ten months. Such beeves as

are to be shipped to market are gathered somewhat later; and, with this accomplished, the season's work is over.

This is the general method of conducting the cattle-business upon the Plains, and must be followed in all places where great numbers, bearing many different brands, are running together. Upon the Powder River, however, where we are learning the details of the business, a different plan is as yet practicable. Only six ranches are located on the river, and these in a length of perhaps fifty miles. Grass being abundant and good, there is little occasion for the cattle to wander, and they are generally found comparatively close to the stream and not far from the respective ranches. This condition of affairs renders a general round-up unnecessary, as each stock-man can ride the entire range. Hence during the summer months the rancheros are almost constantly in the saddle. It was at such labors we found the "outfit" of Messrs. Brown, Hallett & Co., whose hospitalities we were to enjoy for a brief season. An energetic man is Mr. Brown,—a "rustler," in Western parlance,—who knows all about the stock-business, and allows no fear of hard work to deter him from making it a success. Just now, the work in hand is riding the range for calves. Let us see how it is done.

The dawn finds Arthur, the cook, astir, and preparations for breakfast are soon under way. Next to make his appearance is one of the boys, whether it be Tom, Charley, or Ned, whose turn it is to drive in the saddle-band. A horse that had been picketed near by the previous night is soon saddled, and off he rides. The horses may be found in a band close to the cabin, or a few may have wandered five miles off; but skill in trailing them is soon acquired, and, in less time than might be expected, they are driven in, generally on a run, and secured in the corral. Meantime, as the sun peeps from the summit of the bluff to eastward, we sit down to breakfast,—some on an assortment of three-legged stools, and the rest

on boxes of various dimensions. The bill of fare is restricted, but ample. If we have been successful in the chase, fried venison will be served; otherwise, bacon. Bread or biscuit, sometimes supplemented by flapjacks, dried apples for a sauce, coffee and milk, complete the repast. We breakfast royally upon it, for we are hungry. Never can the writer remember a time, even in rapacious school-boy days, when he was so persistently, atrociously, and insatiably hungry as during this ranch-sojourn. His gastronomic exploits, were they soberly related, would scarce be credited in a civilized community: yet his experience is that of almost every one under similar conditions. A prominent physician of Colorado Springs, who once roughed it for a year to regain his health, says of this mode of life, "Almost every known law of physiology and hygiene may be persistently violated, and yet the transgressor seems to thrive thereby."

Breakfast over, we at once proceed to the corral, where some forty horses are assembled. Each man selects the animal he desires for the day's ride, and these are one by one "roped out" from the jostling band and the remainder allowed to scamper off, to be disturbed no more till they are driven in again at night. Soon the mounted party is ready to proceed, and sets out to ride over some particular part of the range. And just here a popular misapprehension waits to be corrected. In all the pictures of ranch-life which I have seen, the herders are tearing about at breakneck speed, swinging the lasso above their heads, or casting at cattle in an equally high state of excitement,—all plunging about through the waving grass, which is generally represented as several feet high. These are popular fictions. As a matter of fact, cattle-herders perform nine-tenths of their riding in a fast walk or fox-trot,—gaits to which the horses are trained, and by which an incredible amount of country can be covered with ease to horse and rider. It is only when some refractory animal is to be headed off, or a herd divided into two or more

parts by the operation known as "cutting out," that bursts of speed are necessary or indulged in. And were the grass of the rank growth represented in the popular prints, the country producing it would be unfit for a stock-range.

Off, then, we quietly trot, generally in Indian file, striking up or down the river, as the case may be, and then turning up some tributary stream which is to be searched. Proceeding to its head, the country is carefully looked over on both sides, and all unbranded calves with their mothers are detached from the other cattle and driven riverward in a constantly-increasing herd. Much stock that belongs to neighboring or more remote ranch-men may be seen; but this is not disturbed. At length the ranch is reached, and the herd driven into a corral. By this time it is generally past noon, and all are ready for dinner. The bill of fare, except on rare occasions, presents no difference from that of breakfast; yet hearty appetites, induced by the healthful exercise of the morning, meet it more than half-way, and all are satisfied. The afternoon brings its excitements,—for the calves are to be branded. A fire is kindled in one end of the corral and the irons put in to heat. Tom, mounted upon one of his favorite horses, rides into the herd, swinging his rope gracefully above his head. Tom is a Texan, and can throw a rope. In a twinkling, amid a flurry of dust, the noose has been drawn tight about the neck of one of the scampering herd, and, a turn of the rope having been taken around the horn of the saddle, the trained horse walks steadily away, dragging after him the bawling calf, which generally leaps into the air and performs other evolutions at the end of the rope. Arrived at the branding-place, the horse wheels round and plants himself firmly, undisturbed by the commotion about him. Now the calf must be thrown, and, seizing a comparatively lucid interval, Charley rushes in, dexterously grasps the animal, lifts it off its feet, and throws it upon the ground, which it strikes upon its side with a heavy thud. To throw a calf is

an art, and is not to be accomplished by any exercise of mere "main strength and awkwardness." The novice is baffled by the ability displayed by the calf to keep its legs under it, after the manner of a cat. Indeed, a good, healthy calf of but a few months is wellnigh a match for any unskilled hand, however strong; and sometimes the man, rather than the calf, is thrown to the ground, as our friend Hamilton can abundantly testify. Once down, the hot irons are quickly applied, the desired body-marks made, and the little animal released, looking somewhat the worse for its rough treatment, but seeming to suffer no bodily inconvenience. By this time Tom has another ready; and so the work goes on. When all have been branded, the cattle are driven away from the corral, to search out, if they choose, their old companions upon the range.

In such employment is most of the season generally passed; for, like Mark Twain in the Nevada quartz-mill, where he could *always* "screen tailings," the stock-man can always "ride the range." And with profit, too; for, besides keeping the calves well branded up, he can keep the stock placed advantageously upon the range,—driving any band that persists in staying where the feed is poor to some better locality, reserving a sheltered part of the range for winter use and keeping stock off it during the summer, and otherwise managing his business. And thus we rode during many of those resplendent August days, free-hearted and happy, over the billowy Wyoming plains. The Big Horn Mountains, majestic and bold in the clear morning light or vague and shadowy in the purple sheen of the declining sun,—the Pine Ridge, banking up the eastern horizon with a frowning mountain-wall,—the rich brown Buttes, rising from the plain like mighty palisades,—these are our inspiring landmarks. The shy Virginia deer springs from his covert among the willows by the river; the swift black-tail bounds through the grassy glades that lead down from the rough, mountainous country; the coyote leaves his

carriion feast at our approach and glides stealthily away; the rabbit runs across the open and couches quivering among the sage-brush. Above us is the blue, unclouded sky; around us, refreshing airs. What care we for the world and its concerns? We are going back to the ways of the olden time, when men, less care-consumed, lived longer and perchance were happier. Or are we approaching a better age than either past or present?—for here, around the crumbling chimneys of old, deserted Fort Reno, the peaceful cattle are grazing,—token that war is known no more and the reign of peace begun.

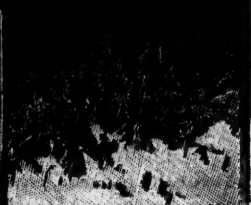
But the world will now and then intrude itself even on a frontier ranch. One afternoon a cloud of dust is seen in the distance, indicating the approach of a herd which had been contracted for by our hosts in April last and is only now finishing the long drive from Central Utah. Soon they come in, twelve hundred and fifty head, driven by tired horses and weary, travel-stained men. Seventy-two days have they been upon the way, and yet they have come scarce six hundred miles. Then there is excitement for a few days following. The great herd is to be "cut,"—that is, the cattle classified according to their several ages and corresponding value. Animals of all sizes are to be branded: smoke and dust rise all day long from the corral. We are not sorry when the end is reached, and the last animal, bearing the newly-imprinted mark of ownership, turned out upon the inviting range.

The Spaniards who came first to the New World brought with them numbers of their long-horn cattle, and the descendants of these in time formed the foundation of the Texas herds that till recently supplied all the ranges of our country. Upon the vast Texas plains was formed the nucleus of the cattle-business in the United States; and so rapidly did it grow that ere long the range was stocked to its fullest capacity and the increase must be driven elsewhere. Gradually the cattle crept northward,—through Western Kansas into Northern New Mexico and South-





CAÑON OF THE DRY FORK, POWDER RIVER.



FORT FETTERMAN.

of men that a country which naturally supported, summer and winter, herds of buffalo and bands of deer and antelope might safely be trusted with neat cattle. Hence the experiment was tried, and as a result the ranges of Utah and Nevada, of Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, are more or less stocked with the descendants of the English short-horns. From these points annual

ern Colorado,—slowly advancing northward into regions that had been considered unfit for the employment of the Texan methods, but where, to the surprise of all, even better results were secured. Meantime, another stream of cattle began to pour in upon the boundless plains of the Far West,—cattle of a different stock and from a different source. It began to occur to the minds

drives are made to Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming, where the ranges are less crowded or the facilities for shipping or the demand for beef more extended. And all over this region the cattle feed upon the wonderful natural grasses, that, started by the spring snows, reach their maturity in midsummer, when the rains cease, and quickly cure upon the ground, forming as good feed

even in the late winter as though it had been stowed safely away in the barn.

What are the profits of the stock-business? is the all-important question. As well inquire the profits of the dry-goods, iron, or any other business. In common with every other pursuit in life, the degree of success depends largely upon personal qualifications. To be a good judge of stock as well as of a range, to exercise shrewdness in buying and selling,—in short, to combine a thorough knowledge of the business with the talent of *managing*, in every sense of that term,—these are the qualifications of a successful stock-man; and in so far as these are deficient or wanting, to that degree, generally speaking, must the profits be reduced. The man who, without knowledge, experience, or aptitude for the business, locates his ranch, buys his stock, and turns them loose upon the Plains, only invites disaster and certain loss. It has been the custom to illustrate the profits of the stock-business by means of tabular statements. A given sum of money is invested in cattle or sheep, and the profits arising from the increase, as well as the growth of the original stock, are computed year by year. After the lapse of a certain time, say five or ten years, the business is closed out and the total profit ascertained. This method has its luminous features, but its deceptive ones as well. The inference would seem to be that it is only necessary to purchase the stock, ranch it, and the result must naturally follow. I have preferred to state what *has been* rather than what *may be* done, and hence I will relate the three years' experience of a certain company, at the door of whose ranch-house—a forlorn affair, half cabin, half dug-out, situated on the far Northwestern frontier—I sat many a midsummer evening among a picturesque group of cow-boys in full ranch regalia, listening to border extravaganzas as well as the no less interesting though prosaic figures of the stock-business. The company referred to began operations in the spring of 1879, when cattle to the value of twenty-four thousand dollars were purchased. Their first location was

in North Park, Colorado, the northernmost member of the great Rocky Mountain park system. Cattle flourish during the summer on these range-girt plateaus, of which there are four principal ones in Colorado, a single one of the number being half the size of the State of Massachusetts; but in the event of a deep snow the cattle, unable to escape by the trails they entered, must inevitably be lost. The risks incident to a winter in the Park being appreciated, search for a new range was at once begun, resulting in a location upon the Northwestern frontier, whither the herd was driven, a distance of three hundred miles, in the autumn of 1879. The results of the winter-being so favorable, the company, in the spring, contracted for additional cattle to the value of fifteen thousand dollars, which were duly delivered in August, 1880. Since that time, small purchases, amounting in all to one thousand dollars, have been made, while beef to the value of seventeen thousand dollars has been sold. At the present writing (December, 1881) the estimated value of their stock—including saddle-horses, ranches, and improvements, worth in all six thousand dollars—is one hundred and ten thousand dollars, on which basis a corporation is now forming, in which large additional capital is to be invested. When it is further stated that the total expenses for the three years may be put in round numbers at nine thousand dollars, and, moreover, that the price of all kinds of cattle has advanced ten per cent. during the last two years, the reader will be furnished with all the data necessary to compute the company's actual profits. The above statements are accurate and truthful in every particular.

An attempt has been made to give a brief sketch of one of the great and increasing industries of the Far West. Engaged in this unique occupation and living in many a log hut and dug-out upon the broad Plains or mountain parks is to be found a class of persons drawn from all parts of the civilized world and from every one of the higher walks of life. It was the English who

first sought out the new land, and Americans learned of cattle-raising on the Colorado plains through correspondence in magazines and newspapers from across the water. Then began the exodus of young collegians and professional men from the overcrowded East; and, as a consequence, the new West is largely peopled to-day with the sons of families in which learning and culture have long been hereditary. I have in mind a ranch conducted by three students respectively of theology, medicine, and law; and at a ranch ten miles from Colorado Springs a young man now preaching in Boston wrote a series of incisive theological essays the while he herded his flock of a thousand sheep. The hut or dug-out is rare in which a collection of books, however small, cannot be found, while the latest numbers of the magazines some-

how find their way to the remotest frontiers. It may safely be said that nine-tenths of those engaged in the stock-business in the Far West are gentlemen. Here is a fascinating, health-restoring, and profitable occupation for the great army of broken-down students and professional men, and in crowds are they turning their backs upon the jostling world to secure new life and vigor upon these upland plains. Could Washington Irving visit the West to-day, he would find not the hybrid race of savages which he predicted, but a wide-stretching community of energetic, progressive, refined men and women, fascinated with their grand country of mountain and plain, and each striving to hasten the glorious destiny which it seems designed to fulfil.

GEORGE REX BUCKMAN.



#### FAR AND NEAR.

THIS little picture from across the sea  
Shows me a foreign city's stately square,  
A sculptured column piercing the blue air  
Within its midst, and fountains dashing free  
On either side, while many a bowery tree  
Shades the wide pathways from the summer's glare.  
Princes of art and song have wandered there  
In years gone by; yet is it more to me  
That in yon olden palace, looking down  
Upon the winged marbles, dwells to-day  
The beautiful companion of my youth,  
Who, roving through the fair historic town,  
Thinks of me still, and wafts from far away  
The blest aroma of a warm heart's truth.

FRANCES L. MACE.

## STEPHEN GUTHRIE.



"WHY DON'T YOU MARRY STEPHEN, MRS. BATTELLE?"—Page 447.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## MAXINKUCKEE.

THE Lake of Beautiful Water, or, in the Pottawatomie language, Maxinkuckee, a unit in the Northern Indiana group of lakes, showed ripples of bronze and pink where the setting sun struck across it. Only two and a half by three miles in extent, its entire shore-line can be seen from any point in the vicinity. One or two sails and dozens of canoes and row-boats were scattered over its surface. The club-houses and cottages which made a small village along the northern shore were decked with flags and crowded with people. It was August, and this pet resort of northern- and middle-State Hoosiers was at its gayest before the close of its short season. Guests poured forth from supper-rooms and sought the piers. Children were

out alone pulling oars through the limpid water, and some late bathers went dripping up the bath-house steps and disappeared with the shamefacedness peculiar to bathers. Two hacks from Argos drove into the club-house back-yards and discharged their loads of new arrivals,—girls and their mammas who could come to this home-resort for a few weeks and have papa with them over Sundays. Others were business-men who wanted a dash in the water, a mineral drink, and the friction of an oar on their palms to brace them for the perpetual hurry of town-life.

A great many picturesque costumes could be seen in the boats and on the piers, freedom from conventionality of dress being very apparent. Hunting-blouses were rigorously adhered to by the young men, and many a girl lingered



in her flannel camp-dress without feeling reproached by tinted silks or white lace on the verandas.

From the largest club-house a flight of steps led down to the natural terrace, and a second flight to the wooden causeway which ended at the bath-house. This causeway vibrated under the tread of many feet, boats pushed away from it after taking in their loads, and bathers ran its length wrapped in cloaks and anxious to escape into their steamboat-like apartments which opened from the verandas.

On the western shore, etched in luminous lines against the sunset, stood a village church in the midst of its cluster of houses,—the typical Northern church, lifting its wooden steeple like a goat, with a perked-up tail of chimney at the rear. On the southern and eastern shores a blotch of white or blur of color suggested tents and flags.

A farmer drove his horses off the road into the shallow margin of Maxinkuckee and let them splash the water to their eyes and cool the wagon-hubs, while a long double track grew in the sand behind. The road went straight up a hill northward, and seemed to pause at the horse-block of a big white hotel which looked stranded above the lake. And where this road turned toward the club-houses and settlement proper there was a grocery-store showing candy-jars, which looked as if the highway had caught it in a loop just in time to save it from plunging to a bath. Sojourners soon learned that there was a dry-goods and general store up the hill, opposite the white hotel, and here mails stopped on their way to the lake.

All around were woods steeped in ferns. Some late ramblers came across an orchard-slope with loads of ferns and cat-tails, their garments studded with burrs and Spanish needles. The atmospheric gauze peculiar to Indiana began to spread its films over the lake.

Some young men, new arrivals, rowed along the continuation of piers east of the club-house. "That's Vanderburg's cottage," said the oarsman. "That next one is Brown's. Neat little sail-boat

they have, isn't it? You must go round the lake on Captain Norris's 'Fleet-Wings.' That next cottage is Mrs. Camperman's. Regular widows' nest, boys. There's a young widow up there, too,—a fifteen-thousand-dollar one."

"Po'! that's nothing," returned one of the arrivals: "they say there's a sixty-thousand-dollar widow over at the Peru House. Splendid, into the bargain."

"Don't know much about this one. Don't believe I ever saw her. The Camperman is a vision, though. She weighs over three hundred. I saw her get into a boat the other day, going home from the club-house, and sink it up to the row-locks. That was a healthy row. I didn't want to be the fellow at the oars."

These irreverent youths dipped and flew on.

In one of the box-rooms opening steamboatwise from the veranda a young lady was making her hasty toilet, when two others tapped, were inspected and admitted, and seated themselves on the bed.

"You might share the chair between you," said the occupant of the apartment, "if that woman quartered with me hadn't piled her entire wardrobe on it. She's going home to-morrow, thank heaven! and then there will be only two of us in the room."

"Roddy is going to room with you, is she?"

"Where is Rod?" inquired the other young girl, training one of her ear-locks. "We came to call on her. I was out rowing, but somebody told me she got here on one of the afternoon hacks. I knew she was coming."

"She's eating her supper," replied the occupant, struggling to accommodate herself to a glass hung so low that it left the upper part of her face to be guessed at. "I am getting as humped as a camel, trying to fix my bangs at this glass every day. Rodney looks so sweet."

"Did Miss Lucretia come with her?"

"No. She's coming up Saturday with Mr. John Battelle's wife and the

children. Roddy and I are going to call on her other sister-in-law as soon as she has her supper. She dressed before. Only one of us can dress at a time in these rooms."

"You'd better not let the club folks hear you say that, Jule," remarked one of the young ladies on the bed. "They dote on this house, and they didn't build it for the public, but just for themselves. People have obliged them to take boarders because the situation is so good. Some of the ladies are saying they will not open the house to guests next year."

The other young lady on the bed uttered a sniff: "They say that every year. They make money out of it."

Miss Russell, having finished her toilet, opened the door, and sat down on the sill. The lake was at its loveliest.

"One ought to be willing to sleep in a cupboard, if one can have such a sight as that just outside," said the severe young lady, relenting.

"It is too sweet for anything," owned Miss Russell. "But come on the veranda, girls, and get those two vacant chairs before Catterson's gang capture them. Aren't you smothered?"

The girls came out and drew chairs close to Julia, admitting that they should die if they could not find a breath of coolness, and declaring immediately afterward that it was *too* delicious an evening for anything.

"Is Roddy going to stay at her sister-in-law's?" inquired the ear-lock-trainer, busy with the pretty spirals flattened to her cheeks. "I thought you said she was to room here with you."

"She is," replied Miss Russell. "But she's all out of sorts with the accommodations."

"Rod Battelle always wanted things served on a golden salver in the most gorgeous way," remarked the severe young lady. "She'll make a fuss about everything: you see if she doesn't. When you come to the lake you don't expect to live as you do at home. It's a sort of picnicking. But she'll expect to live better."

"Rodney is real sweet," said Miss Russell apologetically. "Before her

brother died she was accustomed to having everything she wanted. It is very different with her now. And she feels it."

"How does she manage?" inquired the severe young lady, drawing confidentially closer, a movement in which she was joined by the head with front curls. "I have wondered who kept up the Battelle girls. They seem to have as much as ever."

"Mrs. Ambrose pays them an allowance out of her income."

"Well, she does more than many sister-in-laws would."

"Yes, she does," said Julia, with a faint pang of envy. "Rodney was always fortunate."

"That's why she's so attentive to the widow," observed the severe speaker. "I thought it wasn't like our Rodney to run and throw herself on her relative's neck the minute she reached here."

"Didn't somebody tell me she used to treat that Mrs. Battelle real mean?" meditated the ring-locked head. "Drove a cousin or a brother of hers away from the house?"

"I heard something about that," said the severe young lady decidedly. "It happened before Mr. Battelle died. Rodney is very smooth and soft, but she likes to drive all before her. I think I can fancy myself giving her an allowance if she'd treated *me* that way."

Julia did not feel at such liberty to abuse Rodney as she would have felt had Rodney not been thrown upon her present companionship. Certain secret grudges of her own moved her to add color to the sentiment expressed; but any moment the blunt nose, brown waves and cinnamon-colored eyes, and childlike feet in low shoes, might appear from the dining-room, putting Miss Russell out of countenance and steeping her in that languid, perfumed, conquering presence called Rodney.

"Yet you can't help liking her, after all," said Julia apologetically, as if she could censure Rodney more severely than any one else, but was magnanimous enough to throw a veil over all her faults. "She's real sweet."

The young lady with ear-locks assented, and added, "Sweet on Mr. Guthrie."

At which all three looked sideways at each other and laughed.

"Pshaw! I don't know, though—" began Julia, when the person they were discussing emerged from the dining-room door, and both callers rose up to run and meet her and imprint kisses on her mouth.

They inquired after her well-being, and she replied that she was jolted to death coming over that road and had never in her life seen such quantities of flies as disported themselves in the dining-room. A party who came over when she did were going back in the morning; and she thought she should be obliged to join them.

"No, you won't, Rod," said the ring-locked young lady. "There's going to be a hop to-morrow night, and the cottage people are giving entertainments all the time."

"And Mr. Stephen Guthrie is here," said the severe young lady concisely.

Rodney replied that she was not made to live on air, and the very water here was horrible.

"Oh, it will make you sick a few days," lightly urged the curly-face, "but it's immensely healthy. I just drink it all the time. I get a drink from that spring flowing into the lake every time I go to row. Oh, the rowing and bathing, Roddy! We have perfectly elegant times! You're getting as fussy and particular as any old maid. You mustn't find fault with Maxinkuckee."

"You'll stay," decided the severe young lady. "She's here. She came this morning."

"Mr. Guthrie went to Argos to meet them," exclaimed the other. "They've been out somewhere on the lake ever since dinner."

Rodney said if they knew what they were talking about she hoped they would explain it to her.

"There's Catterson waiting with the boat," said Miss Russell. "If we make that call this evening we must go at

once. We shall be back in a half-hour or so, girls."

"You'll probably not find me here," said the ear-locked young lady. "I never know where I shall be half an hour ahead. Some of the boys are always wanting you to go rowing. I have been out nine times to-day."

"Our room is on the other side of the dining-room entrance," said the other. "Remember to run in."

Rodney promised to run in, and descended the steps with Miss Russell. "What were they saying about some friends of Mr. Guthrie's?" she inquired.

"Oh, I haven't had an instant's time to tell you anything, except while you were dressing, and I was so stupid with the heat then that I could only think how baked my brains felt. Why, didn't I write you in my last note about Mr. Guthrie's cousin and her husband?"

Rodney said she knew Mr. Guthrie's cousin had married in Germany nearly a year ago, but Julia had not written anything about her.

"I meant to. Why, I certainly did. But maybe I never sent the letter. One forgets everything, rushing around here."

Catterson Russell stepped out of his boat on the causeway and gave Rodney his hand to help her in. She took her place with deft-footed ease, Julia sat in the stern, and the young man pulled off through shallow water. "See how nicely it slopes out here," he observed. "You can wade a long distance from the bath-house before you are up to your neck."

Rodney listened indifferently. "I think it will be very mean if Naomi doesn't invite me to stay at the Camperman cottage," she remarked.

"But they haven't a single spare corner," exclaimed Julia. "Tudie and her baby are there, and the baroness and her husband; and Simon is coming next week."

"If I built a summer cottage," said Rodney, "I should build it so it would accommodate somebody."

They saw a scarlet speck in a boat-load far across the lake. Catterson pulled on his right oar to avoid a birch-

bark canoe which, with alternating paddles in the hands of an absorbed young man, shot past them.

So they came to the landing in front of Mrs. Camperman's cottage, while Julia was detailing the points of her friend and Stephen Guthrie's cousin, Baroness Kuhl, who had arrived that morning.

There was a thin, elderly little person sitting on the Camperman veranda, with a book in her hand.

"Who's that?" inquired Rodney.

"Oh, I forgot her. Why, don't you know?—Mrs. Battelle's twentieth cousin, or aunt, or something. She's had her here more than a week: from Ohio, or Pennsylvania, or West Virginia—"

"Or Jerusalem," said Catterson, shipping his oars. "Jule thinks just now there's no place in the United States to be mentioned while German barons are around."

"I don't thank you for slopping my dress, Catterson Russell," observed Julia with sisterly freedom.

"Beg your pardon."

"Of course I have to grant it."

Mrs. Camperman, voluminous in muslin, came out on the veranda to meet them. The thin little woman slipped away before they reached the steps, like an attenuated star swallowed up by the effulgence of the sun. Tudie hastened in her mother's wake, showing signs of some time following her in adipose development, so completely was the fair, slender bride changed to the hearty matron. While effusive greetings and inquiries were being exchanged, she looked over the girls who had been of her set and secretly pitied them because neither of them had a remarkable husband and cherubic baby, and they secretly commiserated her because she was growing so stout. Before the party were seated, she told them how soon Simon was coming and how long his vacation would last.

The cottage was a pert structure built against the hill-side, so that passengers in the daily hacks on the road behind it looked down into the Camperman kitchen.

Within, there appeared to Rodney's eye a matted room, with other matted rooms opening from it, rattan chairs like those on the veranda, and a hammock swung from hooks.

Out of this cool interior Naomi came, having Mrs. Camperman's grandchild in her arms. She met the callers cordially.

"He has waked," Tudie exclaimed, taking her blinking cherub to exhibit, and breaking into maternal jargon over him.

Naomi watched the child's tinted flesh and rings of hair and indented fists. There had been another revolution in her appearance. Of the nervous girl transformed into the anxious bride, who in turn had become a granite, resolute woman and afterward the weakest of white, faint mothers, no trace remained. All the tempests which go over us leave their marks; but, when the drenching, electrifying experience is past, our growth proceeds. If we outlive love and hope, we can also outlive many despairs and much moral terror of our fellow-beings.

Naomi was now a distinguished-looking woman. The warm and tender soul was not less visible in her face, but it was quiet with self-knowledge and respect for all its vast possibilities. Moreover, she was in a state of health which might be called rude and vigorous. The wiry delicacy of her girlhood had given place to the full development of womanhood. She was not beautiful, but she was lovely, easy, powerful. When she sat down on the top step beside Rodney, who preferred to spread her draperies there, Rodney looked suddenly insipid. Both wore half-mourning, though Mr. Battelle's sister displayed more lisse and lace. Black and clinging draperies were becoming to both. Rodney's intimates told each other that she had been known to congratulate herself on having to wear mourning in her altered estate: you could make the same dress do so long without its being at all noticed.

This young lady's attitude toward her brother's widow was what it never had been to his wife. She was anxious that Naomi should be seated comfortably, and smiled on her with pleasant solic-



tude. She told the news about Amy and Lucretia, mourning gently that the children were to come with them. Such bits of gossip as she had already picked up at the club-house were delivered over in a musical flow of words especially to Naomi. Miss Russell, turning from a rapid duet with Tудie, added an account of the rancors and disagreements.

"I didn't imagine there was any unpleasantness among the guests over there," said Naomi.

"She never has any eye for what is going on in society!" said Rodney, with tender amusement.

"That must be true. I feel a blindness of that kind, and was always so credulous," ruminated Mrs. Battelle, leaning against the veranda-post. "Even now, if I cannot thoroughly believe everything told me, the foundations of the earth seem giving way."

The small, thin woman was wandering alone down the yard from the rear of the house. Mrs. Battelle called her and introduced Miss Barrett to the company, moving lower on the steps to give her place. Miss Barrett was timid, but she enjoyed society, and plucked up courage to talk a little with Julia Russell, whom she had met before. She secretly disliked Rodney. But she made sympathetic grimaces at everything Naomi said. Naomi was a successful, powerful providence over her life, representing all that she would like to be. Naomi had given Virgil a lift, and if he turned out well in California it would be through the influence of his sister's friends. Naomi had brought her to this pleasant place for a summer rest from farm-house labors, and had given her money, paid all her expenses, and overwhelmed her with raiment which she intended to keep carefully and bequeath to her favorite niece. And Naomi was not a bit ashamed of her, and showed her a warm regard which mellowed her whole past. When a woman is drawing near fifty and has spent her life in narrow limits doing thankless services, when lovers are long forgotten and no sons and daughters approach to kiss the thin temples, the appreciation of a warm and rightly-gauging

nature falls like rain on parched soil. She felt an adoring admiration for Naomi because Naomi measured her merits and roused her apathetic soul as nobody else in the world did or cared to do.

There came a pause in the conversation which gave Miss Russell an opportunity to inquire after the baroness. Though she did not mention the baron, unless he was included under his wife's title, Mrs. Camperman replied, "Oh, they've been out on the lake ever since dinner. Mr. Guthrie, and Charlie, and Pink Emmett from the club-house are with them. I think the boats coming yonder are theirs. The little midget had a scarlet wrap.—Naomi, aren't those our boats? My eyes can't bear the glare of the water, even when it is so near dusk."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Battelle: "I see Mr. Guthrie and Tудie's brother-in-law, at any rate."

"Haven't you met the baroness yet?" inquired Julia.

"No," replied Naomi. "When the hacks came this morning I was rowing Aunt Melinda across the lake to take dinner with the campers opposite. You see their flag at the foot of that swell. Friends of mine, from Kokomo. We started early, and explored all that region."

Miss Barrett was watching the approaching boats with a fascinated grimace. "I never saw no live baroness before," she remarked appealingly to Naomi, adding an embarrassed chuckle and immediately afterward growing very grave.

"Baroness!" said Mrs. Camperman, with one of her spreading ripples of laughter; "she's just a little midget, and he's more like Tудie's baby than anything else."

"What brought them up here?" inquired Rodney languidly. She was curious to see Stephen Guthrie's cousin, but her chief anxiety was to secure better quarters for Rodney Battelle during the two weeks Naomi had planned for her at Maxinkuckee. She looked at Miss Barrett with swelling resentment. This miserable old creature had been brought for an indefinite visit, and was

to be entertained at the cottage. Rodney could never cease to reprehend her brother Ambrose for leaving what he had entirely to Naomi. She could never feel the sisterly regard for Naomi that she might have felt toward a more pliant woman; and, while policy obliged her to conciliate this sister-in-law, she knew there were grounds whereon Naomi might meet her as a rival with doubtful results. Rodney had no pride of the kind which scorns to receive benefits from a detested hand. She had been provided for by somebody all her life, and somebody was bound to carry her serenely to the end. But for two years the advisability of laying this burden on a safe legal protector had been stamping itself deeply into her mind. She owed it to herself to marry well. Rodney had refused many offers, and reached the point of sighing over the number of ineligible young men. The years of her young-girlhood had been years of business revolutions and failures. Youths of good and formerly wealthy families were now dancing on the foam of society, buoyed by slim salaries. Down in the dirt of great warehouses, or trading in small, independent ways, were the human atoms who in time would raise new masses of capital and possess the city. But it was expedient for her to settle herself at an early day. She knew exactly what she wanted. Her observation of Ambrose and John had instructed her in much that she did not want in a husband. Rodney's early ambition had been to marry a wealthy old man unencumbered with family. All the available people of this class, however, had been so distasteful to her that she had modified her requirements and resolved on having a man of ample means, with a profession and talents which would bring him forward. As she grew older, she considered a profession better than an independent income: as for merchandise, its capital always represented a sum which a man could keep from his family, while a professional man held no such reserve. It will be seen that Miss Rodney Battelle had considered the subject of marriage

with discretion. And Stephen Guthrie was, on all accounts, the most desirable man of her acquaintance. He was well connected, was in easy circumstances, already had a standing in his profession, and was always spoken of as talented. His attentions to herself had been comfortably frequent. She did not take the pains which many a wise small woman troubled with sensibilities has taken in similar circumstances to conceal her satisfaction. Men generally admired her. Mr. Guthrie had not declared himself, but would show excellent taste when he did so.

This was Rodney's attitude, as far as she had analyzed it, toward Stephen Guthrie, who was now helping his cousin out upon the landing, while Mrs. Camperman was replying to her inquiry as to what had brought the Baron and Baroness Kuhl to the lakes.

"They're going up to Minnesota and through the Northwest for a summer trip," said Mrs. Camperman. "And Tудie made them promise to stop with us a few days; and, as Mr. Guthrie would be here too, they were glad to do it. That little midget has scoured all over Europe, and never before saw even a railroad-station west of Pittsburgh."

The Baroness Kuhl came running to the lower steps, attended on either hand by a young man. Her husband followed with Stephen Guthrie. Innocently oblivious of the company on the veranda, she paused, and, seeming to pluck kisses with her thumb and forefinger from her lips, dropped them in benediction on the head of each young man.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### IRRESPONSIBLE PEOPLE.

THESE happy youths, light enough in the waltz, actually capered beside her, so infectious were the baroness's airy spirits. On her advent, the veranda company were moved around like pieces in a kaleidoscope. Her bows in acknowledgment of introductions were what the salutations of Puck or Ariel might be were either of these to be put

into a train of lace and mull topped with a huge tilted hat. Her scarlet shawl hung over Pink Emmett's arm. Like Puck or Ariel, she affected for a moment to be half shy of the strangers and half absorbed by the load of water-lilies carried for her by Tudie's happy brother-in-law Charles.

The baron came up with Stephen Guthrie, and took off his cap, showing a youthful face scarred slightly by Heidelberg duels. You would have called him a pleasant little fellow. He was not at all the typical German, but had fine hazel eyes, close dark hair wearing thin at the top, and a rudimentary moustache as silken as mole-fur. His round coat fitted him like a jacket, clinging across the waist-line with a wrinkle or two; and his large white cuffs almost enveloped the small nervous hands. All his visible raiment was fine and appropriate to himself. The utmost good-fellowship sparkled in his face. He was telling Guthrie some old college joke,—Guthrie and he had been at Heidelberg together,—but he dropped the subject at once and affiliated with these new people, at whom he looked with quick curiosity.

Naomi gave the baroness her hand: there seemed to be nothing else for her to do. The tiny creature looked her in the eyes and laughed apologetically, then threw a glance back over her shoulder at her cousin Stephen. Twilight was growing, but when the baroness sat down opposite Rodney not one of her defects escaped that practised young lady. Her lace and mull trailed down the steps in contrast to Rodney's black drapery. The infatuated youths sat at her feet, and Rodney silently wished she had snubbed them often in the past instead of condescending to use them as dancing partners. She decided that there was nothing sillier in this world than young men dangling after married women. The baroness for the moment paid no attention to any one except the pair in hand. Charlie had long been her slave, and was now exerting himself to keep the pleasing fetters from Pink Emmett's grasp. She played them against each other, now bending her childlike face

toward one, and now innocently absorbed by the chatter of the other. She made the water-lilies into a wreath and hung them round her shoulders, one holding her hat meanwhile, and both offering handkerchiefs to wipe the drip from her dress which she discovered with a sudden little scream.

Before these performances had reached too scandalous a pass,—the whole group being attracted by them as if they were a theatrical performance,—Rodney remarked to the baroness that the lake looked lovely this evening.

The baroness, busy with her lily-stems, responded inattentively that she had never realized that there were such beautiful places out West, and then demanded of Pink Emmett the sacrifice of his hat-band for a string. Charlie immediately offered his cambric handkerchief, embroidered by a careful sister, to be torn into shreds. Mrs. Camperman said there was plenty of thread in the house, and, on the goddess's preferring this, both youths leaped up, and one of them jostled Rodney, only half begging her pardon in his haste. While they were seeking the thread, Catterson Russell picked up a lily for her, and Pink and Charlie on their return found they were a trio. Who could make young-lady talk to such a person? Rodney felt unduly enraged against even young Russell, and determined he should not row her back to the club-house.

Baron Kuhl, meanwhile, sat upon the veranda between Miss Russell and Mrs. Camperman, only exerting himself to respond favorably to their entertaining remarks. He was occupied by other matters than his wife's flirtations. Stephen Guthrie paying no attention to signals silently given, the baron rose by himself and begged the ladies would excuse him.

"Maximilian," his wife called after him in an astringent voice, "I don't want you to go away."

"Be back presently," responded the baron, sauntering on.

She flew down the steps and caught him by the arm. A swift duet of endearing exclamations and laughing ex-

cuses followed. It ended by the husband walking on and the wife returning with shining eyes to her seat.

"I'll go with him, Stephen, if he'll suffer it," said Guthrie, picking up his hat. He bowed a general adieu to the group and ran down the steps.

"If you are going toward the clubhouse, Mr. Guthrie," said Rodney, "may I trouble you to take me in the boat with you?"

Guthrie at once paused.

But the baroness said with asperity, "They are going round the corner to see a man, and, if they can find him, Max Kuhl will come back about twelve o'clock and tell stories till daylight."

Miss Russell declared her readiness to return at once, and roused her brother to a feeble sense of his duties. But Guthrie was so willing to escort Rodney, and she so anxious to escape from her surroundings, that they went down to the boats together, leaving remonstrances behind them, and saw the youthful baron pushing off by himself. He pulled east, while they moved westward.

Rodney leaned back in the stern, facing the rower. The moist air upon the water soothed her so that she ceased resenting the Baroness Kuhl's individuality. Never in her experience had any person come so decidedly under her disapproval. All her nice traditions in manner were trampled on by that dreadful little blonde.

"Stephen's a queer little creature," remarked Guthrie, as if divining his companion's thoughts. "She's entirely irresponsible. I never judge her by the usual standards."

Rodney spoke melodiously on other subjects, and reserved her opinion of Mr. Guthrie's cousin until she had parted with him on the veranda of the clubhouse and rapped at the door of the girls who had called on her earlier in the evening.

One of them was out in a sail-boat party, but the other, by the odor and flame of kerosene, was trying to write letters. She put her pen willingly aside, and, after admonishing Rodney once or twice to speak low or the woman on the

other side of the partition would hear every word, listened to her murmurs with great satisfaction.

"Dude Russell has had so much to say about Mr. Guthrie's cousin's accomplishments and her fascinating manners," remarked the severe young lady. "What does *she* think of it?"

"I haven't asked her," said Rodney. "I left her evidently very well entertained. Julia toadies to some people."

"I think she does, too. But hasn't she come back? Who brought you?"

"Mr. Guthrie rowed me over."

"Ahem! You'll tell us all, won't you, Roddy?"

"If I have anything to tell, and choose to, I will," said Rodney nonchalantly.

"It's a pity you don't like his cousin," remarked the severe young lady. Her dark strands of hair were brushed straight back, leaving a broad space of forehead above her quick, candid eyes, which were always perceiving and deciding. "But you're not too fond of any of your relations, are you?"

It seemed proper for a sumptuously-made creature like Rodney to say there were few people of whom she could entirely approve. "Relations are so selfish," said Rodney. "Excepting Cretie. I do think a great deal of Cretie. But brothers will get married when they oughtn't to, and brothers' wives will never do as you wish to have them."

"Perhaps that's what they call good form over the salt water," observed the severe young lady, her mind reverting to the baroness's conduct, — "blowing kisses on the boys' heads."

"It was perfectly scandalous."

"I'm going to get introduced to her and watch her antics. She'll be the rage. There is so much flirting here."

"Flirting is all very agreeable," said Rodney; "but I don't call that flirting. It's behaving fast. I detest such behavior."

"The boys are just as much to blame," said the severe young lady, with an evident grudge against the other sex. "Things have come to such a pass that they can act like idiots and yet every-



body will condemn the woman they happen to be flirting with."

So gay was the little baroness after her husband's departure that no one could resist the rush of her mood. She acted character sketches, trailing up and down the walk in the moonlight; she startled the young men into witticisms of which they would have considered themselves incapable; she made them sing, and joined them in negro melodies.

"She's a better actress than Lotta," said one of them, when they at last pulled toward home and Baroness Kuhl stood on the pier with her white train over her arm. Julia, in her brother's boat, was so intoxicated with Stephen Guthrie's cousin that this seemed no ambiguous tribute. Many good-nights and invitations were exchanged. The baroness would call on Miss Russell next morning, bathe with the whole party in the afternoon, and again visit the difficult lily-pond, from which they would return just in time to dress for the hop.

Meantime, moonlight steeped the lake in splendor. Last words, like the sleepy notes of birds, died to silence in the Camperman cottage. Naomi thought the occupants were all abed and dreaming except herself. There was still singing and chatting upon the lake. The unconventional out-of-doors life made mothers lax and daughters oblivious of the marks on the dial. A thump of oars in row-locks and the musical doggerel,—

Oh, who will squeeze her little hand, hand,  
hand,

Oh, who will squeeze her little hand, hand,  
hand,

Oh, who will squeeze her little hand  
When I am far away?—

came from distant objects on the water.

The cottage front door stood open. In returning to nature both campers and cottagers left civilized fears and precautions at home. Naomi, with a shawl hanging square from her shoulders, sauntered quietly out on the veranda. She had been sitting with her back to a post but a few moments, when another figure rustled from within.

"I thought everybody was asleep,"

said Mrs. Battelle. "Is your room too warm? The night seems delicious."

"I didn't undress at all," replied the little baroness; and Naomi saw that she had been crying. She made room beside herself with a sympathetic gesture, upon which Stephen Guthrie's tiny cousin ran and nestled down, hiding her face in Naomi's lap. "I'm not crying," she explained. "I've been putting my face to soak in salt water, that's all. It's on that boy's account. I don't see why I married him."

"If your husband hasn't come you need not be distressed," said Naomi soothingly. "This is the most harmless community in the world. There are two or three boats out on the water,—young girls and young men who will probably not go in till one o'clock."

"He may be with them. He pretended he was going some place to get a drink of beer; but I knew that was the barest excuse. That boy *neglects* me!" said the little baroness fiercely. "All his attentions are for somebody else. He will come in and tell a hundred adventures before he goes to sleep, and be as innocent about it as if any woman except his wife had a claim on him. That's what one gets by marrying a German. And he cares even more for men's society. Max Kuhl would rather sit and smoke and repeat his stories with an audience of boys than eat his dinner. He tells a story well," she added, wiping her eyes and turning them toward the lake. "And everybody says he is brilliant. But if a German can't make you work in the field or stay at home and knit stockings, he is bound to crush you down some other way. I wouldn't flirt if I wasn't neglected so. You may think I have a great flow of spirits; but you don't know how sad and lonesome I am under it all."

Naomi put her hand upon the fair head, and could not refrain from smiling above it at the strange revenges which time brings. "You are the last person in the world," she thought, "whom I should have singled out as a likely prey of jealousy and neglect." "You are not feeling well, perhaps," she suggested.

"We often imagine things when we are not well."

Stephen Guthrie's little cousin lifted her head: "Now, for pity's sake, don't think I'm one of the hysterical kind. My health is almost *too* good. This isn't the second nor the five-hundredth time I have felt Max Kuhl's utter indifference. He doesn't mean harm, but he's utterly insensible: if I complain, he is disgusted, and if I say nothing, he follows his own pleasure and counts me out as a matter of course. He'll show his best side to Stephen. They were real chums at Heidelberg. That's how I came to get acquainted with Max. If I were his chum, or somebody new, or his dog, it would be worth while; but, as I am only his wife, it isn't. Sometimes I wish my life were over. I've had about everything,—except a family of children. You had a little baby, hadn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you love it?"

"He's my angel. Love him? I love even the threads of down that were cut off of his head. He would be nearly a year old, trying to toddle, now. And I should be lifting him out of his bath every morning and eating him up. Little Angelo!"

The baroness patted Naomi's knee: "How different you seem to me! You are not the same girl I met on the riverboat. You were such an *elbowy* thing, I didn't like you. But I do like you now."

"Thanks, I'm sure."

"But what makes you so different?"

"Oh, perhaps I have grown."

"Did Stephen ever tell you the trick I played on you two?"

"Oh, yes. He told me the first time I ever saw him."

"When was that?"

"When he came on my sister-in-law's invitation to our house."

"I never saw him angrier than he was then. But I couldn't help it. All kinds of plots worked in my head in those days. It seems so long ago. I'm growing very old and stupid. There was one thing I got into afterward that frightened me. It was an affair that ran

along two or three years, and I didn't know what to do with the poor fellow. He was one of those desperate, poverty-stricken artists, and never had a presentable coat, but he dogged me about. He got my picture at a photographer's, and painted it. I always thought he was a little crazy; but he was the soul of honor. If he got money for a piece, he would squander it sending me presents. It hurt me to see them. I gave most of them away. That poor fellow sent whole express-packages of letters to me. I felt so sorry for him that I tried to break off his infatuation comfortably and let him think he was engaged to me for a while. He was terribly jealous. I did think a great deal of that man, he showed so much feeling. And when he heard I was going to Europe, to stay a year, he raved until I was afraid he would come up-river and try to shoot me, or something. He told me he would die in the wake of the steamer that carried me off. But men are always saying such things, and they nearly all mean about as much as Max used to by his poetical behavior. I did try to ward this fellow off, though. You know how well I can imitate handwriting. I wrote to him in my father's hand, pretending to have intercepted a letter, and warning him that my daughter was going abroad on account of feeble health, and I would hand him over to the police if he startled or disturbed her on her departure. It was wicked, but what could I do? And I tried to keep out of sight; but two or three dozen people and all the boys I was engaged to made a great racket around our party, and I didn't see anything of his shabby coat or pinched face until we were actually off. Then what do you think that man did? He was there: the last glimpse I had of him was his face rising out of the water. I turned faint. And I guess he was drowned. He never wrote or made sign to me again." With sudden distress the nestling creature dropped her head again and sobbed, "He *loved* me. Why couldn't I have married such a man as that, instead of having to put up with Max Kuhl's neglect?"

"Oh, how cruel that was!" whispered Naomi.

"I couldn't help it. I couldn't marry the man, and I tried to cure him of his feeling. Perhaps it was better for him that he did die. He would have had a tough old time of it to get along. Why, Mrs. Battelle, you can see yourself if he couldn't buy a coat once a year he couldn't support me. And our family were always expecting I would make some dreadful marriage. I made up my mind I wouldn't. They were very well pleased with Max. His family is an old one. I didn't care anything about the title, but their country-place is lovely. I shan't live there all the time. You never saw such stupid goings-on. You'd as lief try to waltz to a dead-march. It's count the pieces of house-linen, and darn stockings, and keep accounts. Germans have such patriarchal ways and live in such tribes. Was that ox-girl who sat beside me on the step your sister-in-law?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Battelle, laughing. "Why do you call her 'ox-girl'?"

"Because she has such bovine steadiness. I hate her. I did everything I could to shock her. She wants Stephen."

After a pause, Naomi said, "You scarcely looked at her. How do you know what she wants? Have you declared war against everybody who wants Mr. Guthrie?"

"You don't love her," continued the baroness, disregarding these questions, while she changed her position to a more comfortable one. Turning her face up toward Naomi's and propping it with her hand, she asked, "Why don't you marry Stephen, Mrs. Battelle?"

"That is impossible now," said Naomi, without removing her eyes from the lake.

"But you were tremendously interested in each other before I chipped in. What's to hinder now? Mr. Battelle has been comfortably dead a year. He looked like a nice man, but nothing to set the river on fire,—like Stephen. Stephen is smart. I think nobody half knows him yet. But he's so strong in

his likes and dislikes. If he liked you desperately it would be the making of him to marry you. I was always afraid of his taking up with some visionary fancy of a woman that would ruin him. But he's got beyond my apron-string now. Max is more than I can manage. If girls understood anything about the cares of married life," sighed the baroness, "they wouldn't plunge into it so recklessly. Men are so hateful! I wish I didn't like them."

Mrs. Battelle laughed, saying, "I have always envied the woman who can tell her troubles and abuse her husband behind his back. It takes the bitterness out of her. As for me, I have to keep a brave front to the world if my heart is cut in two and soaking away in blood."

"That's it,—talk," said Baroness Kuhl, slipping on the second step and resting her arm upon the first. "I want to know something about your married life, but you haven't said a word. Is there any bitterness in you now?"

"None, I think."

"It must be comfortable to be a widow. Yet if Max should die I do not think I could survive him. How silly women are!—always worrying themselves about something. I'd so much rather have been a man, to prop my feet up and smoke and do as I pleased without being talked about, and not be obliged to marry for fear of being called an old maid. Oh," sighed the baroness, her small face taking on a weird light, "how my powers have been dwarfed! I don't wonder the Jew men in their synagogues are always thanking the Lord they were not created women." She rested her cheek on her hand, and they listened a moment to the swish of the water.

"Perhaps the dragon is disporting himself," murmured Naomi: "there is said to be a monster in this lake."

"Was Mr. Battelle a good husband?" broke out the baroness.

"Very good."

"You weren't a bit in love with him, were you?—so he could torment you as Max does me?"

Naomi said slowly, "I wasn't—quite—happy. And I was so anxious to be! I had a weakness for the constant exhilaration of feeling that people approved of or envied my course."

"Humph! I don't care whether my course is approved of and envied or not. But I wanted to escape making an eccentric match, and to get a husband who would adore me. Things never turn out as you think they will."

"I learned that long ago," said Naomi.

"It's a tiresome, tiresome world," continued the baroness. "I do believe, after all, if I were you I should stay single now, and take my recreation in snubbing that ox-girl. What did you mean when you said it would be utterly impossible for Stephen and you to marry now? Was it a mere evasion? I don't see why people shouldn't talk out plainly about such things."

"No, it was not an evasion," said Naomi, tilting her head against the post. "I mean that I have just entered into an unusual contract, which will prevent my ever marrying again."

"You have? Why, what a woman you are! I should like to see the contract that would bind me up from doing anything I liked. About property, is it?"

"Something in the nature of chattels," said Naomi, her lips curving with a laugh.

"You don't mind it a bit. You seem to be the happiest woman I know. This evening I couldn't help noticing how you sat, with a beatific expression on your face, looking across the water. No, I never should marry again, if I were you."

"I never shall," said Naomi.

"There he comes," exclaimed Baroness Kuhl, as a boat slid up to the pier, "lugging Stephen with him. In his estimation, one Stephen Guthrie is as good as another,—if not better. Hear him chin! I don't see what pleasure one man can take in talking interminably to another. I can talk with other women, but I can't slop my soul all over them, as Max does his over his gentleman friends.—Yes, of course I am here,"

she responded to a question asked from the gate.

"I've brought him back to you, Stephen," said Guthrie, advancing with the baron up the path.

"You've had a capital time somewhere, haven't you, Max?" questioned his wife.

"Capital," replied the baron, with boyish artlessness. "A dozen or more of us have been lying in hammocks among the trees over there, smoking and spinning yarns." His English was as faultless and easy as Guthrie's.

"Us!" repeated the little lady scornfully. "You've wedded yourself to a gang already, haven't you? I've had a good time, too."

"Glad to hear it."

"You'd be glad to hear the compliments that have been paid me."

"Yes, you've been flirting," said the little baron, frowning a downy frown, which pure satisfaction with himself and life chased immediately from his face. The moonlight made his unruffled winsomeness so apparent that his injured wife was fain to come down the steps and lavish caresses upon him, which he received as his just but rather cumbersome deserts. He began to repeat the best story he had told during the evening and describe its effect upon his auditors.

The baroness turned with a grimace to Mrs. Battelle. But Mrs. Battelle was looking up at Stephen Guthrie and listening to what he was saying. His attitude and the tone of his voice brought a look of instant intelligence into the baroness's face.

"I didn't know they had such Venetian nights over here," remarked the baron, after the point of his story was made clear, as he began to settle himself on the top step.

"If you're all going to sit up on this veranda the rest of the night," said the injured wife, "you may bring out the hammock for me, Max. I won't desert you as you do me, but I want to be as comfortable as possible."

"Why, it isn't late," said the youthful husband, turning his face toward a



sky whose dots of cloud glittered like white scales.

"It is half-past twelve," said Stephen Guthrie, holding his open watch aslant to catch the light upon its hands. He then snapped it to and put it back in its pocket. "We are going out on the water a little while."

"We are?" responded his cousin.

"We two," said Guthrie, as he fastened Naomi's shawl under her chin.

"Western manners are queer. I never was in a place where people witched around until morning on ordinary nights. I can stay up as late as anybody when there's occasion, but I don't understand this sort of thing."

"You'll understand it by and by," said Guthrie, with a laugh, as he went down the walk with Naomi on his arm.

"Don't let the ox-eyed Juno see you, Mrs. Battelle. The shock I gave her would be nothing to this."

Naomi turned her head over her shoulder with some response. Guthrie and she passed through the gate and down to the pier.

"Well, Max Kuhl, I think that is perfectly awful!" remarked the baroness, with the true flirt's intolerance, as she leaned against the post. "There they go out on the lake at half-past twelve at night! She's a sly one; and Stephen acts as if he were out of his senses. I never heard of his doing such a thing before: he used to have too much respect for women."

"He was out till just now with me," observed the baron, smoking peacefully, "and that didn't suit you. Now he's changed partners, and you aren't suited yet."

"You want to act provoking," said the baroness scornfully. "I'm going to say something to her.—Mrs. Battelle!"

Guthrie had taken up his oars, but paused.

"Mrs. Battelle!"

"Yes," responded Naomi from the boat.

"You won't forget that unusual contract?"

"Oh, no." There was an easy laugh in her voice.

The oars dipped and turned. Their boat shot straight out toward the dull centre of the lake.

"There's something between them that I don't know," said Baroness Kuhl. "I didn't see it the first time they met this evening."

"Perhaps they're engaged."

"Did he tell you anything?"

"Nothing. Stephen's well up in law, but he's fallen out of the way of telling a good story. Now, such a thing ought to help a man with a jury. Who's that President you used to have that told so many stories? I tried to impress it on Stephen's mind," said the baroness confidentially, turning round to rest his back and stretch his legs along the top step. "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by."

The baroness's white trail had just disappeared with a swish.

"What unusual contract did she mean?" Guthrie was asking, as he held up the oars and let the boat move with its own impetus.

"She asked—fancying we were interested in each other long ago—why we did not marry now. I told her I had just entered into an unusual contract which would prevent my ever marrying again."

Guthrie laughed heartily. "It is an unusual one," he said. "I have thought every instant of the day, 'Can it be possible?' But, now that we are out in this daylight of the gods, it seems the only real thing that has happened since my recollection. Come nearer." This was uttered like a cry.

Naomi slipped from her seat along the bottom of the boat until she could lean with her elbow upon the rower's bench beside him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LAND OF COTTON.

WHOEVER embarks at Vicksburg on a steamboat upward-bound and remains on board until she has reached Helena will have traversed the very *crème de la crème* of the cotton-belt. It is true that above and below the arbitrary northern and southern limits are to be found, in the expressive vernacular of the country, "splendid lands;" but within these borders—upon the great alluvial plain of the Mississippi, on the margin of the river itself and its dependencies, Deer Creek, Grand Lake, Arkansas River, the Yazoo, Lake Washington, etc.—is the veritable land of Dixie, land of Cotton. Elsewhere, cotton can be grown, undoubtedly: here it grows itself. In "the hills," as all the upland Southern country is in this region denominated, lands *will* wear out, the yield becomes less and less, rotation of crops must be resorted to, costly fertilizers applied. *Here*, year after year, the soil loyally fulfils its manifest destiny, rewarding industry with superabundance, and often responding to the slight and intermittent culture of the sluggard with the undeserved and munificent largess of a bale to the acre. The denizens of this region hold that the world was created expressly to grow and to consume cotton,—they and their lands for the first purpose, the rest of mankind for the second. So far as their lands are concerned, they are right. Whoever has seen a swamp plantation in October with a bale to the acre open upon the stalks, the vast white expanse subdivided into rectangular "cuts," each separated from its fellows by straight black lines,—the turn rows,—and each resembling nothing so much as a smooth, soft, level bed draped with a snowy coverlet four feet thick neatly tucked in at the edges,—he who has seen this knows what cotton-planting really is; and nobody else does. It is the most imposing agricultural phenomenon as yet evolved by the genius of modern

civilization. An immense wheat-field white for the harvest is "beautiful exceedingly," but then without examination one cannot even guess how much is wheat, how much is chaff, how much is cheat, whereas the snowy staple speaks for itself in millions upon millions of glistening rays, dazzling the beholder with their refulgent brightness.

As the steamer ascends the river, there come into view on either side long stretches of broad plantations, without tree, or thicket, or bush to break the uniformity, level as a floor to the eye, but really falling back by imperceptible degrees to the sombre and silent forest that bounds the prospect. The huge gin-houses and massive smoke-stacks and whitewashed villages of cabins lie on the front, all guarded against the lawless river by the heavy, continuous, serpentine earthwork of the levee. The gradually unfolding landscape suggests to the observer the immense labor that has been required to transform into this scene of agricultural perfection the dense forest of gigantic trees and almost tropical profusion of undergrowth out of which it was evolved.

The task was herculean. Nobody in this world knows how many gum-trees stand upon, say, a thousand acres of heavily-wooded swamp-land: each one of these myriads must in some way be got rid of, trunk, limbs, and roots. Of course it was not attempted to clear the land fully at once, cutting down and burning all the trees upon a given area. Life is too short for that sort of operation. Methuselah might thus have cleared a hundred acres or so in the course of his pilgrimage, but the method is not practicable for mere ephemeral modern mortals. The planter made time and fire his allies, and depended upon them as the magician does upon the strong-armed genii whom his science has evoked.

The rule was that trees of less than a

foot in diameter must be cut down and burned in the first clearing operation. The destruction of all others—and they were legion—was put off to a more convenient season. Wounded unto death by girdling, they continued to tower over the field until decay had sapped their strength, or fire, by accident or design, had consumed them; and in the interval between death and cremation they occasioned incredible labor and vexation. The March winds would bring them thundering by hundreds upon the cleaned and “bedded-up” land beneath, and a supplemental log-rolling would become a necessity, for it is not “good form” agriculturally, nor by any means convenient in practice, to plough over logs sixty, seventy, or eighty feet long and two or three or four feet in diameter. In the summer and autumn storms would break off the decaying branches, which, falling with the emphasis and effect of a brisk shower of fence-rails, if such a wooden phenomenon be conceivable, would beat down and out the growing and matured cotton.

The labor of clearing swamp-lands was much lessened wherever the cane was thick and heavy, provided the planter had taken the precaution to have the trees girdled two, three, or more years beforehand. Men armed with long, sharp cane-knives were sent into the cane-brake, and, at the rate of half an acre per day for each hand, the heavy growth fell before them. Cutting in swaths, each laborer thrust the bundles behind him as his slashes dis severed them, and left the ground piled three or four feet deep with prostrate cane. Day after day this work proceeded, until all the proposed new ground had been thus traversed, and then it was left to dry for six or seven weeks preparatory to the “burning off.” This was a very critical operation, for its success greatly depended upon the proper condition of the material and the state of the atmosphere. A calm time was selected, so that the fire should not be too rapid or partial, and, with due precautions, the vast body of combustibles was ignited. Men ran rapidly along the

margin of the clearing, firing the mass at intervals all around it, and in a few minutes a rim of flame, gathering strength and volume, was marching from every direction into the interior. As the cane became heated, each tube between the joints burst with a report like that of a pistol, and the air was rent by millions of these explosions. The steady, continuous roar of the flames, which grew momentarily hotter and hotter and rose higher and higher, gave body to the commingled din, and, with the glare, produced a portentous effect. When several hundred acres of cane were thus burned off at night, the display was magnificent.

If all the circumstances were propitious,—the material dry, the air calm,—the results were most satisfactory. The fire utterly consumed everything that was dead and killed everything that was green: the very cane-roots were burned for several inches into the ground, and nothing remained but to gather up and destroy the few charred remnants that by any miracle might have escaped the general conflagration.

The clearing was by no means the only trouble of the pioneer planter. The mud was profound. In the hyperbolic language characteristic of the country, it would “bog a blanket,” which dark saying is supposed to mean that a blanket spread upon it would sink and be forever lost. There was no complete relief until the plantation had been properly drained by miles of ditches, requiring a great deal of labor and often costing a large amount of money. In ditching, the novice invariably committed disastrous mistakes. He generally located the ditches wrongly, and *always* made them too small. There was for the unscientific only one safe rule on this subject: lay off your ditch; consult all your friends and neighbors; be sure it is wide enough and deep enough; then double these dimensions and dig it. Besides the mud and the ditches, the planter contended with what might be described as chronic destitution. Having communication with the outside world only at stated intervals of

a week or so by packet, he was invariably impressed, *after* the boat had borne away his long and well-considered order for supplies, with the immediate importance of the articles he had forgotten to include in his lists. We all know that "man wants but little here below;" but only he who has lived indefinite miles from anywhere knows how intensely variegated that "little" is, and how desperately man wants it.

Labor and patience, however, ultimately effected his object. Each year showed its "new ground;" the fire-scathed trees gradually disappeared, and thus by degrees the field (for, no matter how many acres may be in cultivation, all are under one fence) began to look more like a field and less like a congregation of gigantic black scarecrows; then, after several years of scanty crops and immense expense accounts, he ventured upon the outlay for a steam-engine and a saw-mill. A brick-kiln was burned, and framed houses with brick chimneys superseded the rough log cabins with "stick" chimneys which had before that time housed the whole population of the plantation, for, singularly enough in such a heavily-wooded country, house-logs of a proper size and suitable quality were not easily obtainable, and buildings of that primitive style of architecture were usually of a temporary character. The hip-roofed "block" gin-house,—so called from resting upon blocks or, more properly, posts,—in which the gin was operated by an antique horse-power of a most deadly mule-killing variety, was replaced by the great, commodious steam gin-house, duly furnished with all the modern improvements; the "out-door press," with its two great levers, standing twenty or thirty feet above the ground, resembling nothing so much as a gigantic, widely-straddling letter A, was thrown out of use, and no more was to be heard the diabolical sound it alone of all human inventions is capable of producing. In comparison with the noise made by an old-fashioned out-door wooden screw, imperfectly greased, pulled down on a heavy bale by four mules urged on by a

couple of yelling boys, the steam-whistle is "eminently enjoyable" and the ear-splitting fife "musical as is Apollo's lute." This inharmonious and cumbrous machine gave place to a modern "in-door press," of the latest patent; and finally, when the planter had fairly begun to thrive, the time-honored dinner-horn was supplanted by the huge bell, which was always held to be the indispensable finishing-touch of the "big plantation."

When he had achieved his bell, and his steam-engine, with its obeliscal smoke-stack, and his great gin-house, and his whitewashed quarters, the long-suffering proprietor was more at his ease; but in his secret soul he felt that he had made a great mistake,—that first and last the plantation had cost him more than it was worth; that he would have done better if he had bought a place already improved, even by going heavily in debt for it, and have thus taken hold of the big plantation at the latter end of its creation rather than at its beginning.

In this, however, as in most other afflictions, Time is the consoler. Year by year his crops became larger, quinine to a degree ceased to be the staff of life, the mud was less deep and all-pervading, his regrets for his mistakes were softened by the consciousness that he had found the true haven, though by an expensive and devious course; after a while he even became self-complacent and proud of the costly wisdom gained by experience.

In cotton-culture there is no interregnum. The king is dead. Long live the king! The funeral-baked meats do coldly furnish forth the coronation-feast. All possible speed is made to do honor to the new reign and give his infant majesty a good "send-off." On the fully-cleared plantation, where log-rolling has become a matter of little moment, the last "dog-tail"—as the stained and frosted remnant of the crop is denominated—is hardly secured before the ploughs are running to bed up the land for the new crop. It is shocking, no doubt, to the scientific agriculturalist, but it is true nevertheless, that there is no manuring, no top-dress-



ing, no bottom-dressing, not even a pretence of rotation of crops. Four furrows are thrown together, afterward the middles are broken out, and, the ridges thus formed having been smoothed by the harrow, the field is ready for the seed.

The planting process is usually primitive. Sundry machines have been invented for opening the ridge, dropping the seed, and covering them in at a single operation, but they have not met with general acceptance, because, among other reasons, the planting season is not an industrial crisis. Unless the preparation for the crop has been woefully delayed, there is ample time to plant it, and hence it was generally held that there was no emergency justifying the expenditure of money for new devices. Besides this, it sometimes happened that the careless and somnolent colored person intrusted with the patent cotton-planter neglected to replenish the box, or failed to observe that the machine had got "out of fix" and deposited no seed: thus he drove on, duly opening the trench and covering it again, but with nothing in it. Row after row was sometimes so treated, and, as the mistake could not be discovered until after the cotton had appeared elsewhere, it became a subject of much profane ejaculation. The usual process is that men with mules and "openers" cut trenches along the tops of the ridges, others sow the seed by hand, and still others with mules drawing blocks of wood attached to plough-stocks cover the seed snugly in the tiny ditch prepared for its reception.

Infancy is a period of infirmity and danger, and, as the human baby must struggle through whooping-cough, croup, measles, scarlet fever, and other deadly diseases which lie in wait for its young life, so the cotton baby encounters a variety of enemies hardly less numerous and equally pernicious. If the weather is cool and the ground imperfectly ditched and wet, the cut-worm—a subterranean marauder of most desperate character—lays waste the field, cutting off the plant as soon as it appears above

the surface, and persisting in his ravages until he has broken the stand and rendered replanting necessary, or until the weather becomes warm. Escaping or surviving this attack, the young cotton is often beset by minute insects which shrivel its leaves, stop its growth, and sometimes kill it outright. The remedy for these and all other infantile maladies of the cotton-plant is sunshine, clear and hot and plenty of it, for it is the child of the sun and thrives only under his smile.

The earlier crises safely overpast, the cotton is cut out to a stand, the stalks being left from fifteen to twenty inches apart in the drills. When this point has been reached, the work may be considered half done. What remains is merely, as the doctors say, "to assist nature,"—to exterminate without mercy grass and weeds and to keep the soil sufficiently permeable. Like "go in and win," this is easily said; but in perverse seasons it is very difficult to do. When it persistently rains daily for indefinite weeks, and grass and weeds grow like Jonah's gourd, and the pale, sickly, spindling cotton ceases utterly to thrive, it is something of a mockery to talk about *keeping* a crop clean. In such case there is nothing possible but to "get out of the grass" with the utmost expedition after the weather shall have come to its senses and effective work again be practicable. When the opposite extreme afflicts the planter,—when the sun blazes incessantly from a cloudless sky, when the ground cracks with the heat and the cotton is standing in a vast bed of dust,—there is no trouble with grass or weeds. Every day of drought is a good day for work, but the cotton grows very slowly and the forms fall off in vast numbers. This, however, is far less dangerous than the wet season. In the "hills" crops frequently suffer from drought, in the swamp very rarely and only under circumstances of a most exceptional character. When the rain *does* come, the plant, having no grass or weeds with which to divide its nutriment, grows with marvellous celerity, new

forms appear by millions, and it often comes to pass that a crop which, even in the judgment of experts, had been "ruined" by the drought in the growing-season, turns out in the fall to be a marvel of extraordinary production.

On the subject of cotton-culture, as upon other important matters, doctors differ. Some favor surface-cultivation, others advocate the practice of "stirring the ground," as they phrase it, and make little use of any implement except the ordinary one-horse turning-plough, alternately barring off and moulding the cotton. There is, of course, a large class of eclectics who combine the practices of both extremes, plying scraper, sweep, and cultivator as well as the plough. All, however, agree that the drill must be kept clean by most persistent use of the hoe. On this chiefly depends the success or failure of the culture, for the most dangerous foes of the cotton-plant are its nearest neighbors, and, if grass and weeds are banished from the drill, it matters little by what appliances the outlying forces of the enemy be discomfited. The insects which infest the cotton-plant in its infancy and adolescence are not the only species of animated nature hostile to it. The cotton-worm or caterpillars strip the foliage from the stalk and render half a crop, or often any crop at all, an impossibility. This variety is also called the army-worm, but is different from the insect bearing that appellation which in the spring and early summer of 1880 distinguished itself by its ravages in the fields, meadows, and gardens of New York, New Jersey, and other Northern States. This latter pest, though strictly vegetarian, indulges in a variegated diet, while the *cotton* army-worms, as a rule, are said to eat nothing but the cotton-plant and each other. In common with many other insects, they are of a winged ancestry, being the progeny of a moth resembling a candle-fly, which in summer deposits its eggs upon the leaves of the cotton-stalk. When hatched, the worm proceeds to devour the foliage, and perseveres until its native plant is reduced to a skeleton of its normal self.

If the supply of food is inadequate to the sustenance of the worms during their allotted span of life, the migration takes place; otherwise, they "web up" in cocoons, pass into the chrysalis state, and in due time emerge transformed into moths like their ancestors.

The boll-worm owes its existence to a moth of a different variety. This worm is hatched between the cotton-boll and the leafy integument, and forthwith begins to fulfil its mission, which is the destruction of that particular cotton-boll by boring into it and eating its interior. Of course that cotton-boll never opens,—no great loss of itself, but when it is multiplied by many millions it is a matter of serious concern to the unfortunate planter who has become the unwilling commissary of the insect multitude. Two modes of combating these pests were practised by planters before the war: in both the attack was made upon the parent moth and not upon the filial worm, both suggested by well-known weaknesses of moth nature. One system was to slay them by means of their imprudent fondness for light. Numerous fires were made in the fields, and an immense multitude of the winged progenitors perished miserably in the flames. The other temptation was addressed to their liking for sweets: placed dispersedly about were tin plates containing a modicum of medicated molasses, of which the moths partook with most fatal consequences. Notwithstanding the apparent success of these devices, there were generally no favorable results worth mentioning, because, however many moths might have been burned or poisoned, there were plenty more where they came from, and the disappointed planters learned, to their chagrin, that it is not possible to exterminate indefinite moths by definite fires or definite molasses.

Besides these modes of defence against the minute but formidable enemies, it is said that some ingenious planters tried to exclude the invading army-worms from their places by cutting a trench on the side toward which the insect hosts were marching. It was found, how-

ever, that the valorous advance-guard tumbled in without halt or ceremony, followed by others until the ditch was full, when the main body crossed safely over, using the remains of their fellow-soldiers as a bridge. Whether this was true, or whether their leaders had the strategical ability to devise and execute a flank movement, it is impossible to say. The fact remains that there is no authenticated case on record in which a plantation has been successfully defended against army-worms by any system of fortification, however scientific. For this visitation nothing practical has been suggested more satisfactory than to suffer and be strong, or as strong as you can under the circumstances.

The manners and customs of these insects have been very diligently investigated; but much yet remains to be learned about them. They have always been more prevalent and destructive in the uplands than in the swamp, and in the southern than in the northern portions of the cotton-belt. Indeed, all authorities agree in attributing to them a Southern origin. Their advent is regulated by no well-ascertained laws: sometimes they infest persistently year after year the same region, and then, without any perceptible reason, disappear utterly. So grievous were their ravages in some parts of Mississippi between 1846 and 1850 that prices of lands were reduced more than one-half and whole counties almost literally were offered for sale, yet in the same region for years after 1850 no damage whatever was done by worms, nor was there any appreciable appearance of them in the country.

The sufferer by boll- or army-worm is accorded the full sympathy of the community; but it is far different in case of certain other disasters, especially that usual consequence of wet weather, "getting into the grass." For some occult reason, this is regarded as proof positive of incapacity or mismanagement: the planter so afflicted becomes an object of ridicule, and his gramineous opulence is held to be a fit theme for scoffing. It is a favorite but very threadbare gibe

to liken the cotton-field to a thriving meadow, and not a few jokes, as overt as prudence will permit, are cracked upon the heart-sore agriculturist touching the proper time and mode of mowing, and the relative value of hay and cotton as staple productions. Some of the victims are so sensitive that they persistently clean the land nearest to the public road or otherwise liable to popular inspection, — veneer the plantation, so to speak, — in the hope of escaping the ridicule of neighbors who but for the partial distribution of the rains would suffer the same fate. Getting into the grass, whether due to over-cropping or other indiscretion or to providential dispensation, is a grave calamity, for a cotton-field once deep in the grass rarely produces a full crop or anything like it. Getting out of the grass after the weather becomes favorable must be done as quickly as possible. A planter once paid a more fortunate neighbor a thousand dollars for a few days' work of his force and teams, and, upon drawing his check for the money at the end of the year, expressed the opinion that the work of the auxiliary hands had been worth to him not less than five thousand dollars. This was a very exceptional case, for under the old *régime*, and almost equally under the new, auxiliaries in working the crop were not, as a rule, obtainable at any price. The force that planted must cultivate it.

Keeping the crop clean is for the planter that which action is for the orator. It is indispensable, to use a modern phrase, "first, last, and all the time." There is a tradition, however, that once upon a time, in some indefinite region, the army-worms invaded a very foul plantation and were so tempted by the luxuriance of the grass that they undertook to eat it first, presumably as an appetizer before they began the serious business of eating the cotton. They found the preliminary feast so succulent and superabundant that when they had dispatched it their time was up, and the cotton, duly cleaned by the industrious insects, thrived wonderfully, making a bale to the acre, — a form of

speech always indicative of superlative excellence. It is but just to the reader to say that this story "lacks confirmation." Such as it is, however, it is the only case upon record in which grass in cotton-fields has proved otherwise than disastrous or army-worms have benefited any human being except bull operators in cotton futures.

Getting into the grass was, therefore, not only a misfortune, but a humiliation, keenly felt by every one on the plantation, from the proprietor himself to the very pickaninnies in the quarter-yard, for the negroes, with few exceptions, took much pride in a successful season and participated very sincerely in the depression caused by disaster. It was usually the result of persistently unfavorable weather, as the force on the swamp plantations was rarely over-cropped. When the planter had got under cultivation as much land as would produce a full crop,—i.e., as much as his hands could pick out,—he could never find time to clear any more, and the routine was established that as soon as the old crop was gathered and the log-rolling and cleaning-up completed it was time to go to work on the new crop. The usual estimate was ten acres in cotton and three in corn for each hand, and some judicious and experienced planters held that eight acres of good land, well cultivated, would produce more cotton than the man who cultivated it could possibly pick out. They therefore adapted their practice to this theory, being unwilling, perhaps, to endure the agony of seeing surplus cotton burned up or ploughed under to make room for the new crop. The cultivation of the corn scarcely interfered at all with that of the cotton. It was planted early, usually about the 1st of March, grew rapidly, and was "laid by" before the critical period of the cotton-culture arrived. Cotton was usually planted in the first ten days of April, and, as it was too small during that month to bear much cultivation and after the 1st of July was too large, the cultivating season was limited in effect to the months of May and June. In August, early or

late, according to the forwardness of the season or the reverse, began the great operation of cotton-picking, destined to endure till Christmas, often till the 1st of February, and even much later. The spectacle has been seen of a number of hands picking cotton at one end of a field and at the other end another party planting the new crop. Such devotion to the bird in hand is, however, rare.

Killing frosts form an epoch in the cotton-picking season, and their early or late occurrence exerts a marked influence upon the amount of the crop. Bolls which at this period have not matured do not open; those which are fully grown generally do, unless the frosts are followed by soaking rains and then by freezes. Blooms, forms, and bolls succeed each other continuously: first there is the bloom, which is pure white in the morning, but turns pink before its first sun has set; it falls off the next day, leaving in its place the "form" of leaves enclosing the tiny pea destined to become the cotton-boll. It is obvious that the later the frost the more of the later blooms will mature and the more cotton will be produced.

As cotton-picking was the most important of agricultural operations, every exertion was made to devote to it all available labor, and in this respect the usefulness of the large gin-house and steam-power became very apparent. With the horse-power and the small gin-house the ginning process was continuous, and five or six pickers were for this service withdrawn from the field for the whole season; but where steam was used the seed-cotton picked by the entire force of the plantation was stored in the gin-house to await a rainy day, or a series of rainy days, when the gins would be started and run until the weather again became suitable for picking. Of course it sometimes happened that the gins must be run in good cotton-picking weather, for when the gin-house was nearly full, neither it nor its contents being usually insured, the planter would have the necessary force withdrawn from the field to gin out and bale up all the cotton on hand. The necessity of doing



this in fair weather of course wrung his heart; but the possibility of losing a hundred or so bales of cotton and his gin-house besides in one great conflagration was too much for his hardihood.

Agricultural operations are generally considered the province of unskilled labor; but there are two exceptions in the processes of cotton-culture. To say nothing of the peculiar aptitude of the negro to utilize all the idiosyncrasies of the mule, the expert with the hoe wields his humble implement with a grace and dexterity which make the operation almost worthy of the name of High Art. To cut out every sprig of grass, however minute, without "barking" a single stalk of cotton, and with such rapidity that at a little distance he seems to be merely walking along the row, is a feat that almost entitles its performer to the dignity of a "professional." This and the equally important function of cotton-picking were in ante-bellum days the great points of usefulness in the laborers of the cotton-field, and by long practice they often attained a proficiency almost marvellous. Cotton-picking depends upon quickness of eye and of motion: to the uninitiated it seems simple and easy, but in no handicraft is there so marked a difference in the skill and success of its operatives. As picking out the crop was the tug of war, planters availed themselves of every possible means to increase the efficiency of their force in this branch of labor. Among other things, matches were often made, and all hands, divided into sides, under competent leaders, would pick a week for prizes to be distributed among the winners, the performances being closed with a barbecue, "free for all," on Saturday afternoon.

These six days' "go-as-you-please" matches often developed a vast deal of latent and unsuspected cotton-picking talent, and brought out also a large quantity of cotton, for the rivalry thus engendered became very intense and manifested itself in superhuman exertions in fair cotton-picking as well as in the "foul" practice of stealing cotton from the gin-house to be weighed over

and swell the score of the unscrupulous party. The weighing at night was a scene of excitement and vociferation very unusual in the quiet and orderly routine of plantation-life, for on these occasions the rigor of discipline was relaxed and something in the nature of Saturnalian license permitted. As the anxious black faces, partly illumined by the lantern, were gathered in a circle around the scales, peering over each other at the weigher and the overseer, who took down the score, each call was received with noisy criticism, cheers from allies, hoots and aspersions from adversaries,—e.g., "Hurrah fur Silas! Silas is jist a-risin'!" and, *per contra*, "Silas nebber picked dat much cotton sence he been born! Stole half dat 'ar cotton fum de gin-house: dat's whar it come fum!" The colored person, in matters touching upon the honesty of other people, is not an optimist.

Before the war, supplemental hands were not to be had, and the force which planted the crop usually cultivated and picked it out unaided. There were, of course, exceptions, one of which is noteworthy as illustrating the remarkable productive capacity of the swamp-lands when properly cultivated. A certain planter owned also a wood-yard, at which he kept employed a number of men cutting wood to sell to steamboats. One year, his cotton-crop being remarkably good, he intermitted his wood-operations, added his wood-choppers to his cotton-pickers, and thus secured his whole crop, which proved to be eighteen bales to the hand, or very nearly two bales to the acre. As in the uplands half a bale per acre is a fair average crop, the superiority of the swamp-lands is obvious.

To their phenomenal fertility was due the very notable preference for swamp-lands during the latter years of the old régime. Despite the drawbacks of overflow,—always possible, often imminent,—the heavier expenses, the greater prevalence of climatic diseases, and the profuse expenditure of most planters, the prosperity of the region steadily and rapidly advanced for years preceding

1860. The levees, which had been constructed and were kept in repair with means raised by local taxation, were annually improved and strengthened, property of all kinds was constantly enhanced in value, new plantations were yearly brought into cultivation, and the whole community was in a better condition than it had ever been before.

Such was the industrial system existing on the banks of the Mississippi and its adjuncts at the time that the thunder of cannon before Fort Sumter on the Atlantic coast shook it to pieces.

During the war everything was, of course, abnormal and chaotic: many crops were raised only to be burned by order of General G. T. Beauregard, as the receipt of the destroying officer obligingly informed the bereaved planter; quantities large and small were smuggled through the lines and brought into Dixie goods and greenbacks; still others were seized by Federal authority, and to this day furnish employment for claim-agents and the Court of Claims. The system, however, was in its dying agonies, and passed away beyond hope with the capture of New Orleans, Memphis, and Vicksburg. The negroes were scattered: many had fled into the Federal lines and essayed the well-known rôle of the "intelligent contraband;" large numbers had wandered off into the "hills" and the older States to "whar dey come fum;" very few remained in the swamp. When at last war's fitful fever was over, and the South, clothed and in her right mind, sat upon the ashes of her prosperity, in all the smitten region, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, the condition of no section was so desperate as that of the Mississippi swamp. Its laboring class was not only demoralized and inefficient, but very greatly diminished in numbers, the proprietors of the lands were generally bankrupt, the lands themselves had no market value, the most unsatisfactory relations existed between the two races, the levees, which had been utterly neglected for four years, were in a deplorable condition, and upon them depended the possibility of cultivating or even inhabiting the

country at all. In all this gloomy outlook there was but one bright point: *cotton was worth fifty cents a pound!*

This single fact would have waked a soul within the ribs of Death: it recalled to life a moribund country. For men who before the war had always been content with ten cents a pound,—who had been jubilant when the staple reached the high price of a "long bit," or twelve and a half cents,—who knew that at current rates the land could be made to produce more than two hundred dollars for every acre planted and cultivated,—the temptation to desperate exertion was extreme. Their efforts, however, were not unlike the gymnastic feats of a convalescent from typhoid fever. They were weaker than water, financially. They had no money, no credit, no mules, no meat, no corn, no tools; they had nothing in this world but land—and water. To go into cotton-planting at that time required a profusion of money or credit. Even when the necessary funds had been secured by combination with a commission-merchant or Northern capitalist, there was great difficulty in procuring laborers. For want of them, numerous large plantations for years after the war produced magnificent crops of hog-weed, and nothing else; others grew up into immense cottonwood thickets; and of those actually occupied, nine in ten were only cultivated in part. Of course most vehement efforts were made to bring labor into the country; agents were employed in all the Southwestern cities to induce the idle negroes who thronged those places to go to work in the swamp; high wages were offered, and many were thus secured. Nor did the enterprising labor-agents confine their operations to the colored race: they imported, from Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, fresh-caught immigrants, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Swiss, who all proved most admirable material for—chills and fever. The planters were even ambitious of being "ruined by cheap Chinese labor," and, so far from crying out that "the Chinese must go," they piteously entreated that the Chinese might come.

The cheap Chinese labor, however, proved, paradoxically enough, too dear for the finances of the planters. The wages to be paid to the Chinese were not high, but the cost of transportation from the Pacific Ocean to the Mississippi River and the profits of the various intermediate agents who in commercial phrase "handled" them amounted to a good round sum of ready money, which must be paid before the Chinamen could be set to work at all. As the capitalists who furnished the supplies and advanced the cash to the planters considered cotton-planting in the swamp as hazardous at best and Chinese labor as purely experimental, they shrank from the expenditure: consequently, very few Chinese were brought into the country, and they did not remain long. During his brief sojourn in the cotton-fields, John was a sore trial to the "Melican man." His literality was a source of infinite annoyance: it was not his "to reason why;" he would do as he was bid, certainly, but it was idle to expect of him any variation, however obvious or necessary, from the precise terms in which his lesson was couched. For example, a party of Chinamen, having been sufficiently indoctrinated in the first principles of botany to distinguish between cotton and grass and taught which was to be spared and which exterminated, were set to scraping cotton. Now, everybody knows, or ought to know, that when a man has worked down his row to the end he takes another row and works back. That goes without saying. But with the Chinese it was not a matter of course: it was not in the bond. After working down their rows they shouldered their hoes, and, with their tails behind them, like the sheep of little Bo-peep, they marched solemnly back more than a quarter of a mile, to begin again where they began before, heedless of the wild guffaws of a group of darkies to whom it was "nuts" to see the blunder of their yellow rivals, of the derisive laughter of a neighboring planter sitting on his horse near the fence, and of the frantic and sulphurous exclamations of their preceptor, who, by one of the whirligigs of those topsy-turvy

times, had been pitchforked into the position of professor of cotton in that Celestial academy.

Neither the Mongolian nor the Caucasian race furnished any appreciable portion of the laborers who after the war cultivated the swamp. Whether under favorable conditions white labor could be made available in this region is still an open question. The experiments, in that direction which were made immediately after the war were not conducted with any regard to hygiene; no especial precautions were taken to secure the health of the employés, to guard against the peculiar adverse climatic influences of the country, or even to select those subjects for experiment who from their previous habitat were least likely to be affected by malarious disease. The white laborers who were brought down proving sickly, and therefore inefficient, no further efforts were made to attract men of that race, and nearly all the working population under the new *régime*, as under the old, was composed of persons of African descent. Naturally, therefore, the first idea of the reconstruction of cotton-culture was to restore the plantation system as far as compatible with the changed order of things, —the planter, besides furnishing food and lodging, paying weekly or monthly wages in money. This method, however, proved very unsatisfactory: it required too much capital and involved too much hazard, for, to say nothing of the state of the levees and other causes of uncertainty and peril, it was very difficult to get any reasonable modicum of steady work from the average "contraband," appearing for probably the first time in his life in the character of hiring. It soon became evident that to secure the continuity of labor necessary to successful cotton-culture the laborer must be made interested in the results of his work; and this was done by the "share-of-the-crop" system, which soon superseded the practice of paying stipulated wages. In this the proprietor contracted with the whole corps of hands, agreeing to furnish tools and team, forage and food, and to pay for the labor a

certain proportion—usually one-fourth—of the cotton produced. This plan was found defective chiefly in this,—that, without great care in final settlements, the drones were overpaid and the workers were underpaid in proportion; and, when this came to be fairly understood, the more industrious of the negroes objected to the inequitable distribution of the spoils and demanded a new departure.

In the next modification of the system the whole body of employes ceased to form collectively the "party of the second part." Separate contracts were made by the planters with different associations of hands who had banded themselves together, including the industrious and excluding the *vauriens* of the plantation. This, though better, was still unsatisfactory, and a new principle appeared. The more advanced of the negroes—men who had been educated beyond the watch, pistol, and trinket stage of civilization, who aspired to a more perfect independence—began to demand the tenant system. This was organized with great rapidity, for all classes, the industrious and idle alike, had chafed under the supervision of the planter or his agent and craved the privilege of regulating their own labor. The proprietors had no choice but to submit, for, as there were scarcely half as many hands in the country as were needed to cultivate it, the usual rule was reversed, and capital, such as it was, had fallen under the dominion of labor. No man would permit an industrious negro to leave his plantation if by any sort of concession he could be retained. Lands were let in parcels of twenty, forty, fifty, or a hundred acres upon rents payable in a share of the crop, in money, or in a stipulated quantity of cotton. If a share of the crop was paid as rent, it was usually one-fourth of the cotton; if the contract was for a money rent, it was ten, sometimes twelve, dollars per acre; if a cotton rent was required, it was sixty, seventy, or eighty pounds per acre, "packed in bales and delivered at the landing," to use the language current in these contracts. The proprietor at these rates furnished nothing but the

land, and the tenant supplied himself as best he could from his own savings or his credit with local or other merchants.

It must be remarked that before the tenant cycle of the new *régime* had been reached, cotton had so far fallen in price that there was little variation in value between these cotton and money rents of land, and each corresponded very nearly in an average year with the fourth of the crop-return, which was the rule on many—probably most—plantations. Underlying both the "share-of-the-crop" and the rental contracts was the general principle that the labor necessary to produce and secure a crop of cotton was worth one-fourth of it; that the rent represented another fourth, from which must be deducted the land- and levee-taxes, always paid by the landlord; the remaining half comprised forage, subsistence, general and contingent expenses, repairs of personalty, risks, profit and loss. In the "share-of-the-crop" system, these expenses, risks, and profits enured to the landlord; in the renting arrangement, to the tenants.

The rents, and especially the money rents, were apparently high, and charges of extortion founded upon them have been made against the landlords; but, considered in connection with the productive capacity of the soil, they were not unreasonable. Either in terms or in effect the rent amounted to one-fourth of the gross crop, and, as it was and is very usual elsewhere—in Tennessee, for example—for the landlord to receive one-third of the product, the comparison is rather favorable to swamp rents.

From the inauguration of the big plantation system immediately after the war to the general adoption of the tenant system only a few years elapsed. However well adapted the former may have been to the slavery *régime*, it soon became manifest that under the new conditions of the country the cultivation of lands in large bodies was no longer practicable; but the subdivision of the plantations for the purpose of culture was not rendered permanent by sale or purchase. The freedmen were content, for the time at least, with the condition



of tenants from year to year, and sought neither the dignity of proprietorship nor the independence of owning the soil which they tilled; while the landlords, although willing enough to sell their plantations if they could find purchasers, were very averse to cutting up their lands and selling in small parcels, which they must necessarily do if they sold to freedmen. There were exceptions on both sides: a few planters subdivided their plantations in order to effect sales, and a few freedmen had the temerity to run into debt for small farms and permanent homes. And it is worthy of mention that no evil consequences followed these exceptional transactions: the plantations from which these farms were excised were not thereby depreciated in value as their owners had apprehended, and the purchasers, having duly paid their notes, became landed proprietors.

Whether this sort of subdivision is destined in the future to become general and the country to be owned by the men who cultivate it, and when such results will be reached, are questions which belong to the domain of prophecy. It may be remarked, however, that the tenant system is in this country an exotic, that in the South especially it is the result of abnormal circumstances, that the general tendency of American agriculture is to the ownership of the lands by the laborers who till them, that there is nothing in cotton-culture adverse to success in small holdings, and that the colored race only, so far as has yet been demonstrated, can with safety cultivate these lands. These considerations favor the proposition that at a future day, more or less remote, a large portion of the swamp-country will be owned as well as occupied in small farms by colored people.

On the other hand are to be considered the well-known poverty of that race, their present utter inability to clear new lands, and their fixed aversion to attempting it. They have been known to refuse forest-land as a gift upon the condition of clearing it; and, unless their financial condition was exceptional, the refusal was not unwise, for "while the

grass grows the steed starves." To this may be added the alleged or actual unsatisfactory relations, civil and political, between the two races. On this subject nothing definite can here be said, for the writer's personal connection with that country ceased before the inauguration of the "Exodus" movement, and he has no special or authentic information touching that movement or the grievances upon which it was founded. These considerations tend to negative the expectation that the colored people will at any time in the future become the owners of the fine cotton-lands of the Mississippi swamp. The question is only stated here: it is not attempted to solve it.

It may, however, be confidently asserted that when the action of the United States government on the subject of the levees shall have passed beyond the stages of debates, commissions, surveys, and reports, and the permanent reclamation of the great alluvial plain of the Mississippi and its lower tributaries shall have been definitely assured, the result will be an enormous addition to the wealth and resources of the nation. On that plain nine-tenths of the land has never been touched by axe or plough. It is the best cotton-land in the world, and alone of all the various soils of the South can bear without the slightest tendency to exhaustion the strain of indefinite years of continuous cotton-production. It is well known that throughout the uplands exclusive devotion to the great staple is exerting a most deleterious effect upon the fertility of the land, and that a change of system in the near future is inevitable. Whenever, therefore, judicious and profitable mixed farming shall supersede cotton-planting on the less durable and productive soil of the "hills," the swamp will by some instrumentality be brought under cultivation, and will become in effect the great cotton-mine of the United States, defying the competition of all the nations of the earth and assuring a perpetual monopoly of cotton-production.

WILLIAM L. MURFREE, SR.

## THE O'SHAUGHNESSY DIAMONDS.

ON the night of the 1st of June, 187-, the safe of Vanderkill & Brown, tea-brokers, of New York City, of which firm I was the senior partner, was broken open and robbed of diamonds valued at sixty thousand dollars and of five hundred dollars in money.

How jewels of such worth came to be left in so unlikely a place may need to be explained; and this I will first do.

Late in the afternoon of the day before, I was sitting alone in our private office. In the outer office, into which a door opened, our two boys, John and Edward, were at work,—one doing up express packages of samples, the other washing teacups; and our assistant buyer, Mr. Jones, was arranging sample cans on the racks. There was no one else in the office.

I had been writing letters for the Western mail, and was just signing the last one, when I heard some one outside asking for me or Mr. Brown, and one of our old customers, a man named O'Shaughnessy, of Chicago, came into the room. I had known him well a few years before, when he was at the head of a large grocery-house; but since then he had been operating heavily in grain, was said to have grown very rich, and seldom visited New York: so I was somewhat surprised at seeing him.

He carried in his hand an oblong brown-paper parcel, and, after shaking hands with me and asking after my health and that of Mr. Brown,—who, by the way, was at home, very sick,—he said, "I came in to ask if you would look up this parcel in your safe to-night. I find I have to go to Philadelphia at once, and I hardly like to carry it about with me."

"Is it valuable?" I asked.

For answer he opened the package and showed me, lying in a morocco case, a diamond necklace. I know little about jewels, but I saw that the stones were large and brilliant and plainly of

great value. "It's for my wife," he said, "and it cost me a cool sixty thousand,—not a cent less." And then he went on, "The jewellers only finished it this afternoon, and, after I had given my check for it, I found I had no time to take it up-town to the hotel and then catch my train: so I thought I would leave it with you."

I hastily closed the lid of the case and looked about, for I thought I had heard a footstep at the door; but I saw no one, and concluded that one of the clerks had been about to come in, but had walked away on seeing that I was engaged.

Well, to make a long story short, I told Mr. O'Shaughnessy that I was unwilling to have anything so valuable left in my care, that our safe was old and never meant to be more than fire-proof, and that he had better leave the diamonds at the bank where he kept his New York account; but he answered that he had called there and found it closed for the day. He also said that he would take all risk upon himself: so, at last, I reluctantly agreed to do as he wished.

There was a small inside compartment to the safe, with a separate door. Here we kept our insurance policies and such-like papers, and the petty-cash-box, and in it was also now a square tin box, with a combination padlock, which Mr. Jones had, some months before, got leave to keep there. This I removed, and in its place I put the jewel-case, and was closing the door, when Mr. O'Shaughnessy stopped me. "Wait a moment," he said: "here are five hundred dollars. I shan't need it till to-morrow. I might as well leave this too." And he drew from his pocket a roll of bills, which he wedged in beside the case. Upon this I locked the compartment and handed him the key. He thanked me, and left the office, saying that he would return next day.

My day's work at last done, I walked

out, and explained to Mr. Jones that, as I had needed space in the safe for other things, he would have to find some other place for his box, and then, as was my custom, I saw that the books were put carefully away in the safe, locked its doors, dropped the key into my pocket, and started for home. It was nearing my dinner-hour, and I was in haste to reach the ferry: so I was much vexed, when I turned into Wall Street, at finding a most tiresome person, whom I slightly knew, leaning against a railing, having his shoes blacked. He was a man who always wished to talk about the market, while I, my tastes being literary rather than commercial, have always preferred talking of anything else. But he called to me, and then seized one of my coat-buttons, and I had perforce to listen to him for nearly half an hour.

As I stood there, our two office-boys passed on their way home and wished me good-night. I remembered that I had tickets which I should not use for a benefit performance at one of the theatres: so I called the boys back and gave them each one, and they went on their way much pleased. They were smart, well-behaved lads, brothers, who, between them, supported their old mother, and I always made a point of showing them kindness where I might.

Then, after some time, our clerk, Mr. Jones, turned the corner. He was walking slowly, and had his tin box in his hand. He seemed surprised at seeing me there, and for an instant hesitated. Then he said, in his quiet, gentlemanly way, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Vanderkill,—I meant to ask you before: will you allow me to leave my box at your rooms to-night? There are some papers in it of value to me, and I fear that at my boarding-house some one might meddle with them."

"Why, certainly," I answered. Then, seeing a chance of escape from my captor, I added, "Wait: I'll go with you."

So I joined him, and we crossed to Brooklyn together.

Now, I liked this Mr. Jones. He had come to us about a year before, in answer to our advertisement for a clerk.

He could give us no references, having, as he said, just come over from England; but we had fancied his looks and engaged him, and he had made himself most useful to us. He had also shown himself well-bred. I am, perhaps, somewhat old-fashioned in my ideas, but I own that I like my clerks to show me respect; and in this Jones never failed. Then he had taken in good part some advice which, as an older man, I had once thought it well to give him, and was also, as I discovered, a man of some taste in reading. For at that time I was writing my "Philosophy of Tea-Drinking." Once, after a hard day's work, I had thought Jones looked tired and in need of amusement: so, as I knew him to be poor and, like myself, a bachelor, I asked him to my rooms and read to him a chapter or two from my work. His remarks upon it had been so intelligent and just that I was gratified, and he had more than once repeated the visit at my invitation. I have often wished since that some of our money-loving publishers had a tithe of that young man's discernment and taste.

We had crossed the Wall Street ferry, and Mr. Jones was about to leave me,—he boarded in Gowanus, while my rooms were on Clinton Street,—when I thought of his box. I am a considerate man, and it seemed to me a pity that he should have to bring it back so far after supper: so I told him that if he liked I would take it with me then. At first he naturally declined, saying that he could not think of giving me the trouble; then, seeing that I was in earnest, he thanked me, handed it to me, and hurried after a Furman Street car. I took the box with me to the restaurant where I dined, and afterward to my rooms.

I have been used for many years to spending the evening alone, and, when not writing, can usually content myself with my cigar and books, or, at worst, with my own thoughts. But this evening my mind was ill at ease. I could not forget the diamonds. As I sat by the window, smoking, I thought how very easy it would be for any one to enter the office through the side-window over the alley, and then how little skill would

be needed to open the safe. In fact, though I am not a nervous man, and have great command over my feelings, I felt a sense of relief when, as the City Hall bell was tolling nine, the gong at the front door struck and Jones was shown into the room, though, to tell the truth, I was also at first a little annoyed at his coming unasked. However, he explained that, having to come my way, he had thought it well to return some books he had borrowed of me: so I asked him to stay. And I read him the latest chapter of the "Philosophy of Tea-Drinking," and then we talked about that and other books. He asked my advice about a course of reading he thought of taking, and I gave him my views upon the subject. We then drifted into talk about the older English novel-writers. I have always held their works in great esteem,—above all, those of Smollett; and I was pleased at finding that he shared my liking for that great humorist. On the whole, the evening passed so pleasantly that when eleven o'clock came, and he arose to go, I made him take two of my best "Reina Victorias," which I only smoke after dinner.

I had placed his box in a small closet where I kept my liquor-case and cigars, with other things which I think it best to lock up.

"You may leave it there as long as you wish, Jones," I said: "it will not be in my way." And then he took his leave, and I went to bed.

I rested well that night, for I am a sound sleeper; but upon waking in the morning my first thoughts were again of the diamonds. So I breakfasted and went over to the office a full hour earlier than usual.

The front door of the building was open, and the janitor sweeping the steps, but the office door was still locked. I let myself in with a latch-key, and at once walked back to the private office; and then I received a shock. It is hard to describe a shock, but I may say that I felt as I did one January morning when I stepped into my bath-tub and by mistake turned on the cold shower; for the fire-doors of the safe stood open. On

the floor before it, among upturned drawers and scattered papers, lay several shining steel implements, evidently burglars' tools, and the petty-cash-box.

The door of the inside compartment was ajar, and I looked in. It was empty. Then I gathered my wits together and made a thorough search. The books were all there, the insurance-policies and other papers, and the empty cash-box. But of the jewel-case and the roll of money there were no signs, either in the safe or about the office.

How the thieves had entered I saw at once. The side-window, looking out on the alley, was closed, but a pane of the glass was missing, and the patent catch had been pushed back.

When I fully realized that the diamonds were lost, I wasted no further time. I gave the signal for a District-Telegraph messenger, and, when the boy came, sent him to the nearest police station to report the robbery. Then I hurried across the street to the telegraph-office, and sent this message to our broker in Philadelphia:

"If possible, find Mr. O'Shaughnessy, of Chicago. Probably at Continental. Say, safe opened; diamonds and money stolen. Return immediately, or telegraph description."

With that I felt I had done for the time all in my power, and went back to our office. Here I found John and Edward, both much excited, and the janitor, whom they had called in. This man lived in rooms on the top floor of the building, and I questioned him closely. He said he had finished sweeping out the office the night before at about eight o'clock. He had fastened the windows and doors, and, after seeing to a few other matters about the building, had sat for a while on the door-step and then gone upstairs to his rooms. He had heard no strange noises during the night.

While I was talking to him, Jones appeared. Him I took aside and told the extent of the loss. I had felt too much disturbed to care to speak of it to the others. He turned really pale. For a moment he was speechless. Then he



exclaimed, "Great heavens, Mr. Vander-kill! A small fortune! And to trust it in that thing!"

He seemed to take the matter so much to heart that I began to feel more cheerful. "Well, Jones," I said, "it is an unlucky affair; but, after all, the loss will not fall on us. I gave Mr. O'Shaughnessy fair warning, and he chose to take the risk." And I set about reading the morning mail, which had just been brought in.

This day was a most disagreeable one to me. First the police-officers came, and two detectives in plain clothing. They examined the safe and broken window and the burglars' tools, and agreed that the work had been done by professionals, and clever ones. I told them all that had passed between Mr. O'Shaughnessy and myself, and they then questioned the clerks. An important fact now came to light.

To make matters clear, I must here explain that the door which connected our two rooms was close to that opening from the outer office into the entry of the building. Edward suddenly remembered that, happening to turn his head, he had seen a man leave the office through this door at the time Mr. O'Shaughnessy was within with me. John had been busy at his work, and had seen nothing, but Jones, too, had noticed the man. He had come in, glanced about, taken a few steps forward and looked in at my door, and had then turned and quietly walked out. It happened often that men blundered into our office, mistaking it for some other, but I remembered and spoke of the footstep that had startled me, and to our minds the case grew plain. The fellow had been one of the robbers, or a confederate, who had followed Mr. O'Shaughnessy from the jeweller's, and he had doubtless seen the open case in our hands.

Of his looks neither Edward nor Jones could recall more than that he was tall and stout, with a dark moustache, and that he wore a straw hat and light clothes; but, at all events, the detectives had now some clue to follow, and they went away.

At length Mr. O'Shaughnessy arrived from Philadelphia. I must say, to his credit, that he bore the loss much better than I had dared hope, and blamed only himself. He at once wrote out advertisements for the newspapers, offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the recovery of the necklace. This offer, with a full description of the jewels, was also telegraphed from police headquarters all over the country, so that by nightfall the police of nearly every large city in the United States and Canada knew of the robbery.

I confess I had little hope of ever seeing the diamonds again; but O'Shaughnessy thought otherwise. As for the money, he said, that, of course, was lost. The diamonds, however, would be hard to dispose of, with so many men on the watch for them, and he expected that the thieves would offer to compromise. The police, too, thought this the most likely course for them to take. So, after some thought, I decided to keep the matter from Mr. Brown's knowledge,—at least while he was ill. And I was afterward glad that I had not troubled him with it, for the next morning his wife sent for me in haste, and in the afternoon he died.

I was deeply grieved at his death, for we had worked together as clerks and partners for many years, and had been warm friends. I also foresaw that my life would be less easy than it had been. He was the harder-working man of the two, and it would be difficult to fill his place at the office. So, during the following week I was too busy about my own affairs to give much thought to the robbery.

The newspapers, however, made much of it, and I heard from time to time that the police were at work upon the case. One after another, some half-dozen men were arrested on suspicion. Now it was some well-known burglar who was thought to be spending too much money, or perhaps some wretched tramp seen coming from the alley during the night, or a man suspected of being our visitor of the afternoon. But one and all were discharged for lack of proof

against them, and not a trace of the real robbers or of the diamonds was found. Nor did the thieves yet give a hint of any wish to compromise. It seemed clear that they had either already fled the country or had hidden the jewels and were biding their time to get rid of them.

The detectives thought the latter case the more probable, for the police at Havana and the European ports had also been telegraphed to be on the lookout, and this any smart thief would have foreseen.

At last, after a week had passed, Mr. O'Shaughnessy grew tired of waiting in New York. He raised the offered reward to ten thousand dollars. "Better spend ten thousand at once," he said philosophically, "than lose sixty;" and then he went back to Chicago.

As a matter of course, this large offer, which was widely advertised, caused renewed talk,—and with good results.

The captain of a steam-yacht just home from a short cruise to the eastward went to the police with a tale which stirred them up mightily. He said that the evening of the 1st of the month he had spent with some friends on the east side of the town. The yacht was lying in Gowanus Bay, and he started at about twelve o'clock to go on board. His way toward the Hamilton ferry led him past the building in which was our office. Just as he came abreast of it, three men ran out from the side-alley, brushed past him, and hurried up the street. As they passed, he had seen their faces quite plainly by the light of a street-lamp, and from their looks and actions suspected that they had been up to no good. He had half thought to see a policeman in chase, but none came: so he went quietly on his way, and next morning started eastward.

He was shown the portraits in the Rogues' Gallery, but recognized none of them, and from the description of the men which he gave it was believed that they were strangers, and that the detectives had been wasting their time on false scents. They had been tracking old friends, and now saw, much to their

chagrin, that they must start afresh in their search. To give them their due, they were active enough; but in a big city like New York it is a hard task to find a man with no guide but a slight knowledge of his looks. And so the weeks dragged on.

As may be remembered, the heat that summer was very great. While Mr. Brown lived, it had been our custom during the hot months to take turns in leaving town for a week at a time. But now, as day after day passed, I found myself tied hopelessly to my work, and felt the loss of his help more and more.

As I bustled about the street or sat by the hour drawing tea, with the thermometer marking ninety degrees in the shade, I realized to the full what it was to earn one's bread by the sweat of one's brow. In Mr. Jones I had, as I have said, a good assistant; but at length I found that if I would keep my health I must take a holiday now and then, and I decided to employ still another clerk.

But I did not readily find one to my liking. Perhaps I was hard to suit, but I have always disliked having underbred or ignorant men about me. I was beginning to fear that I should have to put up with a most vulgar-looking young man who had applied for the place, when I happened one day at luncheon to speak of the matter to the market-reporter of one of the morning papers,—a person named Granger,—and he at once said that he knew of a man who would do, and promised to send him to me.

I have not hitherto spoken of this Mr. Granger. I knew little about him, but had met him daily for some time past in my own and other offices. He was a pleasant-spoken, well-informed man,—though hardly a gentleman,—and, as men will do who meet often down-town, we had drifted into an easy speaking acquaintance.

With the looks of the young man whom he sent me, and who proved to be named Ormsby, I was pleased. His speech, too, was taking and his references good: so I took him on trial. He knew nothing whatever about tea, but that mattered little: I meant that he should

busy himself with the office-work, that Jones might be able to give his whole time to the duties of buying and selling; and after a short time they settled down so well to their work that I felt safe in leaving them in charge of the business for days at a time. And so I was able now and then to make short visits to the Catskills and Long Branch, and found my life once more bearable.

Upon my book I wrote little during the heated term, the lighted gas making my room uncomfortably warm: so, as the few families whom I knew well were out of town at the sea-side or the mountains, I fell into the habit of spending most of my evenings by the water. On leaving the office in the afternoon, I would take boat or train to Coney Island, have a dip in the surf, and then dine at one of the hotels. Afterward I would stroll along the beach, watching the bathers, and then find a seat and listen to the music of a band until it was time to return to the city. Sometimes I met there one or more of my business acquaintances, when we would empty a modest bottle of claret and smoke our after-dinner cigars together. And once or twice I caught sight of Jones and Ormsby walking side by side in the crowd; and this gratified me. I liked to feel that my clerks were on such good terms with each other. Upon the whole, I may say that I enjoyed myself much in a quiet way that summer.

In time, John and Edward took their usual vacations of a week each, and I then told Jones that I could spare him for a fortnight. He had, I thought, fairly earned a holiday.

Somewhat to my relief, I must own, he said he did not want one; but more than once in the morning I had noticed a very tired look upon his face, and I insisted upon his taking at least an occasional day to himself. And, as Ormsby had shown himself a gentlemanly young man, I also now and then invited them both to dine with me at Manhattan Beach or Cable's,—a kindness which they seemed to take as it was meant.

So July and August wore away. It

was now September, and the lost jewels had not yet been heard from. The police were at their wits' ends, for, after great search, they had at last secured the stranger whom Edward and Mr. Jones had seen in our office, and he had proved to be a person of well-known good character, who claimed to have mistaken the office for that of some other firm.

To add to their woes, since the theft of the necklace two other safes had been opened and bonds and money stolen, and in no case had they yet succeeded in tracing the burglars. The manner of the thefts showed that they were the work of the same hands, but whose were the hands could only be guessed as yet. And at length, to cap the climax, came the robbery of the Citizens' Bank.

It was done in the early morning by blowing open the vault-doors with gunpowder, and a large number of coupon-bonds were taken. It was not known on "the street" till near noon, when the extra editions of the evening papers were cried, and I was then too busy to give it much thought. But at luncheon I heard the men about me talking the matter over, and afterward, in the office, found my clerks reading the long accounts of the robbery given by the papers. The affair attracted much public notice, and the commonly-expressed belief was that the thieves would, as before, go free. Indeed, I overheard Ormsby offer to bet Jones a new hat that they would not only escape, but get rid of the bonds as well.

But, however trite the saying may be, most dogs do have their day, and the turn of the police had come. Opening my paper next morning at breakfast, a staring head-line told me that the Citizens' Bank robbers had been arrested and lodged in the Tombs. Below I read the tale of the capture. In brief, a woman, ill treated by one of them, had betrayed them to the officers. They were found in a quiet west side-street, in a house which they had rented and where they had lived unsuspected for months. They were three in number, and had fought hard against arrest, but had been overpowered.

Upon searching the house, the police had discovered plain proof of their guilt in a package of the stolen bonds. And this was not all. Their looks tallied exactly with the description of the men seen by the yacht's captain on that night in June. It was believed that the diamond-thieves had at last been found.

I need hardly say that these tidings were very welcome to me and heightened my usual good humor: so, when Jones, in the course of the morning, asked leave to stay away from the office on the morrow, I readily consented. He was looking poorly, and I suggested to him that he had better go into the country somewhere and make a longer stay; but he answered that he wished for but one day, that he might show parts of the city to an old friend newly arrived from England. So I said no more, but at noon asked him to lunch with me, wishing to show him that I appreciated his thought for my comfort and interests.

In the afternoon I had a telegram from Mr. O'Shaughnessy, saying that he was on his way to New York. I was glad to hear this, for I foresaw that he would relieve me of any duties which might otherwise have fallen to me in the matter of the diamonds. And then Jones reported that he had sold a large invoice of high-priced tea, earning a goodly brokerage. In fact, the day passed most pleasantly, and I started for home in a very easy frame of mind.

At the ferry-house, where I was waiting for a boat, Jones overtook me. He reminded me of his box, which I had in my keeping, but, to tell the truth, had quite forgotten,—said that he thought that some old letters which he wanted to show to his friend were in it, and asked if he might go with me and get it. So we walked up to my rooms: he took the box and left, and shortly after I set out for my restaurant.

The place was well filled, but I found one free table, and dined in much comfort. I had, at last, lighted a cigar, and was burning the brandy for my coffee, when I heard my name spoken, and, looking up, saw Mr. Granger beside me. He had already dined, he said, but I

asked him to join me, and we sat over coffee and cigars for some time. He seemed in high spirits, and was really very entertaining, telling several amusing stories of his adventures in search of items of news. But midway in one of these stories he was interrupted by a waiter who brought word from the bar-room that some one there wished to see him: so he bade me good-night, took his hat, and left me.

A few minutes later, however, he returned. "Mr. Vanderkill," he said, smiling, "have you any engagement for the evening?"

I told him I had none.

"Well, then," he went on, "I think I can offer you a novel entertainment." And then he told me that he had just learned from a trustworthy person that the police meant that night to make an important arrest; that a certain criminal, long searched for in vain, was known to have engaged passage on a vessel which would sail next morning for Callao, and that the detectives intended to lie in wait for him at the wharf in the evening, feeling sure that he would try to slip aboard unobserved under cover of the darkness. He said that as yet no other reporter knew of the affair, and that, of course, he might expect to be well paid for a report of it. "As you know," he said, "police matters are not in my line at present; but when I see so good a chance to earn a few dollars at outside work, I can't afford to let it escape me." He went on to say that he had learned the exact place where the arrest would be made, and would be pleased to have me accompany him as a looker-on. "There may, possibly, be a fight," he added, "but we shall be in no danger."

At first, Mr. Granger's idea of an evening's amusement struck me as being rather odd. I thanked him, but said that I thought the sight of an arrest would hardly give me pleasure. But he urged me so strongly, in a laughing way, to give him my company, that at last I agreed to do so. In my heart, however, I trusted that the adventure might never become known on "the street."

It was then but half-past eight o'clock, —too early to start: so we went to a neighboring billiard-room and played until ten o'clock. We then took a street-car to the Fulton Ferry and crossed to New York.

On the way we talked of many things, and among them of the bank-robbery and that of our safe. "And, by the way," he said suddenly, after a pause in the conversation, "I think I may tell you something which is not generally known. I heard upon good authority this afternoon that one of the robbers had offered to give state's evidence on condition of pardon. I understand," he went on, "that he promises to give all the particulars of the robbery of the bank and of yours and the other safes. But," he continued, "the strange part of the story is that he denies positively having ever seen the diamonds, —says there was nothing taken from your safe but a roll of money. How do you account for that?"

I could not, and said so; and then we changed the subject and spoke of my business and clerks. Mr. Granger asked me how Ormsby suited me, and then he remarked carelessly, "I met Jones on Clinton Street this afternoon, coming from your door. He had some sort of a box in his hand. Was it yours?"

I told him "No;" and then, for want of anything better to talk of, I explained to him how it had happened to be at my rooms. We were leaning on the rail of the ferry-boat at the time. Before I finished speaking it seemed to me that his mind had strayed from the subject. He made no reply, and for some time stared fixedly into the water. Reaching New York, Mr. Granger led the way up South Street, and at last turned and crossed the street toward one of the wharves. As we stepped upon it, a man came quietly out from behind a pile of barrels tiered along the bulkhead. He exchanged a few whispered words with Granger, and then returned to his hiding-place, while we walked on down the wharf. There were vessels lying at each side, and among them I remarked

one large, black ship, which, even to my unpractised eye, showed signs of being in readiness to sail. For the wharf beside her was clear of goods, and she lay low in the water. The planks, too, which are used to protect the side of the vessel abreast of the hatchways when loading had been removed, and, though the night was dark, I could see on looking up that the sails had been already bent or attached to the yards. A faint light shone through the cabin-windows, but on deck all was dark, and no moving thing could be seen.

We walked on past her to the end of the wharf, and sat down on the string-piece. And now for a long hour we waited in the dark, smoking, and talking in undertones, but no one came. I grew very tired, and wished that I was at home and in bed. "I can really stand this no longer," I said at last: "I shall go home." But Mr. Granger persuaded me to change my mind; and we then strolled back to the head of the wharf and placed ourselves behind the barrels I spoke of, where we were hidden among the shadows but could ourselves see any one who might pass. And soon the man whom I had before noticed crept up and again whispered to Granger, and then stepped behind a pile. Granger laid his hand upon my shoulder and bade me be quiet, and just then I saw a man cross the car-track, coming toward us.

He passed close by us and took a few steps down the wharf, but suddenly the man in hiding stepped before him and flashed a bull's-eye lantern full in his face. He started and turned, and made as though he would run, but a second man, who seemed to have sprung from the ground, barred his way. Then he stopped short, and I heard him say sharply, "Hands off, there! What do you want?"

To my surprise, Granger at once stepped forward. "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Crawford," he said, "but I think you had better come with us." He had hardly spoken when I heard a heavy blow and saw him stagger, and then the stranger made a quick effort to escape. But the two men threw them-



selves upon him, and they fell together. I was greatly excited, I must own. I lost all sense of danger, and hastened toward them. The lantern lay at their feet, and I grasped it and turned the light on them as they struggled, and then, for the first time in years, I regret to say that I swore. "D—n it, Granger!" I cried, "you must stop this. Here is some mistake. This man is my clerk, Jones. You know him. Call them off, I say!"

But Granger caught my arm and drew me away. "No, no," he said. "Be quiet, please. It's all right." And he held me tightly.

The struggle lasted but a moment. Jones was no match for the other two, and they soon handcuffed him and helped him to his feet. I was trembling with anger and excitement. "Mr. Granger," I said, "this is an outrage which some one shall pay for. Mr. Jones, do you know what this means?" But Granger only asked me to calm myself and wait, and Jones said no word.

On the wharf, at our feet, I saw a valise and something smaller, which proved to be Jones's tin box. Mr. Granger at once took charge of these, and, without more words, we crossed the street and entered a hack which had just driven up. And then we drove straight to the nearest police station. Arriving there, I stood by the door while some words passed between Granger and the sergeant at the desk. I thought it best to be silent, for indeed I was much puzzled and too full of anger to trust myself then to speak. But shortly Jones was taken into an inner room, and Granger asked me to follow; and then I mastered my feelings and spoke quietly to him. "Tell me," I said, "why all this tomfoolery? You knew Mr. Jones perfectly well, and that he could be found any day at my office. If he stands accused of any crime, why did they not go there for him? And, in any case, pray, what have you to do with the matter? And why was I, of all people, brought here to-night?"

But he would only tell me, as before,

to wait. Then I turned to Jones; but neither would he give me any satisfaction. His face wore a hard, dogged look which I had never before seen there, and I began to believe that he must, after all, have been guilty of some wrong-doing, though I could not imagine its nature.

The men were searching his clothing, but, except a pistol, they found only such trifles as a man may carry about him every day, and about fifty dollars in money. They then examined the valise. In it were clothes, a brush and comb, and such-like things,—nothing more. At last they took up the tin box. Jones declined to give them the combination, and they had to break the lock. Though I was by no means in a laughing mood, I could hardly keep back a smile as they opened it. I expected to see a package of old letters, perhaps a few photographs. And, to be sure, there were the letters.

I glanced at Mr. Granger. His hands were trembling somewhat, and his face had grown pale. What could he hope to find? He pushed aside the man who had opened the box, and removed the letters, of which there were many, but tossed them upon the table without a look. Beneath lay only a large old tobacco-pouch,—and one of the policemen laughed. Granger opened the pouch and looked in; then he drew from it a crumpled ball of newspaper. This he tore open, and then—my calmness quite forsook me, and I stepped forward with a cry of surprise—there was a shimmer and a glitter and a flash of broken light: he held the lost necklace in his hand!

Mr. Granger showed himself most considerate. I wished to go home at once, and he not only got me a hack but pressed upon me his pocket-flask of brandy. And indeed I was much bewildered, felt tired, and far from well, and was very glad to reach my rooms and go to bed.

But it was long before I could sleep. The thought that my trusted clerk must from the first have been in league with the robbers was a very bitter one, and I could not now doubt that this was the

case. His actions on the night before would have proved it to my mind, even had it not been so plainly impossible that any one else could have hidden the necklace where it was found. The box had been hardly six hours in his keeping after leaving my hands,—too short a time for the laying and carrying out of any plot against him.

However, I fell asleep at last, and the morning brought more cheerful thoughts. It was good to know that the diamonds were at last in safe hands; and if Jones was indeed a rogue, then I was well rid of him. But I was eager to know how and by whom the discovery had been brought about, and, as soon as might be, I got a copy of the newspaper for which Granger wrote. And upon some points, at least, my mind was quickly enlightened, for on the very first page was an account of the whole affair. I read it with a growing feeling of wonder. It seemed hardly possible that for months I could have been so blind to what was going on about me. The article was headed, "The O'Shaughnessy Diamonds found," and ran thus:

"When yesterday it was announced that the robbers of the Citizens' Bank had fallen into the clutches of the law, the belief became general that in these men the police had also the perpetrators of the burglary by which Mr. O'Shaughnessy, of Chicago, lost his sixty-thousand-dollar necklace, and the early recovery of this valuable ornament was regarded as certain. But 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' and had it not been for the sagacity of a certain newspaper reporter the jewels might even now have been upon the briny deep and to their owner irretrievably lost. Incited by the hope of earning the reward of ten thousand dollars offered for their restoration, this reporter has for months devoted his energies to the task of finding them; and at last success has crowned his efforts. The diamonds lie in the safe at police headquarters, and the person in whose possession they were found—a confederate of the three men already in custody—has abandoned the intention which he held until a late hour last evening

of taking a yachting trip to Southern climes, and will for the present devote himself to the study of the interior architecture of the Tombs.

"The manner in which this desirable consummation of the search was reached may be described as follows. One day about a year ago, happening into the office of Messrs. Vanderkill & Brown, from whose safe, it will be remembered, the diamonds were afterward stolen, the above-mentioned knight of the quill was struck by the strong resemblance which one of their clerks, a person of the euphonious name of Jones, bore to a certain accomplished London cracksmanship, one Crawford, better known as 'Gentleman Harry,' a title bestowed upon him by his admirers in recognition of his refined appearance and speech. The features of this worthy had been very familiar to the reporter at a time when the latter held the post of police-court reporter to one of the great London journals. However, he did not think it advisable to make his suspicions public, and, as the young man bore a good reputation, he soon persuaded himself that they were groundless. Later, upon hearing of the robbery, he was, however, reminded of them, and when the offer of reward was increased to ten thousand dollars and became worth working for, he immediately proceeded to investigate Mr. Jones's record, and also took measures to have him carefully watched in future. To this end he engaged the services of an ex-detective and of a former member of the police force, one of whom promptly took board in the house where the gentlemanly Mr. Jones resided. He also succeeded in inducing Messrs. Vanderkill & Brown to take into their employ a young friend of his own, who in return was quite willing to aid the cause of justice by keeping an eye upon his fellow-clerk.

"Time passed. Conclusive evidence was found that the gentlemanly tea-buyer Mr. Jones and the equally gentlemanly and accomplished burglar Mr. Crawford were one and the same person, who had adopted his present name and profession as a blind, and was in reality

the accomplice of as daring a gang of robbers as ever terrorized a peaceful community.

"Little doubt remained that in the robbery of his employer's safe he had played a useful though unobtrusive part, and the reporter asked himself whether he should not at once unmask him. But, as a thorough search of the gentleman's apartments in his absence had revealed the fact that the missing jewels were not to be found there, he decided that his best chance of recovering them lay in allowing Mr. Crawford to remain at large, though under strict surveillance, until their hiding-place should be discovered.

"The night in which the robbery of the Citizens' Bank took place, Mr. Jones, *alias* Crawford, spent away from home. In whose company he was is not positively known, for early in the evening his watcher unfortunately imbibed too freely of the contents of the flowing bowl. He very effectually drove dull care away, and was carried to his room in a state of bliss and limpness.

"But just before cock-crow Mr. Jones was seen by a passing milkman to enter the house. And yesterday morning, after glancing at his newspaper, it was noticed that he showed signs of indisposition, which he attributed to the badness of the coffee served him at breakfast. He was afterward seen to visit the office of a well-known shipping firm, where he engaged passage, under the name of Robinson, on the clipper-ship 'Quickstep,' about to sail for Callao. It was now evident that the time had arrived for action. During the day he was closely shadowed by his watchers, one of whom even went so far as to follow him in the evening to the wharf where the vessel lay. Here he was met by the reporter and two other men of his acquaintance, who were so loath to lose him that by their united eloquence they induced him to forego his intended visit to Callao and accompany them to the police station, where a surprise was in store for him. It will be, perhaps, a surprise to some others as well. In his tobacco-pouch some heartless villain

had concealed the very diamond necklace so long sought.

"It may be added, as an item of interest to some of our worthy citizens who have been mourning the loss of sundry bonds and other valuable papers, that the lining of Mr. Jones's—*alias* Crawford's—coat proves to be of an uncommon kind, and that the privilege of examining it might repay them for the trouble of a visit to police headquarters."

This was all. It was now clear to me that Mr. Granger was himself the reporter who had earned the reward so cleverly, and also that he must have been very sure of success, for the whole of this article could hardly have been written after he left the police station on the night before. But, if this was so, why had he left so much unexplained? About many points of the case I was still quite in the dark.

In the course of the day he called at the office, and I asked him to enlighten me. "I can imagine," I said, "that Jones looked into the private office and saw the diamonds before they were locked up, and that he then spoke of them to his confederates, who afterward stole them; but where were they then hidden? Tell me the whole story."

Mr. Granger stood by my desk, lighting a cigar, while I spoke. He now took a chair, leaned his arm on my desk, and looked me in the face. "Do you really want to know the inside facts?" he asked. "Well, I'll tell you them. I didn't know them all myself till yesterday;" and he smiled in a peculiar way as he pulled gently at his cigar. "I hardly think," he said, "that you realize even now what an extremely clever clerk you have lost. It was perhaps an easy matter," he went on, "to deceive you and the police: what would you say if I told you that he had fooled his confederates as well?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Simply," he answered, "that when those three men broke open your safe it was not to get the diamonds. They knew of none; and they found none, for there were none there."

I stared at him in astonishment.

"Your clerk, Mr. Jones," he went on, "from the first week he spent in your office, carried duplicate keys to the safe. Ten minutes after he was left alone with the diamonds that afternoon, they were in his hands. That he might not be suspected of the theft, he told his confederates of the money which was still in the safe, and induced them to break in at night and take it, though, as they now say, they thought it foolish to take so much trouble for such small pay. Of the diamonds he said nothing. Knowing these facts, don't you begin to understand where the jewels were hidden? I can tell you," he continued, "that from the time Jones took his box from your house until he reached the wharf he did not even open it, for he was closely watched." And with that

he leaned back in his chair and slowly blew out a ring of smoke.

And now at last I understood how thoroughly I had been duped. "Granger," I said, "do you mean to tell me that they—that I—"

"Yes," he said quietly, "I do. For three months or more that necklace has been safely lying in your own closet."

"Why, then," I said, "that means that I have—"

"Certainly," he interrupted again, very coolly, "that you have been acting as a receiver of stolen goods." And he blew out another smoke-ring.

I could bear no more. Once again, I am sorry to say, I used an impolite word. Then I put on my hat and left the office.

WILLIAM M. COOKE.

## A VIOLET IN THE GRASS.

ONLY a violet in the grass,  
 Upon the border of the field;  
 And yet I stoop, and would not pass  
 For all my bounteous acres yield.

I bless the kindly plough that left  
 This little, silent friend to me,  
 Of all its sister flowers bereft,  
 Like one cut off from sympathy.

Where yonder dark-brown belt of trees  
 Breaks on the far blue mountain-line,  
 What throngs of violets on the breeze  
 Give out a fragrance rare and fine!

But this one, trembling here alone,  
 Dropped, like a tender thought from God,  
 Needs none to make its message known  
 Before I pluck it from the sod

And hide it on the hard-tried heart,  
 Too tired by far for aught of glee,  
 That yet goes singing soft apart,  
 " 'Twas meant for me! 'twas meant for me!"

HOWARD GLYNDON.

## SEA-SERPENTS.

THE sea-serpent story has become part and parcel of the jocular history of the season, so that careful observers have abstained from making public their views, fearing ridicule. Colonel T. H. Perkins, a well-known citizen of Boston, when asked by the late Sir Charles Lyell if he had ever heard of the sea-serpent, replied that, *unfortunately*, he had *seen* it! Science, however, has made rapid strides during the last few years, and the researches of Professors Leidy, Cope, Marsh, Huxley, and others have shown that the seas of the Mesozoic time of geological history were thronged with monsters serpentine in form, many of them nearly one hundred feet in length.

This era saw the maximum of growth in land-animals as well, of which the titanosaurus, one hundred feet long and thirty feet high, is a fitting representative. Palæontologists show us the bivalve *Lingula*, from one of the lowest geological horizons,—the Potsdam; and the zoologist points to a *Lingula* almost precisely identical living upon our shores to-day: in fact, the type has been perpetuated through these long eras of time. If this is so,—and it is not an isolated case,—is it not equally possible that higher or vertebrate forms of a much later period have been similarly preserved and perpetuated, lying concealed in the greater depths of the ocean? That such existence is probable we are reminded by the fact that it is within only ten years that the existence of squids of the genus *Architeuthis*, animals fifty and sixty feet long, and probably longer, has been proved. Professor Agassiz, when questioned on the subject, replied, "I have asked myself, in connection with this subject, whether there is not such an animal as the sea-serpent. There are many who will doubt the existence of such a creature until it can be brought under the dissecting-knife; but it has been seen by so many on whom

we may rely that it is wrong to doubt any longer. The truth is, however, that if a naturalist had to sketch the outlines of an ichthyosaurus or plesiosaurus from the remains we have of them, he would make a drawing very similar to the sea-serpent as it has been described. There is reason to think that the parts are soft and perishable, but I still consider it probable that it will be the good fortune of some person on the coast of Norway or North America to find a living representative of this type of reptile, which is thought to have died out."

The Mesozoic time, or Age of Reptiles, in which the ancient sea-serpents lived, includes the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous periods; and the period of transition from the Palæozoic to it is strongly marked. A great change was impending, and a nearly complete extermination of existing life took place. In the new era came the monster forms with which we have become familiar within a few years. During the Cretaceous, in the limestones of which in Kansas and New Jersey are found some of the most interesting creatures, the North American continent presented a strange contrast to its present state. Florida was not yet above water, nor any of the border States, while a great sea extended from the Gulf of Mexico northwest. The old coast-line can be readily traced, and extended from Arkansas to near Fort Riley, on the Kansas River, passing to the east through Minnesota to Canada, near the head of Lake Superior, while to the west it spread away to an unknown distance, the shore probably now submerged by the Pacific. Such was the Cretaceous sea, and now cities, towns, and railroads are dotted over the region, while immense desert tracts mark other portions, where now water is never seen. But only yesterday in the age of the world another scene was being enacted, which has been described by Professor Cope. Far out on the expanse of



this ancient sea might have been seen a huge snake-like form, which rose above the surface and stood erect, with tapering throat and arrow-shaped head, or swayed about, describing a circle of twenty feet radius above the water; then, plunging into the depths, naught would be visible but the foam caused by the disappearing mass of life. Should several have appeared together, we can easily imagine tall, flexible forms rising to the height of the masts of a fishing-fleet, or, like snakes, twisting and knotting themselves together. This extraordinary neck—for such it was—rose from a body of elephantine proportions, and a tail of the serpent pattern balanced it behind. The limbs were probably two pairs of paddles, like those of the *Plesiosaurus*, from which this diver chiefly differed in the arrangement of the bones of the breast. In the best-known species twenty-two feet represent the neck in a total length of fifty feet. This is the *Elasmosaurus platyrus* (Cope), a carnivorous sea-reptile, no doubt adapted for deeper waters than many of the others. Like the snake-bird of Florida, it probably often swam many feet below the surface, raising the head to the distant air for a breath, then withdrawing it, and exploring the depths forty feet below without altering the position of its body. From the localities in which these bones have been found in Kansas, it must have wandered far from land; and that many kinds of fishes formed its food is shown by the teeth and scales found in the position of its stomach. This creature has a most distinctive serpentine appearance, and a fine skeleton of it, nearly complete, can be seen in the museum of the Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia. It was found by Dr. Theophilus H. Turner, the physician of the garrison at Fort Wallace, a point situated near the boundary-line between Kansas and Colorado, and a short distance north from the Smoky Hill Fork of the Kansas River. Portions of two vertebrae, presented by him to Dr. Leconte when on his geological tour in the interest of the United States Pacific Railroad Company, were brought by the latter gentleman to Phila-

delphia, and indicated to Professor Cope the existence of an unknown plesiosauroid reptile. Subsequent correspondence with Dr. Turner resulted in employing a number of men in excavations, who succeeded in obtaining a large part of the monster. Its vertebrae were found to be almost continuous, except a vacancy of some four feet in the anterior dorsal region. They formed a curved line, a considerable part of whose convexity was visible on the escarpment of a bluff of clay-shale rock with seams and crystals of gypsum. The bones were all coated with a thin layer of gypsum, and in some places their substance had been destroyed by conversion into sulphate of lime. Near the location of the stomach were found under the matrix the backbones, scales, and teeth of six species of fish, showing that the habits of this species, like those of its known allies, were rapacious, as evinced by the numerous canine-like teeth. The general form of this reptile was that of a serpent, with a relatively shorter, more robust, and more posteriorly placed body than is characteristic of true serpents, and with two pairs of limbs, or paddles. It progressed by the strokes of its paddles, assisted by its powerful and oar-like tail. The body was steadied by the elevated keel of the median dorsal line, formed by the broad, high, neural spines. The snake-like neck was raised high in the air or depressed at the will of the animal, now arched swan-like preparatory to a plunge after a fish, now stretched in repose on the water, or deflexed in exploring the depths below. Researches into their structure have shown that these creatures were of wonderful elongation of form, especially of tail; that their heads were large, flat, and conic, with eyes directed partly upward; that they were furnished with two pairs of paddles, like the flippers of a whale, attached by short, wide peduncles to the body. With these flippers and the eel-like strokes of their flattened tail they swam, some with less, others with greater speed. They were furnished, like snakes, with four rows of formidable teeth on the roof of the

mouth. Though these were not designed for mastication, and, in the absence of paws for grasping, could have been little used for cutting, as weapons for seizing their prey they were very formidable.

And here we have to consider a peculiarity of these creatures in which they were unique among animals. Swallowing their prey entire like snakes, they were without that wonderful expansibility of throat due in the latter to an arrangement of levers supporting the lower jaw. Instead of this, each half of that jaw was articulated, or jointed, at a point nearly midway between the ear and the chin. This was of the ball-and-socket type, and enabled the jaw to make an angle outward and thus widen by much the space enclosed between it and its fellow. The arrangement may be easily imitated by directing the arms forward, with the elbows turned outward and the hands placed near together. The ends of these bones were in the *Pythonomorpha* as independent as in the serpents, being only bound by flexible ligaments. By turning the elbows outward and bending them the space between the arms becomes diamond-shaped, and represents exactly the expansion seen in these reptiles to permit the passage of a large fish or other body. The arms, too, will represent the size of the jaws attained by some of the smaller species. The outward movement of the basal half of the jaw necessarily twists in the same direction the column-like bone to which it is suspended. The peculiar shape of the joint by which the last bone was attached to the skull depended on the degree of twist to be permitted, and shows, therefore, the degree of expansion of which the jaws were capable. As this differs much in the different species, they are readily distinguished by the column or "quadrate" bone when this is found.

The habit of swallowing large bodies between the branches of the under jaw necessitates the prolongation forward of the mouth of the gullet: hence the throat in the *Pythonomorpha* must have been

loose and almost as baggy as a pelican's. The same habit must have compelled the forward position of the glottis, or opening of the windpipe, which is always in front of the gullet. Hence these creatures could have uttered no other sound than a hiss, as do animals of the present day which have a similar structure,—as, for instance, the snakes. The tongue must have been long and forked, and for this reason: its position was still anterior to the glottis, so that there was no space for it unless it were enclosed in a sheath beneath the windpipe when at rest or thrown out beyond the jaws when in motion. Such is the arrangement in the nearest living forms, and it is always in these cases cylindrical and forked.

The giants of the *Pythonomorpha* of Kansas have been called *Liodon proriger* (Cope), and *Liodon dyspeler* (Cope). The first must have been abundant, and its length could not have been far from seventy-five feet,—certainly not less. Its physiognomy was rendered peculiar by a long, projecting muzzle, reminding one of that of the blunt-nosed sturgeon of our coast; but the resemblance was destroyed by the correspondingly massive end of the branches of the lower jaw. Though clumsy in appearance, such an arrangement must have been as effective as a ram, and dangerous to enemies in case of collision. Professor Cope states that he once found the wreck of an individual of this species strewn around a sunny knoll beside a bluff, and its conic snout pointing to the heavens formed a fitting monument, as at once its favorite weapon and the mark distinguishing all its race. The *Liodon dyspeler* was the longest of known reptiles, and probably equal to the great finner-whales of modern oceans. The circumstances attending the discovery of one of these have been described by Professor Cope. A part of the face, with teeth, was observed projecting from the side of a bluff by a companion in exploration, Lieutenant James H. Whitten, and they at once proceeded to follow up the indication with knives and picks. Soon the lower jaws were uncovered, with their

glistening teeth, and then the vertebrae and ribs. Their delight was at its height when the bones of the pelvis and part of the hind limb were laid bare; for these had never been seen before in the species, and scarcely in the order. While lying on the bottom of the Cretaceous sea, the carcass had been dragged hither and thither by sharks and other rapacious animals, and the parts of the skeleton were displaced and gathered into a small area. The massive tail stretched away into the bluff, and, after much laborious excavation, a portion of it was left to more persevering explorers.

Another monster snake-like reptile was the *Mosasaurus*, which closely resembles, when restored, the typical sea-serpent of to-day. Professor Marsh, of Yale, says of it, "The reptiles most characteristic of our American Cretaceous strata are the *Mosasauroidea*, a group with very few representatives in other parts of the world. In our Cretaceous seas they ruled supreme, as their numbers, size, and carnivorous habits enabled them to easily vanquish all rivals. Some were at least sixty feet in length, and the smallest ten or twelve. In the inland Cretaceous sea from which the Rocky Mountains were beginning to emerge, these ancient 'sea-serpents' abounded, and many were entombed in its muddy bottom. On one occasion as I rode through a valley washed out of this old ocean-bed I saw no less than seven different skeletons of these monsters in sight at once. The *Mosasaurs* were essentially swimming lizards, with four well-developed paddles, and they had little affinity with modern serpents, to which they have been compared. The species are quite numerous, but they belong to comparatively few genera, of which *Mosasaurus*, *Tylosaurus*, *Lestosaurus*, and *Edestosaurus* have alone been identified with certainty. The genus *Mosasaurus* was first found in Europe. All the known species of the group are Cretaceous." The *Clidastes* was noted for its elongation, and a specimen has recently been discovered at Freehold, Monmouth County, New Jersey, by Professor Samuel Lockwood, of

Rutgers College. It was sent to Professor Cope, who has christened it *Clidastes conodon*. It represents an animal from sixty to eighty feet in length. The teeth were terrible weapons, having fore and aft cutting-edges. Numbers of smaller species from twelve to forty feet in length have been found in Kansas. As to their general appearance and anatomical structure Professor Cope says, "To prevent their contortions from dislocating the vertebral column, these had an additional pair of articulations at each end, while their muscular strength is attested by the elegant striæ and other sculptures which appear on all their bones." A smaller species, of elegant proportions, has been called *C. tortor* (Cope). Its slenderness of body was remarkable, and the large head was long and lance-shaped. Its lithe movements brought many a fish to its knife-shaped teeth, which are more efficient and numerous than in any of its relatives. It was found coiled up beneath a ledge of rock, with its skull lying undisturbed in the centre. A species distinguished for its small size and elegance is *C. pumilus* (Marsh). This little fellow was only twelve feet in length, and was probably unable to avoid occasionally furnishing a meal for some of the rapacious fishes which abounded in the same ocean.

Such were some of the sea-serpents of the Reptilian age, the skeletons of which the sceptic will find in any of our large museums. According to Professor Marsh, the first American serpents, so far as now known, appeared in the Eocene, which contains also the oldest European species. On the Atlantic border the genus *Titanophis* (*Dinophis*) is represented by several species of large size, one at least thirty feet in length, and all doubtless inhabitants of the sea. In the fresh-water Western Eocene remains of snakes are abundant, but all are of moderate size. The largest of these were related to the modern boa-constrictors. The genera described are *Boavus*, *Lithophis*, and *Limnophis*. The Miocene and Pliocene snakes from the same region are known only from a few fragmentary remains.

Similar to these Eocene snakes are the extant *Hydrophidæ*, or marine snakes, which have been observed of great size, especially the following recorded by Professor Wilson of Edinburgh. "An instance of a large sea-snake being seen in its native seas is afforded by the report of the master of the bark 'Georgina,' from Rangoon, which (as reported in the newspapers of September 4, 1877) put into Falmouth for orders on the 1st September. On May 21, 1877, in lat. 2° N. and long. 90° 53' E., a large serpent about forty or fifty feet long, gray and yellow in color and ten or eleven inches thick, was seen by the crew. It was visible for twenty minutes, during which time it crossed the bow, and ultimately disappeared under the port quarter. There can be little doubt that this sea-serpent was simply a largely-developed marine snake."

To one of the three classes the sea-serpent of to-day probably belongs. It is either a legacy of the ancient Cretaceous régime,—one of the Eocene serpents,—or a stray wanderer from the Eastern seas,—a giant of the *Hydrophidæ*. At least we have shown, on the authority of our first scientists, that the sea-serpent has existed, and the question whether any of the forms have been preserved seems to depend upon the veracity of the alleged observers.

The appearance of a large marine animal on the New-England coast a number of years ago excited great interest, and many people were fortunate in observing it. Out of several hundred statements the writer has selected a few where there is not the possibility of a doubt that they were made in good faith. The observers were also familiar with the appearance of seals, lines of porpoises, large sharks, and other animals that might possibly be construed into serpentine form by an excited imagination. We are fortunately able to give a letter from an old and valued friend,—Mr. N. D. Chase, who is still living in Lynn,—a gentleman well known throughout the State, and whose account is a plain statement of facts as he saw them. It must

be remembered that at the time referred to the existence of fossil sea-serpents was entirely unknown and the science of palæontology was yet in its infancy.

"LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS, June 26, 1881.

"MR. C. F. HOLDER: DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 24th inst. came duly to hand, and, in reply to that part of it relating to the account given by myself, in the *Lynn Transcript* of the 11th of June, 1881, of a strange fish, serpent, or some other marine animal called a sea-serpent, I have to say that I saw him first on a pleasant, calm summer morning of August, 1819, from Long Beach, Lynn, now Nahant.

"At this time he was about a quarter of a mile away; but the water was so smooth that I could plainly see his head and the motion of his body, but not distinctly enough to give a good description of him. Later in the day I saw him again, off 'Red Rock.' He then passed along about one hundred feet from where I stood, with head about two feet out of the water, and his speed was about the ordinary of a common steamer. What I saw of his length was from fifty to sixty feet.

"It was very difficult to count the bunches, or humps (not fins), upon his back, as by the undulating motion they did not all appear at once. This accounts in part for the varied descriptions given of him by different parties. His appearance on the surface of the water was occasional and but for a short time. The color of his skin was dark, differing but little from the water or the back of any other common fish. This is the best description I can give of him from my own observation. And I saw the monster just as truly, although not quite so clearly, as I ever saw anything.

"This matter has been treated by many as a hoax, fish-story, or a sea-side phenomenon, to bring trade and profit to the watering-places; but, notwithstanding all this, there is no doubt in my mind that some kind of an uncommon and strange rover in the form of a snake or serpent, called an ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, or some other long-named

marine animal, has been seen by hundreds of men and boys in our own if not in other waters. And five persons besides myself—Amos Lawrence, Samuel Cabot, and James Prince, of Boston, Benjamin F. Newhall, of Saugus, and John Marston, of Swampscott—bore public testimony of seeing him at the time.

"Yours truly,  
"NATHAN D. CHASE."

This serpent attracted so much attention that the Boston Linnæan Society—the scientific society of the time—sent a committee to report upon it. Dr. Bigelow and Mr. F. C. Gray were selected, and drew up a report signed by numbers of witnesses who were within thirty feet of the creature. "The monster," they say, "was from eighty to ninety feet long, his head usually carried about two feet above water; of a dark-brown color; the body with thirty or more protuberances, compared by some to four-gallon kegs, by others to a string of buoys, and called by several persons bunches, on the back; motions very rapid, faster than those of a whale, swimming a mile in three minutes, and sometimes more, leaving a wake behind him; chasing mackerel, herrings, and other fish, which were seen jumping out of the water, fifty at a time, as he approached. He only came to the surface of the sea in calm and bright weather. A skilful gunner fired at him from a boat, and, having taken good aim, felt sure he must have hit him on the head: the creature turned toward him, then dived under the boat, and reappeared a hundred yards on the other side."

Few people would be disposed to doubt the judgment of Amos Lawrence, who thus writes of the same animal: "I have never had any doubt of the existence of the sea-serpent since the morning he was seen off Nahant by old Marshal Prince through his famous mast-head spy-glass. For within the next two hours I conversed with Mr. Samuel Cabot and Mr. Daniel P. Parker, I think, and one or more persons besides, who had spent a part of that morning in

witnessing its movements. In addition, Colonel Harris, the commander at Fort Independence, told me that the creature had been seen by a number of his soldiers while standing sentry in the early dawn, some time before this show at Nahant; and Colonel Harris as firmly believed it as though the creature were drawn up before us in State Street, where we then were. I again say, I have never, from that day to this, had a doubt of the sea-serpent's existence."

The most exact account, however, is given by Mr. Cabot in a letter to Colonel T. H. Perkins, of which the writer has a copy. He says, "I got into my chaise [at Nahant] about seven o'clock in the morning, to come to Boston, and, on reaching the Long Beach, observed a number of people collected there and several boats pushing off and in the offing. I was speculating on what should have occasioned so great an assemblage there without any apparent object, and finally had concluded that they were some Lynn people who were embarking in those boats on a party of pleasure to Egg Rock or some other point. I had not heard of the sea-serpent as being in that neighborhood, and I had not lately paid much attention to the evidences which had been given of its existence: the idea of this animal did not enter my mind at the moment. As my curiosity was directed toward the boats, to ascertain the course they were taking, my attention was suddenly arrested by an object emerging from the water at the distance of about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, which gave to my mind, at the first glance, the idea of a horse's head. As my eye ranged along, I perceived, at a short distance, eight or ten regular bunches or protuberances, and, at a short interval, three or four more. I was now satisfied that the sea-serpent was before me, and, after the first moment of excitement produced by the unexpected sight of so strange a monster, taxed myself to investigate his appearance as accurately as I could. My first object was the head, which I satisfied myself was serpent-shaped. It was elevated about two feet from the water, and



he depressed it gradually to within six or eight inches as he moved along. I could always see under his chin, which appeared to hollow underneath, or to curve downward. His motion was at that time very slow along the beach, inclining toward the shore. He at first moved his head from side to side, as if to look about him. I did not see his eyes, though I have no doubt I could have seen them had I thought to attend to this. His bunches appeared to me not altogether uniform in size; and, as he moved along, some appeared to be depressed and others brought above the surface, though I could not perceive any motion in them. My next object was to ascertain his length. For this purpose I directed my eye to several whale-boats at about the same distance, one of which was beyond him, and by comparing the relative length I calculated that the distance from the animal's head to the last protuberance I had noticed would be equal to about five of those boats. I felt persuaded by this examination that he could not be less than eighty feet long. As he approached the shore and came between me and a point of land which projects from the end of the beach, I had another means of satisfying myself on this point. After I had viewed him thus attentively for about four or five minutes, he sank gradually into the water and disappeared. He afterward again made his appearance for a moment at a short distance. . . . After remaining some two or three hours on the beach, without again seeing him, I returned toward Nahant, and, in crossing the Small Beach, had another good view of him for a longer time, but at a greater distance. At this time he moved more rapidly, causing a white foam under the chin, and a long wake, and his protuberances had a more uniform appearance. At this time he must have been seen by two or three hundred persons on the beach and on heights each side, some of whom were very favorably situated to observe him."

James Prince, Esq., then marshal of the district, writes as follows to the Hon. Judge Davis:

"MY DEAR JUDGE,—I presume I may have seen what is generally thought to be the sea-serpent. I have also seen my name inserted in the evening newspaper printed at Boston, on Saturday, in a communication on the subject. For your gratification, and from a desire that my name may not sanction anything beyond what was actually presented and passed in review before me, I will now state that which in the presence of more than two hundred other witnesses took place near the Long Beach of Nahant on Saturday morning last.

"Intending to pass two or three days with my family at Nahant, we left Boston early on Saturday morning. On passing the Half-Way House, on the Salem turnpike, Mr. Smith informed us the sea-serpent had been seen the evening before at Nahant beach, and that a vast number of people from Lynn had gone to the beach that morning in hopes of being gratified with a sight of him: this was confirmed at the hotel. I was glad to find I had brought my famous mast-head spy-glass with me, as it would enable me, from its form and size, to view him to advantage if I might be so fortunate as to see him. On our arrival on the beach, we associated with a considerable collection of persons on foot and chaises; and very soon an animal of the fish kind made his appearance. . . . His head appeared about three feet out of water: I counted thirteen bunches on his back; my family thought there were fifteen. He passed three times at a moderate rate across the bay, but so fleet as to occasion a foam in the water; and my family and self, who were in a carriage, judged that he was from fifty to not more than sixty feet in length. Whether, however, the wake might not add to the appearance of his length, or whether the undulations of the water or his peculiar manner of propelling himself might not cause the appearance of protuberances, I leave for your better judgment. The first view of the animal occasioned some agitation, and the novelty perhaps prevented that precise discrimination which afterward took place. As he swam up the bay, we and the

other spectators moved on and kept nearly abreast of him. He occasionally withdrew himself under water, and the idea occurred to me that his occasionally raising his head above the level of the water was to take breath, as the time he kept under was, on an average, about eight minutes.

"... Mrs. Prince and the coachman, having better eyes than myself, were of great assistance to me in marking the progress of the animal. They would say, 'He is now turning;' and by the aid of my glass I saw him distinctly in this movement. He did not turn without occupying some space; and, taking into view the time and the space which he found necessary for his ease and accommodation, I adopted it as a criterion to form some judgment of his length. I had seven distinct views of him from the Long Beach, so called, and at some of them the animal was not more than a hundred yards distant. After we had been on the Long Beach with other spectators about an hour, the animal disappeared, and I proceeded on toward Nahant; but on passing the second beach I met Mr. James Magee, of Boston, with several ladies, in a carriage, prompted by curiosity to endeavor to see the animal; and we were again gratified beyond even what we saw in the other bay, which I concluded he had left in consequence of the number of boats in the offing in pursuit of him, the noise of whose oars must have disturbed him, as he appeared to us to be a harmless, timid animal. We had here more than a dozen different views of him, and each similar to the other,—one, however, so near that the coachman exclaimed, 'Oh, see his glistening eye!' ... Certain it is, he is a very strange animal."

Among the papers left by the late Benjamin F. Newhall, of Saugus,—than whom no man in the community stood higher for truthfulness,—I find an interesting account of what he witnessed of the seeming gambols of the monster, who appeared to him also to be a timid animal. "As he approached the shore, about nine A.M.," says Mr. Newhall, "he

raised his head apparently about six feet, and moved very rapidly. I could see the white spray each side of his neck as he ploughed through the water." He came so near as to startle many of the spectators, and then suddenly retreated. "As he turned short, the snake-like form became apparent, bending like an eel. I could see plainly what appeared a succession of bunches, or humps, upon his back, which the sun caused to glisten like glass."

As most of these observers were not seafaring men, their evidence might be doubted from their not being perfectly familiar with marine animals. To show, however, that all classes agreed upon the main particulars, we give the following: "John Marston, a respectable and credible resident of Swampscott, appeared before Waldo Thompson, a justice of the peace, and made oath that as he was walking over Nahant Beach, on the 3d of August, his attention was suddenly arrested by seeing in the water, within two or three hundred yards of the shore, a singular-looking fish in the form of a serpent. He had a fair view of him, and at once concluded that he was the veritable sea-serpent. His head was out of water to the extent of about a foot, and he remained in view from fifteen to twenty minutes, when he swam off toward King's Beach. Mr. Marston judged that the animal was from eighty to a hundred feet in length at least, and he says, 'I saw the whole body of the serpent,—not his wake, but the fish itself. It would rise in the water with an undulatory motion, and then all his body would sink, except his head. Then his body would rise again. His head was above water all the time. This was about eight o'clock A.M. It was quite calm. I have been constantly engaged in fishing since my youth, and I have seen all sorts of fishes and hundreds of horse-mackerel, but I never before saw anything like this.'"

A further example of what might be called expert testimony is furnished in that of the crew of the bark "Pauline," of London. Their testimony was taken before Mr. Raffles, the

stipendiary magistrate at the Liverpool court :

"Borough of Liverpool, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, to wit: We, the undersigned, captain, officers, and crew of the bark 'Pauline' (of London), of Liverpool, in the County of Lancaster, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, do solemnly and sincerely declare that on July 8, 1875, in lat.  $5^{\circ} 13' S.$ , long.  $35^{\circ} W.$ , we observed three large sperm-whales, and one of them was gripped round the body with two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about thirty feet, and its girth eight or nine feet. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged the whale to the bottom, head first. George Drevar, *Master*, Horatio Thompson, John Henderson Landells, Owen Baker, William Lewarn.

"Again, on July 13, a similar serpent was seen about two hundred yards off, shooting itself along the surface, the head and neck being out of the water several feet. This was seen only by the captain and one ordinary seaman, whose signatures are affixed. George Drevar, *Master*, Owen Baker.

"A few moments after, it was seen elevated some sixty feet perpendicularly in the air by the chief officer and the following able seamen, whose signatures are also affixed: Horatio Thompson, William Lewarn, Owen Baker."

The well-known geologist J. W. Dawson states that a sea-monster appeared at Merigomish, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about one hundred feet long, and was seen by two intelligent observers, nearly aground in calm water, within two hundred feet of the beach, where it remained in sight about half an hour and then got off with difficulty. One of the witnesses went up a bank, in order to look down upon it. They said it sometimes raised its head (which resembled that of a seal) partly out of the water. Along its back were a number of humps or protuberances, which,

in the opinion of the observer on the beach, were true humps, while the other thought they were produced by vertical flexures of the body. Between the head and the first protuberance there was a straight part of the back of considerable length, and this part was generally above water. The color appeared black, and the skin had a rough appearance. The animal was seen to bend its body almost into a circle and again to unbend it with rapidity. It was slender in proportion to its length. After it had disappeared in deep water, its wake was visible for some time. Some other persons who saw it compared the creature to a long string of fishing-net buoys moving rapidly about. In the course of the summer, the fishermen on the eastern shore of Prince Edward's Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, had been terrified by this sea-monster; and the year before, a similar creature swam slowly past the pier at Arisaig, near the east end of Nova Scotia, and, there being only a slight breeze at the time, was attentively observed by Mr. Barry, a millwright, of Pictou, who told Mr. Dawson he was within a hundred and twenty feet of it, and estimated its length at sixty feet and the thickness of its body at three feet. It had humps on the back, which seemed too small and close together to be bends of the body. The body appeared also to move in *long undulations*, including many of the smaller humps. In consequence of this motion the head and tail were sometimes both out of sight and sometimes both above water. The head was rounded and obtuse in front, and was never elevated more than a foot above the surface. The tail was pointed, appearing like half of a mackerel's tail. The color of the part seen was black. It was suggested by Mr. Dawson that a swell in the sea might give the deceptive appearance of an undulating movement, as it is well known "that a stick held horizontally at the surface of water when there is a ripple seems to have an uneven outline." But Mr. Barry replied that he observed the animal very attentively, having read accounts of the sea-serpent, and felt confi-

dent that the undulations were not those of the water.

To Richard A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, we are indebted for an account of a remarkable sea-animal, which, however, we are inclined to think was a form allied to the giant squids. The writer has often observed squids in Southern waters, especially when pursued, rushing along at the surface, the arrow-shaped caudal extremity elevated above the water and coming down at intervals with a splash, looking, in truth, like the head of a snake, while the ten long tentacles dragging behind formed ripples and convolutions which might easily have suggested the motions of an animal of serpentine form.

Mr. Proctor says, "Soon after the British steamship 'Nestor' anchored at Shanghai, last October, John K. Webster, the captain, and James Anderson, the ship's surgeon, appeared before Mr. Donald Spence, acting law-secretary in the British Supreme Court, and made affidavit to the following effect: On September 11, at half-past ten A.M., fifteen miles northwest of North Sand light-house, in the Malacca Straits, the weather being fine and the sea smooth, the captain saw an object which had been pointed out by the third officer as a 'shoal.' 'Surprised at finding a shoal in such a well-known track, I watched the object, and found that it was in motion, keeping up the same speed with the ship, and retaining about the same distance as first seen. The shape of the creature I would compare to that of a gigantic frog. The head, of a pale-yellowish color, was about twenty feet in length, and six feet of the crown were above the water. I tried in vain to make out the eyes and mouth: the mouth, however, may have been below water. The head was immediately connected with the body, without any indication of a neck. The body was about forty-five or fifty feet long, and of an oval shape, perfectly smooth, but there may have been a slight ridge along the spine. The back rose some five feet above the surface. An immense tail, fully one hundred and fifty feet in length, rose a few inches

above the water. This tail I saw distinctly from its junction with the body to its extremity: it seemed cylindrical, with a very slight taper, and I estimated its diameter at four feet. The body and tail were marked with alternate bands of stripes, black and pale yellow in color. The stripes were distinct to the very end of the tail. I cannot say whether the tail terminated in a fin or not. The creature possessed no fins or paddles, so far as we could perceive. I cannot say if it had legs. It appeared to progress by means of an undulatory motion of the tail in a vertical plane (that is, up and down).'

"Mr. Anderson, the surgeon, confirmed the captain's account in all essential respects. He regarded the creature as an enormous marine salamander. 'It was apparently of a gelatinous (that is, flabby) substance. Though keeping up with us, at the rate of nearly ten knots an hour, its movements seemed lethargic. I saw no eyes or fins, and am certain that the creature did not blow or spout in the manner of a whale. I should not compare it for a moment to a snake. The only creatures it could be compared with are the newt or frog tribe.'"

One fact will impress itself upon the reader,—that the testimony in these many cases agrees very materially, the different observers all testifying that the animal was snake-like, elongated, generally showed humps or convolutions when moving, and had a habit of raising itself in the air: in fact, if they had been called upon to describe and restore the *Clidastes* found by Dr. Hitchcock, they could not have succeeded better.

Is it possible, then, that these observers were deceived, were victims of an illusion? Did some unforeseen optical disarrangement simultaneously seize upon several hundred people, causing them to follow a row of porpoises, seals, or mackerel along the shore, under the belief that they saw a connected creature eighty feet long? It certainly seems preposterous. Fully two-thirds of the throng, that followed the Lynn serpent, along the beach had seen these animals and others every day of their lives and

under all circumstances; but yet we are told by sceptics that they were mistaken.

Another objection is, that if there had been an animal of this kind its remains would have been found. The fallacy of this objection is shown in the case of the *Architeuthis*, already cited, which undoubtedly lives in deep water, seventy or eighty feet long, yet only within ten years has it been shown to exist. How many in ten thousand residents of the sea-shore ever found the remains of a porpoise,—one of the commonest animals? and there are certain genera among the Cetacea of which only one or two specimens have ever been seen by man, and myriads of forms in the ocean yet to be discovered.

Sir Charles Lyell made some interesting attempts to trace the sea-serpent to well-known animals. He showed by careful drawings the appearance of porpoises in line in a heavy sea,—the effect upon the eye of their continued rise and fall. He dwelt upon the motions of a large shark observed passing through Torres Strait at a high rate of speed, the dorsal and caudal fins, with the swell, being reproduced so quickly and repeatedly on the retina as to give the impression of a series of humps. The elevated head in the air, so frequently noticed, he explained by optical illusion, or that the animal was a seal, or one of the monster Phocidæ, thirty feet long, that might have strayed from the north or south. The basking shark, or hockmar, of Norway, which attains a length of from thirty to fifty feet, was, however, considered in all probability to be

the "sea-serpent," and this belief was strengthened by an enormous one that was cast ashore on the Orkney Islands. The flesh was partly destroyed, and the enormous dorsal fringed into fragments. The shark was described as a sea-serpent, the jagged dorsal as hair, and a most remarkable story concocted, which still holds its own in the old prints. The idea suggested the Kock sea-serpent, which was made of fossil whale vertebræ from Georgia, arranged in a row, and exhibited to the Bostonians as the "sea-serpent." Tape-fishes of the genera *Gymnetrus* and *Regalicus* have been found thirty and sixty feet long, according to Lord Norbury, and it has been suggested that they may have been taken for the sea-serpent; but, though long, they are remarkably slender, and not snake-like, and have a lateral motion that could not be contorted to correspond with any of the accounts given.

These objections have no direct bearing upon the evidence in favor of the sea-serpent. The testimony of a hundred men as to what they have seen would, in a legal view, be considered of more value than the opinion of ten thousand who depended upon what they thought might have been seen. The greatest advancement in scientific knowledge and investigation has been made in the last fifty years; the next decade may prove equally rich, and the great unknown, be it a waif from the Mesozoic or Eocene seas, or a gigantic form of the living sea-snakes, may fall into the hands of the scientist and its true nature become known.

C. F. HOLDER.

## MR. SHADDOCK'S ELOPEMENT.

### I.

ONE sultry August morning Straw Hollow was unusually quiet. At the same hour on any other week-day

you would have seen the grocer and butcher going their rounds, Jockingham Pope's anvil would have been heard resounding far up through the valley, and



village boys in a semi-nude state would have been trying the depth of the muddy pool in front of Mrs. Rooney's house. Then, if Mrs. Rooney had been about, those cows would not have been luxuriating among the tender beet-tops and juicy corn-stalks. Mrs. Pike's front door, too, was wide open, and a forlorn-looking dog had invaded her house, leaving muddy tracks on the rag carpet and well-scrubbed floors. The little shop near by, which looked like a box ready for the express, labelled, "Miss Asenath Spriggins, Fine Goods and Millinery," had always been open at seven in the morning: now the doors and windows were shut and the curtains closely drawn.

Something had evidently happened in Straw Hollow, and, whatever it was, it must concern Seth Shaddock's family, for there was a small crowd of villagers around his little black house. But the door was shut, and they stood in impatient silence, like an audience waiting for the curtain to rise. Mrs. Pike was inside with the family, and Cadmus Pike, who is best described as the husband of Mrs. Pike, insisted upon his prerogative of being nearest the door. Mrs. Pope, the blacksmith's wife, had raised herself on tiptoe and was looking over his shoulder with yearning glances. She was a slender woman of the clinging type, endowed with an intensely emotional nature,—so that over-baked bread or torn clothing would often move her to tears. She was weeping now, although she knew no special cause, and, as her husband had often said, her face was "all channelled up" with crying. Near by was Mrs. Rooney, whose dress was full of rents, whispering to "Jock" Pope, who was tall and gray-headed. He was strangely in contrast with Mr. Mumpson, a bachelor with a beefy neck and such rotundity of form that one felt like tumbling him over and rolling him on the ground.

Everybody had a decidedly impromptu appearance. Some of the children were barefooted and wore dilapidated hats; others wore no hats at all, but had shoes which yawned at the extremities with reptilian voracity. Some of the women

wore clothing whose original color had faded; in the case of others, the bright color had been either washed in or washed out. In their dress and character there was considerable diversity, but the motive which had brought them here at this unusual hour was the same,—the desire to know what had taken place in Seth Shaddock's family.

The threshold of the Shaddock house was on a level with the ground, so that creeping things might have entered with ease. And so, when the door opened, the somewhat jaded audience were brought into near relations to the scene, and were moved much as they might have been by a sorrowful tableau. Mrs. Pike had bulging eyes, and her back-hair, always on the point of coming down, affected one much like the sight of small children standing too near the edge of a precipice.

You could not but feel this, as she came forward like a Greek chorus to lament the woes of the protagonist, otherwise Mrs. Shaddock, who sat moaning in the middle of the room, a shapeless human mass, as though she had been tossed into her chair, which squeaked responsively to her swaying motions of grief. Her two children, Leafy and Letty, now crying, now laughing, viewing the crowd in mute astonishment, or looking at their mother in blank dismay, hardly knew whether it was tragedy or comedy that was being enacted.

Mrs. Pike lifted up her voice in wailing accents: "To think of Sally Wigley bein' once so pretty, an' now come to this! her that had the beautifullest pink gownd an' the loveliest white bunnit to come out bride in!"

A few women and children began to cry at these foreboding words.

"What is it, Mrs. Pike? What's happened? Tell us, won't you?" said Mr. Rooney soothingly, as to a child that has hurt itself.

"Where's Seth Shaddock, Mr. Rooney? Cadmus Pike, where's Seth Shaddock? There's Mis' Shaddock an' Leafy an' Letty, but where's he? An' where's Miss Spriggins? Her shop's always open long afore this, an' she a-

workin' by the window or standin' by the counter. But here's the note Letty brought me this mornin', a-runnin' an' a-screamin' that her mother was goin' to die. This will tell you all about it. Mr. Mumpson, will you read it out to them?"

This laconic epistle merely confirmed the suspicions of which Mrs. Pike had given an inkling:

"DEAR SALLY,—We've lived together long enough. I'm going off. Hope you'll find some one better. I'm going to be married to Nathy Spriggins. Don't try to find us,—because you can't.

"SETH SHADDOCK."

"An' my last new bunnit from her shop, an' paid for, too!" said Mrs. Shaddock convulsively, as if this made the burden harder to bear.

Mrs. Pike hushed her reprovingly, as though a protagonist should not recount his own sorrows.

There had been a shadow in Seth Shaddock's house for some years. Sally Wigley, with her pink cheeks and auburn hair, had been very pretty and lovable. But Sally Shaddock as a house-keeper, dispensing to her family sour or unleavened bread and various unsightly dishes, had found less favor in her husband's eyes. Seth had often upbraided her for being untidy and shiftless; yet she was methodical in her way. It was always into one particular corner of the room that she swept her dirt, the soiled clothing was always thrown under the same chair, and from morning to night there were always unwashed dishes in one corner of her sink. So uniform was this arrangement that the three-year-old twins could have found any one of these things in the dark.

Naturally, there was a strong feminine interest manifested in Seth's welfare, and no one showed this more demonstratively than Asenath Spriggins, the Straw Hollow milliner, who was a pattern of neatness and propriety. One would have thought that her name could never be corrupted into any more endearing

title; but the villagers, in times of kindly feeling or when they desired to get a good trade, called her Nathy, which was easily varied to Nath to indicate a less amicable disposition.

Her sympathy for Seth dated from an afternoon when she had taken tea at his house. Sally had, of course, been unlucky with her bread. The loaf had risen surprisingly in the middle, and resembled an embryo cone which has been suddenly checked in its development. Asenath looked in amazement at the irregularly polygonal slices which Sally was arranging on a yellow plate. "My bread riz powerful last night," said Sally in explanation, "and turned a little. The book said when 'twas likely to sour to put in a teaspoonful of sal'ratus. It didn't say how, and I thought it was a pity to dump it out of the dishes again, it had got shaped so well. So I made a hole in the middle of each loaf and put in a teaspoonful."

"Dry?" said Asenath Spriggins, with unfeigned contempt.

"Yes: it didn't say what to do with it." Sally *had* felt some misgiving at the time, but she had hoped that in the process of baking the saleratus would radiate its beneficent influences to all parts of the loaf.

Seth said nothing: he had come to look upon such events as periodic manifestations of a mysterious Providence. But from this moment there had been a growing sympathy between the milliner and himself. Their meetings became more frequent, and one evening Seth was invited to take tea with her. She had been at much pains to do some nice cooking, in order that her visitor's mental comparisons might be favorable to herself. The result was far beyond her expectations. Seth was not only highly pleased, but he then and there declared his love, based not so much on the state of his affections as upon a due appreciation of her culinary skill. This had culminated in an elopement on that same night.

Mrs. Shaddock had been in paroxysms of grief ever since reading the note which Seth had left behind, and Mrs. Pike,

feeling that she needed rest, was rather forcibly leading her to her bedroom. "Come, Sally; it's hard shakes with you, but there's those as will suffer more than you some time. You'll be provided for. It's a burnin' shame," said Mrs. Pike, coming out from the bedroom; "as nice a girl as Sally was, an' now come to this."

"An' Nath Spriggins, too, who used to tell in meetin' about havin' sympathy for folks!" said Mrs. Rooney.

"To be sure, an' she carried it too far; though I'm not the one to say Seth hadn't no cause for complaint. Sally's cookin' an' other things wasn't over-nice." Mrs. Pope's eyes were still streaming, and the insinuation involved in her remarks implied a divided state of heart.

"These poor children," said Mrs. Pike,—"have they had any breakfast?—Does Leafy want some breakfast?" she asked in a gentle tone.

The twins were sitting in the middle of the floor, trying to arouse some emotion in a sawdust doll by presenting to its view pictures of Apollyon as seen in "Pilgrim's Progress." At the mere intimation of physical indulgence they followed Mrs. Pike, who went into the pantry.

"Poor Sally's pantry was always a sight to behold. It's like goin' to a circus an' seein' strange things shut up in cages an' you not knowin' what they are. Now, I *should* like to know what this is," pointing to a wire cover under which there was a mysterious substance on a plate.

"It's on a yaller dish, too; she was awful fond of yaller ware. Perhaps it's briled liver," said Mrs. Pope, peering through the cover.

"Liver!" said Mrs. Rooney, with contempt. "There's been no butcherin' done here this two months. It looks more like fried bread."

"But it isn't that: Sally never fried her bread: then, what sort o' stuff would it be, anyhow? No, it looks to me like slapjack."

"It's briled liver," piped Mrs. Pope.

"I know it's fried bread," persisted Mrs. Rooney.

"It's burnt slapjack," retorted Mrs. Pike.

"I know Sally used liver a good deal," said Mrs. Pope. "When Saul Bissel butchered the last time, she took the pluck an' made seven mince-pies out of it, an' said they was *real* good."

This remark, though not so intended, produced a pacific effect by diverting the conversation to Mrs. Shaddock's faults in general.

"Talkin' about Sally's queer ways," said Mrs. Pike, "I can't help tellin' you of one thing I saw her do this summer, though if she was well an' about I wouldn't mention it for the world. I was over here one day when she was gettin' up a b'iled dish. Ziry Tompkins he was mowin' out by the road, an' Sally wanted some greens to bile. What did she do but go out an' take a handful right from the swarth! 'Twas 'most all grass, mixed with wild turnip an' ox-eye daisies. You know Seth wasn't none too careful about keepin' wild stuff out of his fields."

"A plaguy mess for a feller to eat!" said Jock Pope.

"Lawful sakes!" replied Mrs. Pike, laughing, "Sally said 'twas all greens, an' it didn't make no difference."

"It's a good deal so, too."—This was Mr. Mumpson's voice.—"For there's the dock, an' milkweed, an' nettles, an' cowslips, an'—" here he was forced to pause and get breath,— "an' pusley, an' mustard; an' you may as well put in everything else that's green. But this rum-magin' a woman's pantry an' character too, 'specially when she's in trouble, ain't just the thing, to my mind."

If Mr. Mumpson was not knightly in appearance, there was a chivalrous feeling in his soul. But Mrs. Pike highly resented his insinuation: "Who's goin' about with their eyes shut up, if they be in a strange house? Many's the time I've stayed to houses while the friends had gone to the funeral, an' I never minced about goin' over the house. Only last spring, when Prindle's wife was buried, I stayed to the house an' looked through all the chists. There was a sight o' nice things; an' 'twas my

last chance, for the next day they was all divided amongst the heirs."

The question as to what should be done with Sally and the children now came up. It seemed to be rather necessary to break up the family. Mrs. Rooney offered to take Letty. Every one looked at Mrs. Pike, who was childless, to see what she would do. There was a dead silence for a moment.

"If 'twas only a boy, now, I might; but bein' a girl—" said Mrs. Pike thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rooney, "an' when Tilly Temple died an' left her two boys, then you wished they was girls."

"The town's pervided for such, I s'pose," said Mrs. Pike, waiving the subject. "They'd all be a sight better off there."

Mr. Mumpson was perspiring and breathing harder than ever, but he managed to say, "There's them who'd make laws against shootin' game, an' butcherin' meat, an' cuttin' up corpses, yes, an' go so fur as to say a reddish or an onion has feelin's, yet would stan' by an' see a woman starve to death or go on to the parish."

At the mention of these pungent vegetables, Mrs. Pope's eyes streamed anew: "It must be they has feelin's themselves, when they make us feel so."

"That's not the question, Mrs. Pope. It's what to do with this family. They can stay on my place; but that ain't vittles and drink."

"It *does* concern you more'n anybody else, an' you've found a deal o' fault with Seth for the way he managed. Many's the hard word you've said about him. In my young days—an' Cadmus remembers it too—there was laws an' fines against swearin', an' pay to him who told, too."

"Yes," retorted Mr. Mumpson as energetically as his corpulence would allow, "there'd always be enough women an' children to tell; that's certain. But, to my thinkin', swearin' sometimes keeps your blood-vessels from bustin'."

"Sally ought to have a divorce," said Mrs. Pike, as though she were speaking of wearing-apparel. "The grounds is

good enough: it's a clear case o' desertion.—That leaves you free to marry again," directing her remarks to Sally, who was now coming into the room.

"It's pretty easy fixin' these things nowadays." Mr. Rooney looked at Sally as though the proposed divorce would make her a different person in his eyes. "I remember Tip Eads's wife, who wouldn't leave off her widow's weeds when she married Tip. This made no end o' trouble, but nothin' bad enough to separate. At last they contrived so as to get a divorce: Tip he loaded a gun with beans, an', when he fired, Miry she screamed, an' all the neighbors came runnin' in: they testified in court that he had tried to kill her. Tip run away, an' Miry got married again."

## II.

IN due time the divorce was easily obtained. Mrs. Shaddock remained in the little black house for a year: at the end of that time she became Mrs. Mumpson, and with Leafy and Letty went to live in his new house on the hill.

Seth Shaddock's sudden exodus from Straw Hollow became a landmark in its history. One remembered that on the day before he had harvested his grain, another that the white Janettings were ripe that same week. Pretty Daisy Prindle knew that it was just a month to a day from that time when she promised to be Jerry Sweet's wife, and Jerry had said, "Please God an' it don't turn out like Seth's!" Mr. Mumpson referred to it mentally as one might look on the time when he had made a good trade or come into possession of an unexpected property. Poor Sally hardly knew whether to laugh or cry when she thought how her life had changed. But Leafy and Letty were very happy, and she herself had learned to make bread of which any one might be proud. Still, the tears would come when she thought of Seth, and the ring which he had given her she had put away among her few treasures.

There had been few changes in Straw Hollow during the two years that had elapsed. The little shop was still labelled

and had its curtains closely drawn. The blacksmith's anvil might be heard any week-day morning, even to the Pennon River. Cadmus Pike was still the husband of Mrs. Pike, and that lady's back-hair was yet in the same critical condition as of old, and her bulging eyes had as great a breadth of vision. As she stood by her kitchen window one September morning, washing her breakfast-dishes, she saw some one coming down the road from the river district. It was a woman, and looked very much like Asenath Spriggins. "Livin' sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Pike, "what's she come back here for? In black, too: she's a widder, then. She won't find much sympathy in these parts. To my house, too," as the lady opened the gate. "I'll see what she wants, but she shan't darken my doors."

The woman who faced Mrs. Pike at the entrance was tall and angular, with a marked predominance of bone over muscle. They looked steadfastly at each other for a moment. "This is Mrs. Pike, I believe?"

"That's my name," she replied in a measured staccato.

"And do you know me?" said the woman, looking eagerly into Mrs. Pike's eyes.

"It's Seth Shaddock's last wife, I presume," said she frigidly; "but it's hopeful you ain't goin' to live in these parts."

"Just wait till I am Seth Shaddock's wife. I ain't Mis' Shaddock, nor never was. One is enough in one town."

Mrs. Pike was overwhelmed with surprise, but she suppressed her feelings with calm dignity: "Sally ain't a Shaddock any longer. She's married to Mr. Mumpson, an' lives upon the hill in fine style. She's turned out to be a nice cook, too,—took the premium for the best bread last fall at the Pennon village cattle-show." There was a little touch of triumph in her tone as she said this. Her curiosity to know the history of Asenath's life since she had left the Hollow finally overcame her resolutions, and she invited Miss Spriggins in to rest herself before she left the place.

"Leave!" said she sharply; "I'm not goin' to leave. I've come back to stay, an' open the shop again."

"You made a mistake in leavin' at first," said Mrs. Pike severely, "you bein' middlin' old an' pretty free to give advice to the rest of us. But what stopped the marryin'? Somebody forbid the banns, I s'pose."

"No; we went to Mr. Leveridge's, the Pine Hill minister just across the line. There was Patty, an' Lucy, an' Susy, an' Mrs. Leveridge, in the room. Seth an' me stood up afore the table."

"What dress did you wear?" said Mrs. Pike rather irrelevantly.

"My dregs-o'-wine cashmere,—the one I fixed over the winter before: 'twas powerful hot for August, but I wore it to save puttin' it into the bundle."

"It must ha' been bilin' hot; an' such terrible weather as we had, too."

"Seth he wore his white linen suit throughout, an' morocco shoes,—just what he was married in before."

"Must ha' looked queer enough! Dregs-o'-wine cashmere along with white linen an' morocco shoes!"

"That's nothin' to what's comin'. All to once Seth blanched out white as the coat on his back an' got dreadful shaky. I gave him my hartshorn smellin'-bottle an' a few caraway-seeds, but he said 'twasn't that as ailed him. 'P'raps ile would be good,' said Mrs. Leveridge, 'or herb tea, if he's subject to bilious turns.' 'We'd better put off the ceremony for now,' said the minister; 'most likely he's needin' a sweat, an' he'd better be put right to bed.' An' there his face was streamin' all the while. 'It's none o' these ails me,' he said, gaspin'. 'It's what I'm doin'. I've got a wife livin', and children, too.' Then he turned to me: 'You'd be a sight better off not to marry me, Nathy: I'd be only a poor stick for you, anyhow.' An' then he ran out o' the house, leavin' me alone there."

"An' you hain't seen him since?"

"No, nor never expect to."

Just as Mrs. Pike's coldness had given way to curiosity, so now she became



sympathetic as well. Still, she did not forget that Asenath's conduct was just as unseemly as though she had become Seth's wife: "But why did you consent to do that wicked thing, when you knew poor Sally was livin' an' his lawful wife? An' no knowin' but she's now got two husbands alive! It's hopeful they'll never meet, though."

Asenath Spriggins had more than a woman's pride, and when thus appealed to she hardly knew how to reply. She could no longer maintain her inflexible, hard reserve, and, throwing herself at Mrs. Pike's feet, she began sobbing. No one had ever before seen her cry: she had been looked upon as a cold, unyielding woman who cared for little beyond making a shrewd trade.

Mrs. Pike stared at her in mute astonishment.

"Oh, Mrs. Pike, don't be hard with me. Think what a lonely life I'd been leadin', an' what I've got to look forward to. You've all got families, an' happy homes, an' them around you as will love an' protect you. But with me it's been misfortune an' loneliness all the time. An' when Seth was so kind to me an' I seemed to be a help to him, it was the greatest joy of my life. I got selfish, an' didn't think of his duties to others. I was tired of my lonely life; but I must go back to it after all."

Mrs. Pike could now at least afford to be generous. Her ill-feeling could not continue while its object was prostrate at her feet. "You'll have your old trade, I'm bound to say: we've been wantin' some handier place than the Pennon district." Mrs. Pike said this with the air of one who is extending a welcome in the name of a community.

But it was a long time before Asenath felt at all at home in the Hollow: it would never again be to her the same place as she had known it for so many years. The dogs seemed to bark at her; she imagined that the birds never came round her little shop as they used to do.

The Shaddock twins looked upon her with horror and ran shrieking away when she approached. She had spoken a few

words to Sally, but the subject which lay nearest their hearts was not mentioned.

A burden lay upon her soul. Seth was most likely living; and through her he had wronged others. What reparation could she make? She might, by writing, find out where he was and try to bring him back; but, after all, would that be any comfort to Sally? The burden was hard to bear, and yet, in striving to remove it, she was hampered on every side. Far into the night she sat struggling with these thoughts, and the breaking day found her mechanically at work writing to learn the whereabouts of Seth Shaddock and bidding him come home again.

### III.

A LONG stretch of meadow near the Pennon River; winding through it a level road, which leads to Straw Hollow; by the roadside a spreading maple, under which a traveller had sat down to rest. It was seven years since he had passed over this road one August night, thinking that he was happier than he had been for many a day.

Seth Shaddock was hardly in the prime of life, and yet he looked prematurely old. Asenath's letter had found him miles away from where it had been sent. From it he learned that Sally had married again, and that Asenath had settled back into her old place. Hitherto his soul had been full of remorse on their account; now, he thought, perhaps they were happy. Sally, at least, must be more so than she could have been with him. And a feeling of his own desolation came over him: there was an irresistible desire to increase his own torment by returning to the Hollow once more. This was what had brought him back: he was thinking, as he looked now at the river sweeping along through meadow-grasses and waving grain, and now at Mr. Mumpson's farm-house on the hill, how much he might have done for Sally, how many hard words he might have left unsaid. The river was his life: it flowed monotonously in its channel; there were many beautiful things on either side, but it could not stop to enjoy them, it had no part in them.

But how could he meet Sally again? After all, did he really desire to? Ought he to? What could they say to each other? Would she have any tender feelings toward him? Alas! he had seldom shown any to her. How different it might have been! And the children,—how would they look upon their father? They were his; nothing could make that otherwise.

Two children in pink sun-bonnets were paddling a boat along the shore. He could hear their voices, but they did not see him.

"Let's sit down under the old maple. We can tie the boat here."

"But father told us not to stay too long. You know he is all alone today."

"Only for a little while, Letty, and then we'll go back."

They started back on seeing a stranger, and were going away.

Seth knew them at a glance. "Whose children are you?" he asked.

"We're Mr. Mumpson's girls,—that is, our real father went away, and Mr. Mumpson's been good to us ever since."

"An' your mother's well, an' pleased at the change, is she?" He would find out whether it would do for him to see Sally. How much they looked like her!

"Oh, 'twas long ago that we went up on the hill to live, and mother's died since then."

The stranger buried his face in the long grass.

"Let's go away," said Leafy, feeling that they might be intruding.

"Wait," said her sister.—"Perhaps you are sick," she said, looking down at the man. "Come home with us, and we will make you better."

"Nothing can make me better. But tell me more about your mother. How did she feel when your father went away?"

"Oh, so bad! She cried 'most all the time when we lived down in the village. Then we moved away, and she didn't feel so bad."

"But why did your father go away?" He wanted to know how the children regarded their father.

"We didn't know the reason then. We were too little. But they told us afterward that mother didn't cook well and father was angry about it. After that she cooked splendid; everybody said her bread was beautiful."

"We can cook, too," said Leafy proudly. "Mother taught us herself. Won't you come home to supper with us?"

But Seth was not thinking of this. "Was your mother happy when she died?"

"I guess so," said Letty: "she didn't cry, and hadn't any pain. But what makes you ask so much about mother? Did you ever know her?"

Seth did not reply. Should he make himself known to his children? Would they receive him as their father? They might. Then they would all go away from here and live together again and be happy. Yes, he would tell them everything. "I did know your mother once. I am your father who went away,—your real father."

The children said nothing. How could they?

"Without you I'm all alone in the world,—your father, too." He knew that he was making the strongest appeal to their feelings. But they did not understand his motive.

"Won't you come and live with us all the time, where we can take good care of you? Father—our other father—he won't care."

"But won't you come with me? You are my own children. I can't live away from you. We will have a pretty home somewhere, with trees, flowers, birds,—everything you want."

"And would you be good to us always?" said Letty. "And could we come back here sometimes?"

"But you know what we told mother, Letty. We promised that we would never leave our father,—the last one, I mean. Couldn't you come to live with us and be our own father just the same?"

"I couldn't be happy to live so. I want to live alone with my own dear children. You can't let your own father go away alone, can you?"

"Oh, father," said Leafy, crying, "what made you go away from us, so that we couldn't learn to love you?"

"But you can learn now. There is nothing that I will not do for you if you will only come."

"We promised mother just before she died that we wouldn't leave father; and we must keep our promise. If you can't

come home with us, we will kiss you before we go away."

They kissed him. Then they moved the boat away from the shore and did not speak to him again. He watched them until they passed out of sight; then, turning his back on loved faces and familiar scenes, he followed the river in its downward course.

EDWARD W. FLAGG.

## TWO QUAKER WEDDINGS.

"BY Divine permission and Friends' approbation, we intend marriage with each other. David Stanhope, Fanny Stuart Dearborn."

It was the clerk of the men's meeting who read this publishment, and the male members of the Society of Friends in Royalston who listened. As the last name fell from the calm lips of the reader, a tall, rugged figure shot up from a seat below, like the Jack from a surprise-box. His face was deadly pale, his lips worked as if to speak, but the words remained unuttered, and, after a few seconds, he sank tottering back upon the seat, and would evidently have fallen over had it not been for his arms, which descended like bent and broken pillars at his sides.

The young men and boys in the rear seats smiled and nudged each other, and the grave elders in their broad-brims cast their eyes slowly and severely over the meeting, thus reproving the indecorum while seeking the figure of young David, which, however, was nowhere visible.

Then the momentous bit of paper was sent into another apartment; and presently a voice, steady and rather severe for a woman, read the same notice on the other side of the thin wooden partition which served to keep the society business of the men and women nearly unknown to each other. No such surprising movement followed the reading

of the interesting statement in the women's meeting as in the men's, yet there was much more of rustle and murmur, particularly in the rearmost seats, where smiles, nods, and repressed tittering brought a reproving look to the placid faces of the elderly women upon the high "facing seats." But among all these flowers and fluttering ribbons and tremulous muslins—to which the fancy of even the demure Quaker maiden runs—the young woman who had written her name in such significant connection was not to be distinguished,—except it be this one in plainest of bonnets and neatest of gray shawls and smoothest of plaited brown dresses. She is very quiet, yet, to a close observer, there is a depth of feeling in her brown eyes, a slight tremulousness about the fingers that hold her neatly-folded handkerchief, and she is evidently embarrassed as a younger girl at her side whispers some light remark into her ear.

But, in truth, the persons whose names have just been read are not present. Yet this makes no difference in the action of the meeting: the usual order must be observed,—which is the appointment of a committee on the part of each sex to inquire into the freedom of the parties from other engagements of a like nature, and to ascertain whether the candidates for matrimony are of age and have the con-

sent of parents or guardians. The action of the committee in this case was not likely to be wholly formal,—as may have been surmised from the foregoing observations.

After meeting, the trim maidens gossiped of the approaching marriage,—or the proposed marriage: for many shook their heads, and some even asserted their belief that it would not take place,—at least, not “in meeting.” “For didn’t Joel Jones hop right up when the publication was read?” said one; and “Folks think there really was an engagement between ‘em,” declared another. At this, the sprightliest of the group responded, “I wouldn’t care, if I was she,—such a booby as Joel Jones is. When a smart, genteel fellow—rich, too—like David Stanhope comes along, I wouldn’t be slow in giving the mitten to the other.”

“But thee wouldn’t approve her conduct in flirting with Joel,—making him believe that she really loved him and would marry him? For, awkward and simple as he is, he has feelings as strong as those who are more esteemed,” said a pretty but plainly-dressed young matron.

Few of the acquaintances of the betrothed pair, old or young, thought that David and Fanny would be willing to be “married in meeting:” indeed, it was the opinion of many Friends that David ought to have been “dealt with” before this; for, though only twenty-five, he had long been “out of plainness in dress and address,” and it was reported among the young folks that he had attended theatres and balls. But, these matters having been neglected, the first business in hand was a question which he had himself brought up,—that of his clearness in respect to the proposed marriage.

This peculiar condition of their church relations often exists among Friends. It arises from that provision in the canons of the society by which the young people find themselves born not only into a world full of delights for the natural man, but, as full members of the Society of Friends, into a set of prohibitions from indulgence in worldly delights,

from which obligations they can in no way free themselves until their legal majority in age gives them power to act for themselves. This rule of membership by birth of Quaker parents was a contrivance of some shrewd members in the second generation of the society to keep the young folks and the membership; since it was so much easier for people to grow up under the Quaker cross than voluntarily to assume it in mature years. Yet it is evident that the rule struck a severe blow at the true spirituality which was so characteristic of the early days of that church.

Much to the gratification of David’s father, he had lately grown quite steady and attentive to business, and, since his engagement, had thought proper to go out to Royalston to meeting on the first day of the week, spending the afternoon at the house of his betrothed. In these afternoon visits he never encountered Joel Jones, though the latter was in the habit of dropping in after supper.

Like as Jacob toiled for Rachel, so had Joel toiled for Fanny,—working as best hired-man on the farm of Friend Stuart, her grandfather, at much lower wages than he might have had elsewhere. There were those who asserted that the young woman’s mother (from the covetous motive indicated above) had encouraged the belief in Joel’s mind that there might be a match between the two when Fanny was of sufficiently mature years.

This being the case, much intimacy was allowed them. Fanny was a pet,—“a spoiled child” almost. She played with Joel much as a romping girl plays with a big dog whom she does not wholly understand and who does not understand her. After a while Joel found a pleasure in her company that led him to reflection, and, as a consequence, the intercourse of the two became constrained, though perhaps not less intimate. And Fanny soon found herself practising a new kind of sport,—a mingling of flirtation and coquetry. It wasn’t very long before innocent-minded Joel decided that he was “keeping company” with Fanny; and, scrupulously observant of the rule

of the society that in such a case the pair must not inhabit the same house, Joel hired himself out as foreman on the farm of the Widow Savory, at so large an advance that the neighbors had no difficulty in accounting for his change of places. But he was still found at Friend Stuart's regularly every First-day evening. After this change, however, he rarely saw Fanny except in the presence of some member of the family, while conversation of rather a grave character was the order of the time; but in the absence of any restraining presence her disposition to sportive flirtation with him resumed its activity, according to long habit. It was about this time that young Stanhope's visits became regular; but such a thing as deceit in matters of affection was not comprehensible to Joel, and, though he heard of David's being often at Friend Stuart's after meeting, he had no suspicion that the city young gentleman was a successful suitor of Fanny Dearborn until the news came so suddenly to him in meeting.

Two of the meeting's committee visited Friends in the city, and, not hearing of any marriage engagement of young Stanhope, concluded that his "clearness" was sufficiently manifest. They then interviewed Joel, from whom they heard a statement which put them in doubt,—so that it was thought "best to have a pretty serious visit with the Widow Dearborn and her daughter."

These rural censors felt "pretty serious" themselves about the work they were to perform,—as the family seemed at least blamable, even if there had been no real engagement between Fanny and Joel. As Friends generally found themselves more in the proper spirit in which to manage delicate social matters on the first day of the week, the visit of the committee was set for the afternoon of that day, to accord also with the religious visit of a travelling Friend preacher with the family.

At the time fixed, therefore, quite a company was gathered in the parlor of the Stuart mansion. It consisted of

the members of the family, including young Stanhope, the prospective member, the stranger Friend and his travelling companion, a younger man, together with the two women members of the committee and their husbands, and Joel. The latter had heard of the "sitting," and considered himself justified at this time in making his visit in the afternoon,—not being aware of the attendance of the committee.

The greetings over, after a few minutes of general conversation the family and visitors placed themselves in a large semicircle about the low fire, and the sitting commenced. It began without other notice than the lapsing into silence of the preacher and the increasing solemnity of his countenance, signs which those present were quick to observe. The older ones soon fell into sympathy with the minister, while the younger ones followed the example of their elders so far as to put on a similarly quiet exterior. Yet a watchful observer might have seen an occasional mischievous glance pass from one to another, while Fanny was doing her best to avoid laughing outright, the latter tendency partly from a perception of the ludicrous, but largely from nervous excitement. Yet it is certain that every member of the company felt some degree of awe in the presence of the preacher and in that thought-revealing silence. There appeared to be something clairvoyant in these conditions which served to bring their most secret faults to light, at least into the consciousness; and the fear that the visiting Friends might by some supernatural power read the inmost thought of their minds operated to produce in more than one a trepidation which was not wholly concealed.

Deep sighing by the preacher signalized the "movings of the Spirit;" and informed the circle that he would soon give utterance to the weighty thoughts passing in his mind. It was an exciting moment for more than one who feared to have their purposes revealed and condemned. Here was Maria,—already for several years of uncertain age,—who was thought by the older folks, and by



her own widowed sister, Mrs. Dearborn, to be rather too much interested in the affairs of this world, though she adhered strictly to the Quaker dress, and to be quite too fond of the company of a neighbor, who was a widower, but not a member of the Society of Friends. There was Fanny, too,—a sprightly young rosebud of a girl. Could there be in her mind one sober thought concerning the great step she had taken? Her merry eyes rested too often and too fondly upon the gay gentleman opposite her, who, if we did not know him as her affianced husband, would hardly be taken for a member of the Society of Friends. And what of that young man with limbs so disproportionately large for his body, with slow gray eyes beneath a forehead neither high nor full except at the brows, his hair cut straight around his head, its drab color according well with his butternut suit? Certainly nature intended him to be a Quaker, and his straight-collared coat shows the harmony in him of nature and grace. His sighs are as frequent and almost as deep as those of the preacher, and his hands are tightly interlocked in his lap, and his face works. Evidently he is under the influence of strong emotion. Occasionally his face wears a look of passionate appeal as his glance rests a moment on the face of Fanny, causing her some embarrassment; while young Stanhope, by signs to her, makes sport of the rude and awkward but true-hearted Joel.

The minister has drawn his last sigh, and begins to speak in a strong but slightly tremulous voice. The flames in the fireplace, which for several minutes had seemed to sink in sympathy with the repressed feelings of the group about it, now blaze more freely, though unsteadily, sending up in sudden leaps long, slender, solitary tongues of flame, which, from their start, seemed to be without foundation or connection as regarded the low flame of the steaming brands below. "There has a concern rested on my mind," said the preacher, "almost from the moment of entering this house, for some who are in the younger walks of life, and the language of the apostle

to the Ephesians has come very forcibly to my mind: 'Let all things be done decently and in order.'" He drew briefly from this text the several suggestions and arguments for the adhesion by the families of Friends to the rules of the society which the founders of the church had been led by the Holy Ghost to establish for the preservation of the truth, closing with the words, "So, only as ye walk in the law of the Lord shall His blessing abide with this house."

It was apparent that the family felt these words to be peculiarly applicable, for even young Stanhope displayed a blank countenance and downcast eyes, while Fanny's face wore for the first time a look sober enough to become the conventional bonnet of the denomination.

Again silence reigned, and again the flames in the fireplace fell away, so that Stanhope thought himself warranted in stirring up the brands with the huge brass-headed tongs and in putting on a fresh stick,—which operations were somewhat of a diversion to the current of thought and proved quite a relief to those whose consciences had been pricked.

With a shorter preface of sighs, a younger Friend, the travelling companion of the preacher, now found utterance. The burden of his exhortation seemed to be that some one present was being called by the Lord to a high and holy work,—that he was to be "made an instrument for the building up of Zion, and a messenger of warning to a world lying in wickedness,"—and was urged to be faithful to the leadings of the Spirit.

The old gentleman, Friend Stuart, manifested some uneasiness during this address, and, after the visiting Friends had departed, he remarked with considerable emphasis that he "had no unity with the young Friend in his communication." No one of the listeners doubted that it somehow had reference to Joel.

After a prayer by one of the committee,—a woman,—in which the family was mentioned kindly and the betrothed pair entreated for with much affection,

the sitting closed. No allusion was made to their mission by the committee, except that one of the two women, while being assisted to put on her garments by Fanny's mother, inquired of her in an indirect way whether Fanny had not in sport some time bound herself to Joel. That lady replied, "Since she has been of age she has been cautious not to do so." But Fanny, less than six months before, had given a garden-party on her eighteenth birthday, so that there was still room to suspect that such a pledge might have been given within the year. Here was where the cupidity of the family had overreached itself; for, quite to their surprise, it had caused Joel to transfer his services to another family.

Owing to Joel's condition of mind and the general belief that there had been between the two what he understood to be an engagement of marriage, the committee reported to the next monthly meeting that they had been unable to ascertain with certainty the clearness of either party from other engagements; and this meeting continued the case until after "Quarterly Meeting." It was then neglected to be called up, and went over another month. In the mean time, an intimacy of young Stanhope with a young woman in the city was heard of; but some Friends were of the opinion that the young woman's not being a member of the society put the matter outside of the scope of the rule in the Book of Discipline. Two months more passed before there was found to be no obstacle in this.

The young pair were greatly annoyed and impatient at these delays,—David's father had already furnished a house for the pair,—and began to entertain the idea of being married "out of meeting," in the manner of other people than Friends. In this they had the sympathy and counsel of Aunt Mary, whose partiality for their widowed neighbor—who was a Baptist—had increased in spite of the exhortations to which she had listened in the "sitting." But, in the matter of Fanny and David, Grandfather Stuart settled it, as soon as it came to his ears, by declaring that Fanny would

have nothing from him if she should be married "out of meeting." So the afflicted young people were obliged to yield and await the current of events.

From the day of the sitting at Friend Stuart's Joel went there no more; but he soon showed various tokens of an unbalanced intellect. He marketed for the Widow Savory, whose farm he was now managing; but fluctuations in prices troubled him. He thought that demand should be as certain as the supply of the earth, and that the promises of the tradesmen should be as reliable as the laws of nature. It was in the first years of the war of the rebellion, and the prices of farm-products did not increase so quickly as of the articles he had to buy. He endeavored to make bargains with the dealers to receive his produce and to furnish goods at certain unchangeable rates. Some refused; others deceived him and took his produce, but when he wanted goods they charged them at the current rate. Then, in his frequent trips to the city, the carousing in the liquor palaces, the rough manners and coarse language of men, women, and children in certain quarters of the city, the reports he heard of the banqueting of the rich and of corruption in the higher ranks of society, seemed to him to reproduce the condition of the cities spoken of in Scripture as being destroyed for their wickedness. At length, one day while disposing of his load in one of the low quarters of the city, annoyed by the extreme profanity and viciousness, he stood up in his market-wagon and warned and exhorted the jeering crowd of roughs of both sexes and all ages who gathered round. The burden of his address was a prophecy that some great catastrophe was coming upon the city, with warning to his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. Some went away alarmed, but the larger number only jeered.

After Joel's return, the family observed that he acted strangely, and, on being questioned, he admitted that he did not feel well. He was worse in the morning,—“quite out of his head,” Mrs. Savory told a passing neighbor,—and the

doctor was intercepted on his morning round and called in. He pronounced Joel's disease to be brain fever. His attentive nurses were Johnny Savory, a lad of fourteen, his mother, and Ruth, his eldest sister. The latter was the same young woman whom we noted for her distinctively Quaker dress and restrained excitement in the meeting at the publication of Fanny Dearborn's marriage.

Joel had worked on the Savory farm from time to time before he engaged the year round on the Stuart place. Ruth had admired his *physique*, awkward though it was to cultivated eyes, and wondered at his untiring strength. His good-natured diversions with her younger brothers and sister when they were troublesome were a frequent relief and solace to her and her mother. His strong, kindly voice driving the oxen or calling up the cattle reassured her when depressed, and gladdened her at all times. When he was in health his pleasant gray eyes had a strange, ecstatic power over her. But for two years following this period he had worked at Friend Stuart's and was rarely seen by the Savory family except at meeting, and when the rumor of his prospective match with Fanny Dearborn reached her it called no expression of anger to her lips, but the tears glistened in her brown, affectionate eyes.

"Alas! that he should be so taken up with that fly-away thing! She's only a child, a mere butterfly of a girl," said Ruth's mother one day.

"I do believe that it's a delusion of Satan, and that he will come out of it by and by and be himself again," answered Ruth.

Then Joel had appeared at the house, leaving an intimation that he would like to hire on the place again. He wished to engage for exactly six months, and named wages at about the current rate for such help. That amount, for the length of time, was more than her farm could afford to pay, Widow Savory feared.

"Oh, mother, I think we had better hire him. Only think how much care

it will take from thee, because everything goes right when he is here. Thee knows what crops we always had when Joel 'tended to the planting before."

"Yes, but we can't get enough more money by his coming, I fear, to make up the great difference between the amount of his wages for a whole season and the occasional hiring we could get along with, as we have before."

"Please hire him, mother. I have decided to take the Hill school, and I will make up any lack in his wages if the profits from the farm fall short."

So Joel was secured. But it had not then occurred to either mother or daughter that it was Joel's observance of propriety that had sent him to them. Ruth's school had commenced before Joel arrived, and she only came home on the seventh day of the week to return to her work again on Monday (or Second-day) morning. But now that Joel was so dangerously sick, the family needed her at home. Johnny took care of the sick man a portion of the time, but his labor was all the more needed out of doors by reason of this fever, and Mrs. Savory and her younger daughter had all they could safely do with the house- and dairy-work. Ruth, therefore, took the vacation to which she was entitled to aid her mother and to be near the afflicted young man, who, with all his crudeness, was the chief of men to her.

As the fever left him and health and strength came back to his body and brain, so at the same time there seemed to come greater clearness to his perceptions, while his affections, which had become loosened from their former object, attached themselves to her whose touch was so agreeable and who was so attentive to his wants.

It was not long before the change in Joel became known. He was out to meeting on First-day. On Third-day the regular monthly meeting of the society occurred, when the committee on the matter of the "clearness on account of marriage" of David Stanhope and Fanny Dearborn reported favorably on the case. The meeting accordingly adopted a "min-

ute" setting the impatient couple at liberty to solemnize their nuptials.

At the very same meeting the publication of Joel Jones and Ruth Savory was read, and the usual committee appointed. An effort was made by some devoted friends of the Stuart family to have the committee instructed to examine closely into the transgression of discipline of which Joel had been guilty in sojourning under the same roof with the young woman during the whole of their courtship. Many of the younger people disliked Joel, —whose simple and conscientious life was a reproach to them, —and would have been pleased to see some trouble made for him and Ruth; but the sober-minded majority saw no transgression, but a necessity by reason of sickness. The committee's visit to the Widow Savory's, therefore, was one merely of form, and the only expression it made was that of congratulation. It was quite a different occasion from that when a committee visited the other pair, with whose affair this one had been so oddly mixed up. The committee reported at the next meeting, and the lovers were set at liberty to celebrate their nuptials. At the same time—as usual—a committee was appointed, constituted of two of each sex for each pair, to attend the marriages and see that everything was done according to the good order of Friends.

On the next First-day but one, Joel and Ruth, arm in arm, walked up the broad aisle and took their places upon the highest seat. The two men appointed by the meeting had already occupied one end of the seat, and Joel sat beside them. Next him was the bride, and beside her sat the two women members of the committee. All were special friends of one or the other of the happy couple, and thus answered as well for bridesmaids and groomsmen.

Joel had at first intended to wear a coarse gray suit, his usual thick boots, and his accustomed hat, "lest he should be proud," as he meekly expressed himself. A friend—one of those who sat beside him on the upper seat—to whom Joel's remark was made suggested that

he had not himself alone to consider in the matter, but that there was a certain respect to be shown to his bride in his costume. Joel at once heartily and almost penitently acknowledged his error. Accordingly, he at once provided himself with a fine suit of black, a pair of shiny shoes, and a low-crowned silk hat, while his white neckerchief of cambric and linen bosom and cuffs were as white and smooth as Mother Savory could make them.

The bride was dressed in a lavender silk, made short-waisted and entirely plain. It was high in the neck, and not at all in the world's fashion at the time; but it fitted perfectly to a figure that retained all its natural symmetry. A small, gauzy silken shawl was drawn around her neck and shoulders, the ends crossed over her bosom and fastened there by a plain gold pin placed low. Her bonnet was in the Quaker form, of plain silk a shade lighter than her gown.

Both bonnet and hat were laid aside as, at a suitable moment in the meeting, the pair arose and, joining their right hands, each in turn declared, in the phrase prescribed by the society, that they took each other as husband and wife, as follows: "In the presence of God and of this assembly, I take this my friend, Ruth Savory, to be my wife; promising, by Divine assistance, to be unto her a faithful and affectionate husband until death shall separate us." And Ruth in like manner promised to be a faithful and affectionate wife. None present doubted that these promises would be fulfilled in letter and spirit.

Young Stanhope and Fanny, having to prepare elaborate costumes in the mode of the season, could not be ready in time to celebrate their nuptials the Sunday before the other pair, and, not wishing to be married at the same meeting with one who had been such an annoyance to them, occupied the same places on the high seat and repeated the same solemn words on the First-day following.

GEORGE J. VARNEY.

## THINGS IN WHICH WE DIFFER.

IT is charming to see an Englishman and an American sitting together in sweet agreement and mutually endeavoring to convince each other that their two countries are practically one. The glory and greatness of the child, says the Englishman, in the words of Mr. Freeman, are the glory and greatness of the parent, and, a cynic might add, that, perhaps, is why the parent takes such an interest in its offspring and is so anxious to have the world understand the relationship.

Ever since the United States flag was pompously borne by a guard of honor into the palace-yard at Westminster and saluted at the very doors of the Houses of Parliament, after having been cheered by the multitudes gathered along the Strand and Fleet Street on Lord Mayor's Day, there has been an eager desire in both countries to claim the closest kinship. But in recognizing the likeness the Englishman finds so many desirable qualities in the parent which the child lacks that it appears the resemblance cannot be very strong after all. The American is too polite and too genial to pour cold water on any friendly advances, however; and, provided the Englishman is willing to concede that, "at all events, America is the country of the future," the good-natured man of the West declares that the child has every reason to be proud of its mother. Nevertheless, despite the consanguinity, he cannot help perceiving, when travelling in England, some minor differences which in some measure give a distinct shape and color to the social life of each country.

The placid, laboriously cautious, and roundabout way of doing things, and the stubborn conservatism which shuts its eyes to possible improvements and will not be helped along, divide his feelings between exasperation and amazement. He misses no end of little mechanical devices which simplify business and pleasure in America. It seems prepos-

terous to him that a nasal little boy should be placed under the bridge of the Thames steamboats to repeat the captain's orders to the engineer, when the cheapest bell or speaking-tube would do the work quite as well, and that it should be deemed necessary to stop the fastest trains somewhere on the journey and lose five or seven minutes while the tickets are being collected. He does not find the impatiently progressive spirit and the inexhaustible ingenuity which is always exerting itself to remove the smallest as well as the most serious inconveniences of life in his own country. At nearly every point, in every emergency, it seems to him that the English want vim and adaptability.

He is amused by the efforts of the fire-brigade, if he happens to see it on duty, in contrast with the superb efficiency of the engine-companies of American cities. About twenty or thirty minutes after the discovery of a fire (seldom sooner) an engine comes slowly along, taking the greatest care at the corners and respecting the right of way of every other vehicle, and, when it is stopped, the men leisurely jump off and set about their work as if they were preparing to go to bed, while the spectators stand by and cheer the thrilling sight. He thinks with pride of how it would amaze these people to see an American engine dash up to a fire within two or three minutes of the sounding of an alarm and send a stream of water up to a fourth or fifth story in five minutes.

In not one thing but many he misses the alertness and rapidity of America. It seems to him that the relationship of the countries is as between grandmother or great-grandmother and grandchild, rather than between mother and child.

But when any little resentment which the first sense of change may call forth passes away and he becomes accustomed to the new conditions which surround him, he perceives many things which,



if they are different from what he has been used to, are not necessarily defects; and the longer he remains in England the more he is apt to like it.

Law is sovereign, and under the law the smallest person has a sacredness which the citizen of no other country can claim. Municipal ordinances are not passed to display aldermanic phraseology and then to be evaded. The individual is required to respect the law in its least weighty decrees as the law respects him: it will not be hoodwinked, as it so often is in the United States, especially in the large cities. There are ordinances in the municipal code of the latter which are intended to control drinking-places, houses of amusement, public conveyances, and the weights and measures of shopkeepers, but they are not enforced: the hackman charges what he pleases, the saloon-keeper opens and closes his doors to suit his own convenience, and the grocer's scales may be out of adjustment to his benefit and his customers' detriment. If every ordinance which lies unobserved and disregarded on the shelves of the Common Council were put in force, New York would be a model city. There are laws enough, indeed, but there is not enough law.

Now, in England law has a reality, and, though there is some evasion, it is generally enforced. As in American cities, there are ordinances relating to public-houses, conveyances, adulterations, and weights and measures; but they cannot be violated with impunity. All glasses, tankards, and measures in public-houses are periodically tested, and, if the publican would avoid a fine, they must be exactly of the prescribed standard. Should he sell as a pint a measure containing a little less than that quantity, he would surely, if discovered, be summoned before a magistrate and fined. He must give an exact pint,—no more and no less. Some inspectors are absurdly punctilious. Not long ago one of them happened to be in a tavern near Liverpool when a pretty servant-girl came in for the dinner-beer. She handed the bar-man her jug, asking for a gill, and

he, out of compliment to the dainty white cap she wore, or perhaps to her face, gave her what is known as the "long pull," or nearly double the standard quantity. Mr. Inspector here made himself known, seized the jug, measured its contents, and, having found out the excess, summoned the bar-man to a police-court, where the magistrate decided that it was as illegal to give too much as too little. The scales, weights, and measures of butchers, grocers, and all other provision-dealers are also examined from time to time, and the severity with which all delinquencies are punished protects the public against frauds which are common enough in this country. The sanitary officers keep a sharp eye open for adulterations, and such preparations as oleomargarine are not allowed to be sold unless the character of their composition is distinctly stated on the package.

One of the most elastic laws in the United States is that which is designed to regulate the sale of drink, and by it certain hours are appointed within which the traffic is to be kept. It is utterly lifeless, the fragment of a farce. The bar-rooms are closed when the flow of custom is not brisk enough to entice the bar-tender to keep open any later; but if a profitable number of men are guzzling, he does not shut up until their appetites are satisfied or their money is all spent. One would judge the excise commissioners to be a singularly simple-minded body, not only from the way in which they permit the laws which it pertains to them to enforce to be ignored on week-nights, but particularly from the evasion which takes place on Sundays. In the eyes of the law the tippler is supposed to overcome his thirst or obtain his supplies from private stores in his own or his friend's house on the Sabbath. The Sabbath is not a drinking day, and intoxicating liquors are not to be sold. The law is not a new one; but formerly, in spite of its existence, the commonest beer-saloons and the bar-rooms of the most luxurious hotels carried on their business as openly on the first day as on the seventh. Then the commissioners

awoke to their duty, and said that the law *should* be enforced; and ever since that it has been enforced, and those who are responsible for it no doubt feel that they have atoned for past remissness. Wonderful are the quibbles which the bar-men invent and the commissioners cannot see! The blinds over the windows of the saloon are pulled down, and the front door is locked, while the side-door is left open: therefore the saloon is closed. The waiter at the hotel tells the thirsty mortal that he cannot be supplied at his usual seat in the café,—he must go to the bar and stand up while drinking: therefore the bar is closed. There are some variations to this farce: perhaps the liquor is served in a coffee-cup, or it is supplied by the name of soda-water, a joke which both the customer and the bar-man enjoy immensely; but it can always be obtained, if not directly, by some well-understood ruse or other.

There are similar laws in England, but there they are not trifled with, as the American soon learns. The prescribed hours of closing are eleven o'clock in the provinces and half-past twelve in the metropolis. While the clocks are striking, every public-house is emptied, and a few minutes later the lights are all out. No delay is allowed, and few publicans who care about retaining their licenses venture under any circumstances to sell a glass, even to their best and most trusted customers, one minute after the specified hour. On Sundays the public-houses are opened only between one and three o'clock in the afternoon and between six and ten o'clock P.M. in the provinces and six and eleven in London. In the intervals they are positively and without exception closed. Out of the city and at the railway-stations, however, there is a loop-hole to the law through which the toper can obtain his "nip." He can walk a certain distance from his home and demand refreshment as a "traveller." All the little taverns on the borders of London do a large Sunday business with "travellers." They are closed to persons living in the immediate neighborhood, who are

cautioned against attempting to enter them, but persons coming from a distance are entitled to use them. A man is posted at the door who questions each comer. "A traveller, sir?" he inquires. And if the answer is only vaguely affirmative, if it is only a nod or a movement of the lips, the applicant for admission is allowed to pass. At Kew, Hampstead Heath, and other popular resorts, on Sundays there are so many travellers that one gets the idea of being at a geographical congress, and the delegates are so thirsty that they might all be from the Libyan Desert or El Llano Estacado. A *bona-fide* traveller has been judicially defined as a person who has not slept on the previous night within three miles of the place at which he applies for refreshment. A constitutional walk thus makes a traveller of one man who may never have been beyond the sound of Bow Bells, while another who has crossed Africa and is on his way from New York to Tierra del Fuego is said to be no traveller because he slept only two miles away on the previous night. The English law in this matter is not without absurdities.

At the principal railway-stations, also, the bars are open on Sundays, and before serving a customer the attendants invariably ask him, "Are you going by train, sir?" Of course he is going by train, otherwise he could not get his refreshment; but if, as is sometimes the case, he is asked to show his ticket, he is often unable to do so.

The British bar-maid affords another point of contrast. In only the very lowest class of American saloons are women employed, and then they belong to the most disreputable class; but in Great Britain the bar-tenders are more frequently women than men. A pretty face, a buxom figure, and a coquettish dress are added to the allurements which the "balmy," as Dick Swiveller called it, has for the imbibing Briton. He ogles while he drinks, and he drinks more because he has the opportunity of ogling. This is a temptation to which Americans are not exposed in their own country: there is no inducement to linger in the

presence of the diamonded, black-moustached, and overdressed American barman for his own sake, however deft he may be in the manipulation of his cups. But the British bar-maid is generally a rather attractive person, as far as looks go: she is young, plump, and fair; beyond this, she is exceedingly active, and is inclined to be very curt with the customers she does not know. Her position does not reflect on her moral character: she is treated with respect both by her employer and her customers. Many pretty girls, who are unwilling to enter household service, seek the chance of making "a good match" which the bar of a public house affords, and in the large hotels and the better class of restaurants the bar-maids are not infrequently fairly educated and lady-like young women. They are always civilly spoken to and addressed as "Miss." Sometimes the civility is wholly on the side of the customers. Some young men were once discussing the supercilious behavior of a certain handsome girl who attended the first-class bar at one of the London railway-stations. "I'll take her down! I'll take her down!" said one of them very confidently, and forthwith he went to the place where she was employed. "Now, young woman," he said briskly, "let me have a glass of bitter, and look sharp about it!" She languidly raised her eyebrows and gave him a cold discouraging stare. "You've made a mistake," she said quietly: "the third-class refreshment-room is three doors lower down." In one way, at least, the influence of these women is not bad. They usually command enough respect to restrain their customers from the use of profanity in their presence, and before them even men who have been bitten as by a serpent and stung as by an adder limit their talk to decent subjects.

The English are becoming a politer people than they used to be: they are not as effusively courtly and ceremonious as the people of France, where one's right arm and shoulders become wearied from repeated doffings of the hat and low bows, but they have less of the Gothic bluntness which characterized

them of old. They have begun to cultivate the small arts of flattery, and are elaborate in their thanks for services done, and profuse in their apologies for trouble given.

The civility of the servants impresses an American from the moment he puts his foot on board the English steamer at his port of departure; and he finds it everywhere,—in the neat-handed Phillis who, in a tasteful cotton gown and a pretty lace cap set off with bows of blue or pink ribbon, brings him his breakfast when he has taken lodgings, in the starched and clerical-looking hotel waiters, in railway conductors and porters, and in attendants of all sorts. Perhaps the prospective "tip" is an incentive; but the "tip" is now nearly as common here as in England, and yet it does not smooth the manners of Pat and Bridget. Spoiled by political cant and privileges too generously conferred, the people who fill similar positions in America refuse to properly recognize their superiors, and the change from their arrogant manners to the quiet, respectful bearing of English servants is one which the greatest home-lover cannot fail to welcome. When the change is reversed, and, at the end of his sojourn abroad, the patriot comes back to the assuming and undisciplined servants of his own country, he will surely have one point, at least, to score in England's favor.

Very likely, too, he will be impressed by the difference in the police. He will remember the mild manners of the constables of English cities,—how ready they are to answer questions, and how respectful. He may have seen them in a "row" with a crowd of drunken laborers on a Saturday night, or among some brawling soldiers. Their attitude is one of Christian-like forbearance. They don't rush in and club every head within reach, but use moral suasion before they apply any other force. He may have seen one of these model officers standing alone in a threatening crowd of disorderly people, and not replying to threat with threat, but patiently endeavoring to have them "move on." He may have seen a *posse* of them

put along the sidewalk to keep order on Lord Mayor's Day, or at some other public celebration, and he must have admired their good humor as the crowd has become restive and made bold attempts to break its bounds and invade the space barricaded off for the procession. The big, full-chested fellows have stood shoulder to shoulder and held the mass behind them back as by a wall. There was no clubbing or bullying, and, as they have continued to hold their position against all the impatient pushing which they have had to bear, they have smiled triumphantly, and perhaps jokingly taunted the besiegers with their failure. Watching them, an American looker-on must have thought how different it would have been in New York,—how much aggressive ferocity there would have been,—how many dazed and bleeding heads.

The club is not encouraged in England. In one of my note-books I have an extract from a London newspaper of August 7, 1880, which gives an account of a charge of assault brought by a policeman against a corner ruffian who had struck him on the nose. The policeman had afterward struck his assailant with his club, or, as the much modified and reduced weapon is called in England, his truncheon. "This is a very serious case," said the Solon on the bench, gravely putting on his spectacles. "Using the club is wholly reprehensible, and your position should have been one of extreme forbearance." As the unfortunate officer saw the prisoner discharged, he must have wondered when in that magistrate's eyes he would have been justified in resenting the mutilation of his person and the defacement of his countenance, and as he counted his next week's pay he might appropriately have hummed the song, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one." The salary of an American policeman is about twenty dollars a week, and the salary of an English policeman is about seven. There surely cannot be any scarcity of Christian virtues where they are purchasable at so low a price.

"Tipping" is becoming common here,

but it has not yet reached the extensive proportions which it has in England. There the palm of the servant is ever open, itching for a gratuity, while the servant's eyes coldly measure the prospects as far as he can discern them in the giver's manner and dress. When you eat your modest chop at the "Cock," or a similar old-time tavern, you find an item charged for attendance in the bill, as is the custom in England; but this does not relieve you of the necessity of feeing the waiter, who takes his threepence with little thankfulness and feels defrauded if it is not given to him. Having paid twice for attendance, a customer might reasonably feel that he had done enough; but he has yet to pay tribute to the head-waiter, who collects the money, and who never fails to make change so that there is always a small coin which finds its way into his own pocket. The cabman invariably expects a "tip," usually about fifty per cent. of the legal amount of his fare; and the boy who shuts the door of the cab expects *his* tip. The usher at the theatre, who shows you to your seat and sells you a programme for sixpence, the porter at the station, the man who walks round the corner to point out a shop for which you have been inquiring,—whoever of the lower classes does you the smallest service, whether it is asked for or is volunteered, looks for some gratuity.

The tax becomes especially formidable when you are leaving an hotel at which you have been sojourning, particularly if it is a genuine old-fashioned and picturesque inconvenient house. At such taverns the prices are in proportion to their lack of modern comforts,—of electric bells, private baths, and luxuriously-appointed smoking-rooms: the lower the ceiling, the higher the tariff. Perhaps you have only stopped one night,—have arrived by a late train and gone straight to bed, and have not spoken to any of the servants. Still, when the hour of departure comes, you will find waiters, chambermaids, and "boots" drawn up in single file between the stairway and the door, each expectant of a "tip;" and it is a courageous man who can walk along

the line without some shamefacedness unless he fees them. It is fatuity for him to pretend to be so much occupied that he cannot see them: he feels their cold influence penetrating him, and shows them that he feels it, and the chances are that, before he is at the end, he turns upon his heel and says, "Oh, by the way!" as if he had unintentionally overlooked them, and repairs the omission.

If the custom were restricted to servants in public places, we might be patient under the burden; but the strangest feature of it is that the English allow it to mar the spontaneous and graceful hospitality of their homes. A visit to a country-house, especially during the shooting-season, costs more in fees to servants than board and lodging at a comfortable farm-house or village inn. "Why do you never come and visit me?" said a country gentleman to a young American artist whom we know. "Well, to be candid," said the latter, who is not rich, "I can't afford it." The higher servants, such as the butler and the gamekeeper, expect nothing less than gold, and it is their expectations

which usually gauge the gift. An Englishman feels ashamed of himself if he departs from any well-established precedent, however much circumstances may justify him. He may be a young and briefless barrister, a struggling professional man with the slenderest of incomes, but he "tips" fat John Thomas a guinea as if the coin were nothing to him, because the other guests do the same thing. Americans are far less conventional in dress and in most social observances than the English, and it need not be regretted that they are not inclined to sink all individuality in one mould.

There are many other little differences between the two countries, as there necessarily must be, climate and sociological conditions forcing them; but they are not enough to sever the family ties or to hide the consanguinity. After all, there are more points of resemblance than of difference, and of the points of difference those touched upon here are not more significant than many which are found between the household of one sister and another.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

### THE MYSTERY OF SPRING.

O FRESH young green that I have longed to see,  
Why not a little while stay just the same?  
Last year, when dark leaves covered yonder tree,  
I wondered much how all the leafage came,

And thought my eye should catch, another spring,  
The quick and strange gradations of its growth,  
And take its full delight in everything,—  
To grant which Nature is forever loath.

She shows us pregnant bud of leaf and flower;  
Watch as we may, we miss the *when* and *how*;  
But eyes averted, even for an hour,  
Turn back to blossomed beauty on the bough.

My joys, like April's bud and leaf ye blow,  
Almost too suddenly answering desire;  
Like theirs, I wait your coming, yet come slow,  
Born—blossomed ere I know it—ye expire.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.



## A MAY-DAY ON THE SIMPLON.

COMING north from the fiery slopes of Vesuvius, from the wide stretches of the Roman Campagna, where the fever-fiend is already wakening in these lengthening spring days, lingering awhile in lovely Florence, just in her glory of leafy bowers and gardens, all odorous with fresh roses, so that we should hate to leave her did not each day bring an increase of temperature and promises of speedy warm weather, we think, with intense satisfaction, that Switzerland is our present destination. Early, we know; yet now or never must it be, and it only remains to decide by what path we shall enter its small but charmed borders, that summer paradise whose mere mention conjures up such visions of delight. And here will the gentle reader pardon a slight digression while we ask him if that name is not, to him, always associated with Mont Blanc as its crowning beauty and glory? Those who have studied geography practically by visiting the places in question of course know otherwise, and that promising young scion of the house whose reports from school are all perfection would sneer at our statement; yet we venture to say that nine people out of ten, upon a sudden question as to its locality being put to them, would reply that the monarch of the Alps reared his proud head in Switzerland. Far from it: never has he been there. Changes of boundaries and the acquisition of the Haute-Savoie by Napoleon III. have made him French and not Italian,—not Swiss. We are told that many even of the mountain-guides labor under this delusion, and, we confess, to give it up costs us the sacrifice of life-long ideas; yet truth must prevail, and in future we must disassociate his lofty peak from the brave little republic whose name has always called him before our fancy's eye.

But *revenons à nos moutons*,—very lost sheep indeed, as time will show, but at present all unconscious of any

dangers hidden in our path, though prudently making all inquiries before deciding upon a route. Letters written from Florence, renewed queries at Milan, result in the same answer: the passage of the Simplon has been safely made for some time; the diligence has been running regularly for eight days past.

The Simplon or Mont Cenis? we ask each other repeatedly. No one quite likes to take the responsibility of saying positively which it shall be: so, with one finger on the *orario* and eyes roving from guide-book to train-list, we balance the pros and cons. We freely confess it is rather fear of discomfort than any realization of danger which makes Mont Cenis at times almost win the day; but at length one of our party, with a heart set upon the passage of the Simplon, speaks firmly and determinedly (murmuring under bated breath, "if only the good weather lasts"), and that all-important moment in which a misty vision crystallizes into a settled plan is over. It is now but a question of packing trunks, strapping up innumerable wraps, and catching a train for Arona: so that not until our party are seated in the train and the fairy-like frost-work of Milan cathedral fades into distance behind us do we have leisure to note various suspicious-looking masses of cloud which skirt the eastern horizon. They hint at storms and snows, but so vaguely that hope is fain to shake off any such forebodings and to whisper that one never can understand weather-signs in foreign lands, and that what would mean certain doom to our sunshine at home may be only an Italian mode of promising more of the famed "blue skies" of this Southern clime. Taking the steamer on Lake Maggiore, we expand ourselves and our possessions with that delightful freedom to come and go and sit down in a dozen different places in as many minutes, which is always a relief after the confinement of a railway-carriage. On we

glide, feasting our eyes on the beauties of the lovely lake, longing indeed for sunshine, but with that elastic hope which sees so much promise in the slightest break in the clouds or the least gleam of brightness. St Charles Borromeo gazes at us, as we sail by, out of his great eyes, and his giant bronze form, seventy feet in height, looms up over the hills long after we have passed him. Oh that he were "Old Probabilities," that we might consult him on our future! Is there no possibility of putting off a storm, of rushing through the Simplon before the torrents descend? And still—oh, benighted ones!—our thought is yet only of discomfort and loss of the view; no suspicion of what lies before us. Our short voyage on the waters of the placid lake is soon over. Beguiled by its visions of loveliness, and struggling to bring into use a supply of rusty German, entirely laid on the shelf during our winter in Italy, but now in demand to enable us to reply to an artist from Munich, who, strangely enough for one of that nation, speaks but his own tongue, we land at Pallanza. A diligence is just starting for Domo d'Ossola, at the foot of the pass, and it seems wiser to push on at once. Retreat now is impossible, so we burn our bridges behind us,—otherwise, take the diligence for our starting-point next day, and drive on through the gathering gloom. Here and there a view beautiful even in the obscurity of the hour gladdens our eyes, and we pass through several small villages, near one of which, Ornavasso, are the famous quarries from which the marble of Milan cathedral has been hewn. The vicinity of large supplies of valuable stone is attested by the freedom with which it is used for wayside- and fence-posts.

We arrive at last at Domo d'Ossola, alight from the diligence, and are taken in charge by a waiter from the Hôtel d'Espagne. It has been recommended to us, yet somehow a disagreeable association with Château d'Espagne will force itself upon our minds, and a glimmering possibility that the delights of our passage of the Simplon may fade into air-

castles before to-morrow's drizzling rain. A comfortable supper and bright rooms soon reawaken hope, enabling us to note one of the other arrivals at the Hôtel d'Espagne, who, far down the long table, is silently consuming bread-and-butter. Anon the waiter appears, and addresses him in French, asking some question about the morrow's journey. He, then, is to be one of the pilgrims across the Simplon, and we listen with interest while he replies mildly but firmly in Italian. He is not one to lose the benefit of travel in foreign lands by always talking French: his Italian is good, but comes from his lips with such a careful and correct rendering we know at once it is an acquired, not a native, tongue, and are not surprised later to find him a German. That people have certainly the gift of tongues, and, since "practice makes perfect," one need not wonder they speak the languages well, for was any helpless Englishman or American ever allowed to practise *his* acquirements in their language if his German companions knew even a word of our Anglo-Saxon speech? We go to our rest sanguine; for what may not the night bring forth? For a few hours we slumber on, to be called early for our departure, the diligence leaving at half-past six A.M.

Rap-rap-rap, we are awakened, and a rush is, of course, made at once to the window. Gray, monotonous skies are all above us, and a quiet, gentle, persistent rain is descending upon the Hôtel d'Espagne and the streets and by-ways of Domo d'Ossola. We hope for the coupé, but the waiter can promise nothing till the diligence arrives from Pallanza: so we breakfast in haste, and, reaching the office just as the great lumbering coach arrives, secure the coveted places. The German walks up to the desk a moment after, and, stating that he will take the coupé, has his enthusiasm somewhat dashed by being told that he is just too late. We set off soon, and, after a long stretch of level road bordered by trees, begin to ascend rapidly: glimpses of superb views athwart the clouds and heavy rain give us some faint conception of the grandeur of the road. The

Mark Tapley of the party advances some theory about its being much more likely to clear when it rains just in this way than in some other; but, as at home it is a hard, heavy shower that usually precedes such a happy consummation (not a monotonous down-pour like this), the remark is received very coldly, and the author of it feels extinguished. On through several villages, and at last we pass the frontier and the Swiss custom-house at Gondo, where a tall, handsome officer puts his head into the coupé, says, "Vous n'avez rien à déclarer, mesdames?" does not wait for an answer, bows politely, and retires.

The horses are, of course, often changed at all seasons, but, as the daily service is not yet at its best this year, the diligences, too, are changed, and thus our quarters gradually become more contracted, while a gentle pit-pat from overhead keeps our hats and veils pleasantly damp. Despite the wet, the children along the road run out with their posies for us to buy, and the front of the coupé-window presents quite a gay appearance, hardly in accordance with the spirits of the party, where "hope," as the song says, "has grown gray." Mark Tapley, rising like a phoenix from its ashes, now tries a suggestion less in accordance with the character of his illustrious namesake than the former,—"Suppose what is rain below should be snow above,"—and then subsides again. And even now, as we pass the Swiss frontier, flakes, instead of drops, are falling, and ere long the air is thick with them,—not such flakes as we have ever seen before, but plummy, feathery things, as though the down from an ostrich's breast or from a swan's neck were being shaken upon us. How beautiful they are, and each one singly how harmless! yet slowly piling themselves up about us they become a danger indeed. Along the road the stones which are set up for protection on the edge of the precipitous way begin to do a double office, and serve to indicate our path through the ever-deepening, whitening pall that lies around us. Here and there we stop at a refuge, where driver and conductor

gladly enter to be warmed and refreshed. Near one of them we halt upon a bridge, and see far below us the dashing stream, while giant walls of rock rear themselves on either hand. It is a wild and impressive scene, and, though of course one loses much of its beauty, the grandeur seems almost enhanced by the aspect under which we now survey it. Several peasants who have walked from Domo d'Ossola exchange, now and then, words with our driver, and the prospects of getting through to-day seem doubtful. We are two hours behind time already, at the little village of Simplon, where we stop to dine, scarcely seeing the houses behind the drifts till we are actually beside them. Dinner seems always to have a cheering effect upon travellers, and cold and numbness vanish as we sit in a well-warmed room and discuss edibles and prospects at once.

Our German fellow-traveller proves to be rather a valetudinarian, and, judging from the amount of luggage and wraps he carries, is not one to expose himself rashly or undefended to the weather. Our other fellow-pilgrim is a pleasant Scotchman, due in London in a day or two, and not at all charmed with the prospect of being snowed up.

We set out again immediately, to go as far as possible, and, with six horses and men to dig us out of the fast-deepening drifts, push on. How grandly beautiful are some of the glimpses we get now and then of deep abysses, steep, towering mountains, and glorious firs all laden with the plummy snow! The poor horses flounder on, but ever and anon come to a dead stop, while, with spade and pickaxe, the wheels are again and again let loose from their snowy prison. We pass the tower of the old Hospice far below us, and push on, hoping to reach the main shelter, and giving up all idea of reaching Brieg to-night. Slower and slower becomes our progress, while the many workmen busy digging us out of the drifts exchange opinions with our driver and conductor in French, German, or a curious mixture of the two. At last, after what seems an age of suspense, the great, gray, hospitable

building appears before us, and the sight seems to give fresh courage to the horses and men who have toiled so patiently during the past two hours. We draw up in front of the Hospice, but at some distance from its open doors. The conductor reluctantly acknowledges, as he hears the report of workmen from beyond, that farther advance is impracticable, and all prepare to alight. The avalanches beyond have not yet fallen, and, until they do, to proceed is madness. A moment of perplexity ensues: how are we, in ordinarily thick travelling boots, to traverse the great drifts which lie between us and our shelter? The perplexity is soon solved, for a moment more and we see the Teuton borne aloft on the shoulders of a stout Swiss. We are soon seized in turn and carried off, rather too suddenly for one of the party. Shall we ever forget her bewilderment or the ludicrous sight presented to our gaze as we look back from the steps where our strong bearer has deposited us? An elderly lady, who, though small of stature, is never wanting in dignity to make the most of her height, is being carried pickapack through the drifts: a mingled expression of surprise, fright, and injured majesty possesses her features, and yet she looks almost ready to laugh at the absurdity of the position.

At the door we are met by the brother superior, a quiet, gentlemanly man, apparently not more than forty years of age, whose hospitable welcome, kind consideration, and thoughtful care for his guests make us remember him with much gratitude and pleasure. He leads us up the broad stone stair-way, conducts us to the monastery parlor, and, after inquiring whether we will dine at once and being assured that we prefer joining the brethren at their evening meal, leaves us, to prepare chambers for our reception. We are soon shown to two communicating rooms, and, being the only ladies of the party, are honored with the sole sleeping-apartment which contains a stove. The German and the Scotchman are to be across the hall, but a confidential chat with them reveals to us that the valetudinarian envies us greatly

our heated chamber, and he accordingly petitions to be located next to it, that he may reap a slight benefit from our stove. Chivalry forbids him to begrudge us the possession of it, but we know he longs for our room: the door stands open till evening, and once we find him on hands and knees warming his socks and preparing his wraps in front of the coveted fire against the hour when he shall be shut off from its genial rays.

The Hospice itself was originally built by Napoleon, who constructed this wonderful road to lead his armies more easily into Italy, and who asked impatiently so often during its progress, "*Le canon peut-il encore passer au Simplon?*" It is now occupied and conducted by monks of the St. Bernard order. Being, unlike the older hospice of that name, directly on a great carriage-road, there is not here the same danger of travellers across the pass losing their way, and the duties are consequently less severe than at the parent monastery. All the monks, however, spend their novitiate at St. Bernard, and are subject to the same rules as their brethren there. The house is a bare, plain building of great size, and within, long corridors, paved with stone and unadorned, give it somewhat of a prison-like aspect. To us it seems a most welcome refuge, and, after a chat around the fire in the parlor,—a large, scantily-furnished room, with, however, a piano, some good music, and portraits of St. Bernard and Napoleon,—we are summoned to dinner. The refectory is on the same floor, and on its walls are a fine photograph of Raphael's St. Cecilia, some religious pictures, and a great clock. The table is set for us all, and, after grace by the brother superior, we do justice to a simple but abundant dinner of soup, two meats, each with an attendant vegetable, and a dessert of rice and sweets. It falls to our lot to be seated between the superior and our Teutonic friend, and the former gives us much interesting information about the Hospice and life there, keeping, however, a constant watch over the comfort of his guests and anticipating their every want.

Distressed that the elderly lady will take no wine,—of which he offers us both red and white,—he urges her to mention something she can drink, and, seeing her look sympathetic when he speaks of tea, orders the servant at once to bring her some. Then and there are we forcibly reminded that the brewing of that beverage is not a Continental accomplishment. 'The potion is soon brought; sugar is produced, but no cream, and the lady, being unwilling to put her new friends to continued trouble, meekly imbibes the questionable-looking mixture with a large spoon from a bowl, it being served as soup. And—pardon the digression—why, oh, why is it so impossible for any one nation to possess at one time the secret of making two beverages with equal success? Who that has returned to England after months on the Continent can easily reconcile himself to that poor, thin liquid, neutral of tint and doubtful of flavor, which his London hotel- or lodging-house-keeper serves to him under the title of coffee? Does not his soul turn back lovingly to the *kaffee mit milch*, the *caffè latte*, above all, to the *café au lait*, which he has so long enjoyed? And, on the other hand, does he ever find on the Continent a "good, strong cup of tea"? O virgin daughters of England, who march over Europe bearing, as a friend says, your lamps, your spirit, tea-making lamps, in your hands, pausing in Tyrolean valleys, on Italian lakes, amidst Swiss mountains, nay, even in the august presence of Mont Blanc himself, to "make a cup of tea," can you not display a little missionary zeal in this matter and in the cause of humanity teach the benighted foreigner something of your simple but potent art?

But to resume our tale. The brother tells us of the many narrow escapes from death both men and horses make during similar storms, of the numbers of Italian workmen who cross the pass during the winter and early spring months, one day in March four hundred, many of whom were entertained at the Hospice. He explains to us the housekeeping arrangements, and describes his great

store-room, its rafters all hung with hams and its shelves piled with loaves of bread ready for any emergency. The bread has all to be brought from Domo d'Ossola or Brieg, the coldness and rarity of the air rendering it impossible to make good bread on these lofty heights. He tells us, too, of the short yearly vacation each monk enjoys, when he goes over to Martigny or perchance to Italy for a few days, he himself having once reached Bologna, as he tells us while answering in the negative our question if he has ever seen the Eternal City. At Martigny is a home for the old and disabled St. Bernard brethren, and here, after the toilsome life which soon breaks them down, the good monks end their days. We consult him, also, as to the variously-estimated height of the Simplon, and he gives it,—of course in centimètres, using the French language, the only one he speaks. In our eagerness to prove how mistaken we had been in our figures, we forget our manners, and, comparing notes with our friends across the table in English, all burst into a peal of laughter at our absurdly incorrect guesses. A moment's glance at the brother's dignified and rather grave countenance reveals to us the horrible fact that he imagines somehow the laugh is at him: so we hasten to explain, and forswear English, even to our own party, till we are again alone.

The brethren disperse, their figures in long black habits with white ribbon across the shoulder disappearing down the dusky corridors, while we, under the superior's guidance, visit the dogs, five beautiful young creatures of the St. Bernard breed, large and finely shaped, with white and yellow-brown coats. They seem very fond of the brother, but one of them is a little shy of us, and our guide explains that he has never quite recovered from the fright given him by an Italian workman who struck him. They lead much less useful lives than their brethren of the higher pass, but show their fondness for the snow by plunging into the drifts and gambolling gayly when they are let out. They seem hardly grave enough to be kindred



of the famous Barry, whom stuffed we gaze upon in the Berne museum, who living saved so many lives, and who at last received his death from the hand of a traveller whom he was trying to relieve. One rarely hears a more pathetic story than that of poor Barry, mistaken for a wild beast by the slowly-reviving sufferer whom he was trying to warm back to consciousness, and thus meeting his own death-blow.

A comfortable night's rest, and we rise again, to see what weather is ours. From the windows one looks out over a pathless waste of snow, the great summit of Monte Leone rising behind us, and the sky above being so nearly white that one can scarce trace the outline of the mountains against it. The only breaks in the monotony are the great yellow stage and other vehicles which crop into sight from the drifts, and a little wall of stone which has escaped being buried. We breakfast alone, the kind brother accompanying us to the refectory and seeing that we are taken care of. Our German friend still slumbers on; our Scotch friend has long been up, consulting Bradshaw as to what train he can catch should we be so lucky as to get off to-day. The morning is passed in some uncertainty, for the accounts from the Swiss side are not yet encouraging enough to permit us to start. We visit the chapel, with its portraits of St. Bernard and St. Augustine, and look over the travellers' book, where we see some familiar names and many expressions of gratitude and appreciation of the kind hospitality of the monks. We add our similar acknowledgments; and we have indeed been thankful for the shelter and welcome they have given us. It is truly a generous one, for, although custom ordains that those who can shall deposit in the chapel poor-box as much as they would have paid at a hotel, the monks themselves are evidently quite unconcerned about the matter, and we have to look up the box for ourselves, nor does any one know what goes into it.

Toward noon it is decided that those who deem it advisable to take the risk

may attempt the descent in sledges. Fearing that a thaw may increase the danger, we decide to be of the party, our kind host the superior urging us to remain if we feel at all timid about the journey. We decline with thanks, and, after lunching with the monks, equip ourselves for the trip. The German with a driver goes in the first sledge, then comes the luggage, and finally our own party, with the Scotchman. The brother superior accompanies us on foot to see that we get safely over the worst part of the road, and so the cavalcade sets forth. A path has been dug through the drifts, and sometimes within an inch of the precipice, by workmen who are still employed to keep the track open through the snow which is constantly falling from the higher slopes. Behind each sledge is a follower, who, with great skill and agility, throws his weight on whichever side it is needed to keep our conveyance level, while we, for our part, endeavor to "trim." Twice the German's sledge tips quite over,—mercifully on the side away from the precipice, so that a plunge into the drifts is all the injury he sustains. We and the Scotchman have each a turn in tasting the snow very suddenly, but our sledge is so skilfully balanced that we do not once go entirely over. The priest still walks behind us, talking cheerfully, and now and then exclaiming, in approval of the success in balancing us which our workman achieves, "*Très-bien, très-bien, Alexandre!*" Great clouds of mist come sweeping up the gorge, through which we for an instant only have a glimpse which gives us a hint of what grandeur there must be when the view is clear. Our friend looks rather anxious as the great masses surge toward us; but it brightens again, and the threatened peril is past.

We now approach the most dangerous part of the road, between the fifth and fourth refuges. The water from the Kaltwasser glacier falls over a gallery built in the rock, and the most perilous point of our journey lies just here. Several times before the way has seemed almost impassable, and once, ice and snow

having blocked one of the tunnels, the path has been cut on a narrow footing of mountain-side which borders the outside wall; but the part of the pass which in sunny Italy we have read of in Bædeker as so perilous in times of avalanches, never thinking to see it under such circumstances, lies before us now. Along the edge of the road stand twelve men, ready to grasp our sledge should it swerve a hair's breadth toward the precipice. The horses are quiet and sure-footed, the men skilful and alert, yet we feel as if we stood within an inch of death: we draw a long breath, close our eyes, and wait. Twice in our lives have we stood thus seemingly upon the threshold of that other world which is always so near us, and yet the vicinity of which we do not often realize as in such thrilling moments. For an instant there is a feeling that we *must* live, death *cannot* be so near us; and then that quiet, hushed expectancy in which we realize that God's world is one, visible and invisible are but two portions of His own great kingdom, and, with the consciousness that, helpless as we are, a loving Father's hand holds us, we resign ourselves to whatever may betide. Would that in the minor affairs of life, in the every-day bustle of ordinary existence, this complete submission and resignation, which is one of the compensating features of moments of great danger, could be ours! Sooner even than we write these words, the peril is over: we have passed safely the dreaded spot, and our kind friend bids us farewell, returning to the Hospice, his black-robed figure gradually lessening to a speck upon the great white shroud which hides all else from our sight. We pass through another gallery, the ice hanging in great stalactites from the roof and making the floor slippery as glass. At the next refuge we exchange our sledges for a diligence which has been sent up from Brieg to meet us.

The snow is still deep, though less so as we descend, and the workmen have use for their shovels and spades where fresh avalanches have fallen. We pass Bérissal, where a handful of peasants once successfully defended the pass

against a greatly superior force of Italians, and the Ganter-Brücke, where there is another dangerous section of road, and where heaps of newly-fallen stones, which have been set in motion far above and have rolled swiftly down the almost perpendicular mountain-sides, make us feel thankful we have not been struck by similar missiles. The snow changes to mud; the sun breaks through the clouds; far up the pass the refuges are just discernible athwart the parting mists. We begin to meet peasants on foot, who, undeterred by the drifts beyond, are making their way to the village of Simplon, where, to-morrow, a *fête* is to be held; a young curé is to preach his first sermon in the little Alpine church; and soon we meet him too, accompanied by his mother and sister, on his way to the Hospice. Around us now stretches the smiling valley of the Saltine, its rich pasture-lands carpeted with lovely flowers and tenanted by reflective-looking kine. It seems hard to realize that a trackless waste of snow lies so near us, and, as we drive down the steep slopes, past the quaint old Stockalper château, into the village of Brieg, we give earnest thanks for our providential escape.

After an hour or two of rest in the comfortable little inn, we go out for a walk, and enjoy a lovely sunset, which bathes the steep Glisshorn in a glory of rosy light, while the sky, of that intense pure blue which often follows a heavy storm, is filled with floating golden clouds. Its splendor gradually fades away, the peasants withdraw to their early slumbers, and darkness descends on Brieg and the weary but thankful travellers. A good night's rest, and we are again *en route*, but now by rail through the beautiful Rhone valley, and night finds us, after enjoying a series of glorious views, ending with the blue lake of Geneva, and Mont Blanc in the background, restored to comfort and commonplace in a Swiss *pension*. Both are excellent things in their way, but, despite all its perils, we treasure the memory of our May-day on the Simplon, and would scarcely exchange it for a more ordinary passage of the route.

P. D. NATT.

## OUR FLOWER-GARDENS.

TO cover the new continent with wheat and corn and cattle and pigs and the means of putting these interesting products into portable form and transporting them to where—in the classic phrase that unites with the Pacific Railroad to immortalize the *Crédit Mobilier*—they will do the most good is a great task, hitherto very creditably performed. It is the strictly practical side of our work; a less practical, a more abstract side being the making of some history and of more politics, much of the latter being rejectable by the historian as merely transient and tentatory or abortive. The æsthetic or decorative is yet to come, unless we are to accept the present craze over that sort of thing as not simply a misty and doubtful dawn, but high noon.

To the mind of the present writer the whole pother about dadoes, chimney-pieces, and ceramics is but the recognition of a need and a movement, and barely a slender foreshadowing of the thing itself. Be it only fantastic and conventional, however, or really substantial, we are not just now concerned with it. Our talk is not of rugs, walls, and chimney-pieces, but of out-door charms that nature offers us with only the condition of a little love and nurture,—beauties she has conferred upon the earth from its first hour of springing life, and which, blushing unseen in forest, marsh, or rocky fastness, she has reared and cherished herself when, from ignorance, indifference, or whatever cause, human aid failed. And, to do justice to our race, it has never, anywhere, been entirely blind to the flowers. It fixes its cubiculum in the garden of Eden, and has ever since entwined flowers with some of its most vivid and vital records. The statued kings and princesses of Egypt still smell their water-lilies of stone; the honeysuckle ornament runs all over the Periclean eaves; the rose is the one elegance in Arabic literature; the white

and red roses gleam through the great struggle of the English renaissance; the *fleur-de-lis* and the violet perfume the annals of France; and wreaths of flowers are the national costume of the South Sea savages.

Beyond this general heritage of floral associations, our people have a more direct and special one. Flowers are a sort of Anglo-Saxon passion. The "nation of shopkeepers" goes to its daily work with a bouquet or a single blossom in its button-hole; myriads of cottage- and street-windows throughout the island coax the coy, reluctant sunshine with these bright little petitioners; and the nearest surroundings of the hall are parterres. Misty Scotland is the land of gardeners, and they swarm toward our western sun like gnats, except that they are far from being so idle as a dance of midges. Most of the household flowers of England do as well here as at home, and many of them better. They came over with the pioneers, some, in fact, with perhaps a variation, having been here long before. Violet, woodbine, eglantine, larkspur, and a number of others uplifted their familiar faces to greet the wanderers with the semblance of the home they had left. The farther the continent was penetrated, the more striking became its floral wealth, if less familiar in its character. The prairies, shadeless and fertile, were more densely carpeted with flowers than the woods of the East could be. The strength of the seaboard, indeed, lay in its unexampled abundance of conspicuously blossoming trees,—the North-American forests probably surpassing in this respect those of any other part of the world. Witness the locust (*Robinia*), catalpa, three or four species of magnolia, as many of horse-chestnut and buckeye, wild cherry, dog-wood, redbud, tulip-tree, linn, and yellow-wood or *virgilia*. These stately masses of color and perfume, looking down upon the long carpet unrolled at

their feet from south to north by the advancing spring, of myrtle, yellow jessamine, bay, hibiscus, kalmia, bramble, rhododendron, and their fellows, amply vindicated the seaboard's right as fit foreground to a land of flowers.

Those of their old friends that did not precede the whites were not slow to follow them. The desert was already blossoming as the rose; but they made it blossom after a new fashion. The rapidity with which the vegetable immigrants flocked in and established themselves is remarkable, when the difficulty of transporting some of them through the long voyages of those days is considered. The inland part of the journey was, for many, more trying than the sea. But roots, cuttings, seeds, and bulbs made their way westward as fast almost as the bees, which keep a little in the van. In pockets, wagons, and saddle-bags they pushed on in their peaceful march. A few species which had the knack of it, thanks to their own nature and favoring conditions, distributed themselves without human aid beyond that extended in their first planting. The birds and the winds were potent emigration-agents, and furnished free tickets over all the air-lines.

It must be confessed that the floral aborigines have been nearly as badly treated by the European interlopers as were the Indians. Extirpated, indeed, they could not be, but they were not invited to the domestic hearth and habitation. To that honor few of them were promoted. They occupy somewhat of the position of poor relations. From the roadside, the edge of the wood, the brake, or the common, they are fain to contemplate the good fortune of the pampered invaders, mantling their vernal and summer faces all the same with the old brightness, as though content with permission to live. A few of them lie under the ban of the law and have a price set on their heads. Were the Canada thistle—a plant distinguished by the grace of its spike and the vividness of its rare color—a greenhouse darling from Borneo or Brazil, sustained by stove-heat and decorated with the Latin-

ized name of some Teutonic botanist, it would be as eminent in catalogues and bouquets as it now is in proscriptive legislation and the anathemas of agricultural societies. It would figure at prize-shows, doubled in size and number of petals, infinite in variety of growth and tint, and fearful in nothing but its price. Instead of being the victim of the unsparing and prosaic hoe, it would repose on the breast of beauty and contribute celestial azure to the bridal wreath. It shows a sense of its capabilities and of wrong in its defiant way of maintaining a foothold on its native sod. It chooses its own habitat, always selects good ground, and, where not absolutely overwhelmed by the concentrated and persistently-used resources of the enemy, seizes upon broad reaches of territory. On fertile limestone land that is not carefully cultivated it covers hundreds of acres with the richest blue, beautiful as the Highland heather and as vocal with bees. It makes the best of all honey. Had the Greeks had it in place of thyme, it would have been sacred to the gods, and the Attic husbandman would have been fined for not growing it. Yet the hand that writes this has been often lifted relentlessly against it. Such is human nature. The truly beautiful may be truly a nuisance. What becomes of the utility theory of beauty?

Which of the imported flowers have been longest and most thoroughly naturalized we may gather from a glance at a deserted homestead and its survival of the fittest. The violet, if there is any shade, is still there, and the yellow Scotch and damask roses, and lilacs, and mayhap some hollyhocks. Bearing its back against a shelving rock, like Fitz-James at Coilantogle ford, the large German iris, white, blue, or purple, takes its stand. The narcissus tribe, subterranean for three parts of the year, is safe, the densest turf to the contrary notwithstanding. Equally tough is the coarse orange tuberous-rooted lily, which is not a lily, and the cliff-lily, which is a yucca. These are of the flowers of our fathers, or rather of our mothers and grandmothers, as they will be of our

children, for they have come to stay, and will outlive a long succession of visiting foreigners who have no "intention of becoming residents." We might supplement them with a great many equally familiar if less sturdy forms. Baby hands that are yet to come will scatter the snow of the Guelder rose and the syringa, as others of long ago have done. The same busy little vandals will continue to shorten the short glow of the peony. The large blooms of this old favorite are just the right height for the juvenile grip, and their radiance is so obtrusive that to resist the challenge is an effort too great to expect from the average youngster. The May sward flecked with the battered crimson is certain to show where the little ones have been. That is childhood's way of enjoying flowers. Why not? When a flower is at its best, it is fit to be plucked. Left longer on the stem, it becomes unsightly and exhausts the plant. At any rate, the small harvesters do not work long, and soon weary of ill-doing. An intruding fowl will do more mischief in an hour than a nursery in half a day. The feathered biped does not care for the surface of things. She goes to the root of the matter, and seldom spends her time without marked results.

The flowers we are to live among, like the institutions we are to live under, are designated by the past. We may improve and extend, but we cannot go far in abolishing. Not only test but association and the still less concrete force of poetry determine our course in this regard. Plenty of verse has been written about the lily of the valley (another misnomer), and it is therefore, as well as for other reasons, a fixed fact of the parterre. It has the first choice among shady spots. Newer claimants for these sites must wait upon their elders. The fuchsia is one; but who ever sentimentalized over that Peruvian novelty of the other day, as it were? Then, too, Dr. Fuchs's namesake has to beat a retreat before the first onset of Jack Frost and seek asylum for the winter. Obviously, the framework of the structure must consist of our old and tried friends,

whether they buffet the winter above ground or snugly smile at it below. Roses head, and will always head, the former class. Hybrid perpetual, moss, tea, Bourbon, or prairie, all are charming. The line of latitude that limits the hardiness of the tea-rose is as important florally as Mason and Dixon's used to be politically. But, like that, it is fading out. With the use of methods that are improving each year, this charming family may be made perfectly at home through all the months well up toward the Lakes. And some varieties are harder than others, so as to need very little shelter. It will be a great day when the "Gloire de Dijon," the "Marshal Niel," and the "Cloth of Gold" can be acclimatized on the fortieth degree. In the tempered air of the cities, many of the low-growing teas endure the winter to the north of that without any sort of protection. Millions of hot-house roses are set out each spring, to bloom for one season and die down; but the bloom of these is far inferior in size and perfume to that of older plants. Where, as in the far South, they are hardy as apple-trees, they arrive at full age,—if any one can tell what is the natural lifetime of a rose.

The clematis and hydrangea resemble the rose in possessing hardy and half-hardy varieties. Until lately the one and all the finer kinds of the other were never spoken of as winter-proof. Now this character belongs to some very showy kinds of both. Jackman's clematis and the large Japanese hydrangea are real acquisitions. But, while carefully seeking and warmly welcoming such foreigners, we are strangely neglectful of plants every way finer and to the manner born. The native azalea is quite as elegant in flower and growth as that brought from India and sedulously nurtured in our greenhouses, and it has the vast advantage of a rich perfume. We have seen it growing in three colors side by side,—pink, white, and yellow. Neither this nor its associates the kalmias and the "big laurel" have been honored with any attention by our cultivators. In private gardens they are



conspicuous by their absence. It is the more unaccountable as they are all favorites in England, and the laurels, as they are commonly termed, supply precisely the broad-leaved evergreens our winter landscape needs and which cannot otherwise be commanded at the North. Their requirements of shade and a deep, light, peaty soil can surely be easily met. Many a northward slope might be rescued from the snow-drifts and transformed into brightness and luxuriance with the glossy foliage of the rhododendron. In the laurel-swamps of the Alleghanies the stems are ten or twelve feet high. Along the banks of the Monongahela, where there is no other evergreen, the railway-traveller is borne, at some points, through an avenue waving with long, pendulous, and polished leaves,—a suggestion of winter-gardening to many thousands of unheeding eyes.

That most vivid of all scarlets, the flowering pomegranate, is thought by some to be gaining an infusion of Northern vigor into its sub-tropical sap. A low-growing form of it is said to be nearly hardy at Louisville. The large variety is quite so at Norfolk, whose people have several times walked across their magnificent harbor on the ice. But it cannot be reckoned, in insurance phrase, "a good life" north of thirty-eight degrees. Above that line it becomes migratory, and has to pass for hibernation into the conservatory or the cellar. And worshipful company it has, as a vegetable Diogenes, in such residents of tubs as the orange, oleander, crape-myrtle, and palms. The first two of these, wide in variety of color or fruit and constant in fragrance, are of themselves worth any cost their six-months' shelter can involve. The agaves, palms, and larger cacti require more careful winter-treatment, and will probably remain appendages of the conservatory,—plants *de luxe*.

Good popular substitutes are found in the canna and caladium. These are so much more portable and less exacting in their bedroom accommodations, and with their rapid growth so quickly impart a

semi-tropical air to the collection, that, with the ricinus, the arundo donax, and the pampas and Ravenna grasses, they will constitute the main dependence for that purpose. Thanks to the cheap postage that has given such an impulse to gardening, they are becoming more widely known each year, and the familiarity that breeds contempt may ere long as thoroughly deprive them of their alien appearance as the same cause has done in the case of their fellow-natives of the torrid zone, maize and the sweet potato. Yet this cannot well be. Not having the drawback of being eatable, they will not figure in food-statistics, price-currents, and the cargoes of schooners and freight-trains. In the struggle between the æsthetic and the economic, the former retains an easy hold on what is good for nothing but to look at. Its modest claim of what is merely pretty will be readily—shall we say contemptuously?—granted. One thing which we have lately seen set up as its emblem, the "leonine" sunflower, may well be surrendered to its rival. Let that stunning centre of the Ruskin bouquet be planted by the acre as an herb for the use of man—and beast. The Russians take this view of its claims; and nowhere would Mr. Oscar Wilde feel more at home than among the Cossacks.

For determining what to plant, one has only to refer to any of the gay circulars sent out by the florists, containing a steadily-lengthening list of annuals, biennials, and perennials, with every shade of color, size, and hardness. Besides the catalogue, one has but to consult the ground that is to be filled and the purse that is to fill it. As for soil, there is really small concern beyond making it rich enough and having some sand in it. "A fertile sandy loam" was John S. Skinner's stereotyped prescription for growing wheat, corn, and any and every thing else. The endless requirements laid down by experts for ground and exposure in the case of this, that, and the other plant are practically impossible of fulfilment, and may often be disregarded. Flowers themselves have a habit of disregarding them in the most perverse and

unaccountable way. The pansy, for example, should, cultivators tell us, be accommodated with a moist and rather shady situation. The wild pansy, fully as large and handsome as some of the improved sorts, we have seen growing on the hot roadside on the barrenest of shale, with no other vegetation within ten feet of it. Still, species, varieties, and even individuals among plants, as among animals, have their idiosyncrasies, which have to be studied and respected. For so doing, no hard and fast rules can be laid down. General theory and practice are at the command of every one who cares to undertake the culture of flowers, and the adaptation of them to each case and condition is one of the pleasures of the occupation or the amusement. One grows interested in tracing the humors, overcoming the waywardness, and gratifying the wants of a flower, as of a child, and the reward is as certain, if not so high in quality and degree.

With the rapid accumulation of wealth in the past fifteen years, private greenhouses and conservatories have immensely multiplied. Yet their increase has not kept pace with that of the window-garden,—the conservatory of the masses. Every new dwelling now, humble or costly, is built with some reference to this feature. It influences the selection of exposure and the arrangement of the plan. A nook for a conservatory, a warm bow-window or a flat window facing south,—one or the other, as circumstances permit,—is pretty sure to be provided. Then, in positions farther from the light, for plants which less need it, or for temporary use, brackets and stands are employed. Flowers are thus expelling their counterfeits on the hangings, and nature's tracery in leaf and vine replaces its imitation in the moulding of mantel, arch, and cornice. We cannot, however, expect them to perform this new duty gratuitously. They exact some sacrifices on the part of their friends. Moisture is essential to their health, and it does not agree with that of the inanimate adjuncts of a chamber or a drawing-room. A glance at the mouldy

walls of a forcing-house makes this evident enough. Ordinary room-gardening, therefore, is not without its limitations. Accept these, and its range remains gratifyingly wide both for quantity and selection. The geranium from waterless Arabia and the calla pond-lily bloom side by side, emulous in thrift. A large number of callas together would of course make a difference; but we do not want more than two or three of them, plenty of less succulent plants being at command for the remaining space. The rooms we live in are, in fact, too dry in winter for our own health, and a great many favorite kinds of flowers stand it better than we do. A concession to them is a gain to us, without any necessary peril to books and furniture. Against the culture of flowers in bedrooms we have every now and then a blast from the doctors, with much parade of chemistry and physiology; yet the verdicts of death from anthracite, gas, drain-pipes or no drain-pipes, continue to be incomparably more frequent than those of death from flowers. Were it otherwise, the bills of mortality would soon show it, for year by year the windows of our streets become more and more profuse of blossom and leaf. If this be a deadly advance in popular luxury, and the American people are to "die of a rose in aromatic pain," the euthanasia cannot be far off. Think of a single establishment in Chester County, Pennsylvania, with sixty greenhouses,—some twelve acres under glass,—full of nothing but little rose-trees that fly abroad every spring and fall over the length and breadth of the continent! At this rate the flowers will crowd us out before they have time formally to put us to death. If, as somehow seems to happen, they do neither, it simply shows what a broad country we have, how many homes there are in it, what a work the beautifying of them, and how actively we are going into that work.

That this practical and genuine æsthetic movement has its commercial side goes, in our land and day, without saying. Trade has got hold of it, as of everything else, and applies its own highly effi-

cient methods to the undertaking. As we have pointed out, there are localities which live, like Bulgaria, on roses. Others have other floral specialties, and others still are supported by all,—are omniherbivorous, so to speak. Rochester, Geneva, and Flushing, in New York, are probably as well known for their nurseries as for anything else. The same might be said of Bloomington, Illinois, and other Western towns. It is noticeable that these centres are determined far less by any considerations of soil or of thermometric or hygrometric conditions than by the common rules which govern commercial enterprises. Pork and plants, flour and flowers, Ceres and Flora, drift amicably along in the same industrial channels. In proportion as the horticultural artist exceeds numerically the artist who works on canvas or in stone does the vocation of supplying him or her with material overshadow the purveying of pigments and chisels.

These artists are everywhere. They are the outgrowth of no craze, independent of the high-pressure culture of cities, little controlled by the critics and less by the almighty dollar. They are of both sexes and all ages, rich and poor, and neither the one nor the other. Of course they have fashions and traditions and fancies to go by, but usually each is a law unto him or herself. When they choose to weigh the matter and to formulate their rules, they find them to be just those which hold good in other walks of taste,—music, painting, sculpture, oratory, and poetry.

For in the "*pleasaunce*," as in all these, we like contrast and we like harmony; we like repose and we like surprise; the regular, the picturesque; darkness, light; vermilion, gray; mass, detail. It is a good similitude,—that of Rubens's pictures to beds of roses; but we do not want beds of roses by themselves. The eye craves rest, foil, and variety, even as a rich sunset sky all day and every day would be tiresome and make us pine for fog.

Nature points us to the standing background for her gayest palette, and keeps

it ready-made, like the painters who execute "pots." It is verdure,—every shade and tint of green. When you deposit your vivid blues, reds, yellows, and whites, let this provision not be forgotten. Shrubs and sward are the cloth on which you have to embroider. Sometimes it may be nearly covered; but it must be covered deftly, whether the designs be flowing or precise, desultory or geometric.

Geometric, we say, since the mathematical is not at all to be tabooed. The Dutch style, or ribbon style, depicted in form or color, or both, has its rights and its opportunities, Mr. Pope and Dick Steele and a great many later critics to the contrary notwithstanding. It need not and should not predominate. Generally speaking, it may be used to lead off architectural lines into natural ones. It belongs to the vicinity of walls, terraces, and tanks. In such situations do not shrink from the formal hedge of box, pyrethrum, pyrus japonica, arbor vitæ, or yellow jessamine. As for turf, that lends itself to any shape. The garden-line, shears, and lawn-mower are your very good friends and allies. Nor need you altogether despise ribbon-planting. It is a *tour de force* that throws aside grace, but may be very effective for all that. A regiment or a phalanx of geranium, phlox, coleus, and cineraria is always at least striking. These species are so continuous and constant in their bloom as almost to seem to demand such treatment. And art need not always, as the old maxim runs, conceal art. An occasional display of *technique* comes in well. It is a natural weakness on the artist's part, with which we refuse to quarrel.

Varieties should be so placed as to keep the blossoming continuous through the season, but with a varying effect of color,—that is, the combinations to change from week to week. The different colors and sizes of one and the same species come well together and gratify the eye with an exhibit of the capabilities of a single plant; but they should be irregularly spaced and mixed with some other kinds, if they are not to have the look of being grown for sale.

The different species and forms of growth should to a certain extent interlock, dying out as you pass along, and gradually giving place to others. Now and then any isolated object of striking aspect may please by its sudden reappearance. The gladiolus is useful for this sort of accentuation, while effective also in mass. On borders, the smallest plants will naturally choose their place next the walk, their superiors in stature rising to the rear,—a necessary reversal of the military system with the grenadiers in front. Flowers are swayed by the hand of peace. The weak are called to the front: heliotrope and daphne have precedence of the coxcomb; the prince's-feather cannot lead the line.

Eccentricity asserts itself in the parterre, as out of it. The fantastic in leaf and stem will interest, if not please. Those who wait upon Flora must endure a little court-buffoonery. The yellow-leaved honeysuckle and box, the white-leaved geraniums, etc., are of this character. To us they are not pleasing. They suggest disease, like that ghostly plant the Dutchman's pipe.

There is room for everything. Beauty asks but a slender foothold. An inch or two of window-sill, some square feet of brick pavement, a half-acre of free soil, are alike its welcome abodes, and it will cover with its charm the least or the greatest.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### PUBLIC TOPICS.

#### Longfellow.

**P**OETRY, it must be acknowledged, shows little tendency to thrive in our American soil. It has neither started up as the primitive growth of a rude and simple life full of freshness and adventure, nor flourished as a product of the general advance in civilization and the spread of culture, nor burst into sudden bloom at some crisis in the national history or period of strong excitement. It has struck no deep roots, been nourished by no abundant springs, covered no wide tracts. The few oases scattered over the arid waste are of slender dimensions, and as these dwindle and wither there is no sign of others to succeed.

Under these circumstances it seems somewhat like an anomaly that during the last quarter of a century or more the most popular living poet with English-speaking people should have been an American. And what makes this the more remarkable is the fact that Long-

fellow was not what is called a poet of the people, that his productions breathe neither passion nor imagination, and that in general they suggest a mind imbued with scholarship rather than one that has gained instruction and inspiration chiefly and directly from life. In reading "The Ladder of Saint Augustine" we have no difficulty in perceiving that the concise thought which came from the profound personal experience of the saint has been elaborated by the poet without the least infusion from a like source. This and similar instances are of course exceptional; but the indications of extensive reading, of an intellect nurtured by study, of a genius developed and stimulated through a wide and varied knowledge of literature and history, are at least more abundant and conspicuous in the writings of Longfellow than in those of any other poet whose name has become a household word among readers of almost every class.

But the poets who stir the common feelings most strongly, like Burns, and those who, like Byron, fascinate us by glowing and picturesque conceptions, are far from sharing the whole domain of general human sympathies between them. Few poems in the English language have had a wider or more lasting popularity than the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," which yet excites only the gentler emotions and appeals chiefly to the reflective faculty. Longfellow's best-known and best-loved poems are mostly of the same type. They deal with themes evoked from the universal consciousness in strains that breathe calmness and hope. They are pensive, tender, and consoling. Of course we do not mean to intimate that Longfellow's poetry is merely didactic. But, obviously, the distinct charm by which it has endeared itself to so many readers lies not in the power to agitate but to soothe, not in any strong portrayal of struggle and suffering, but in the sweet impressiveness with which it inculcates the lesson of resignation, faith, and endeavor.

In beauty of form and expression the poetry of Longfellow has had no rival on this side of the Atlantic. Emerson, it is true, has written verse marked by a subtler grace, a more exquisite diction, a fuller and more resonant harmony. But in reading Emerson's poetry we are compelled to grapple with thoughts which seem to overfreight the metered words and to need a more adequate or appropriate vehicle. A far more common characteristic of American versification is a fluency suggestive of mere eloquent prose, coupled with the rhetoric of oratory. In his longer poems Longfellow is not altogether exempt from this tendency. But his lyrics are almost always as free from both baldness and redundancy as they are lucid and melodious. They bear neither the marks of labor nor the traces of a fatal facility. There is a complete accordance between the sentiment and the expression. The simple but pregnant thought, the delicate yet striking images by which it is transformed and symbolized, the felicity

and the chastened freedom of the diction and the rhythm, combine to produce that perfection which results from the complete blending of appropriate elements. Hence the ease with which these poems are remembered, — as strains of music are so often recalled without effort or any apparent aid from association. No doubt could ever spring up as to Longfellow's being a "born poet." Whatever learning and culture may have done for him, it was nature that made him eminently tuneful. In this respect his earliest poems show few signs of immaturity, and his latest still fewer of decay.

There is little if anything of national or local flavor in his poetry, unless the occasional choice of subjects connected with American history or scenery and the use of appropriate names, figures, and descriptions be considered sufficient to produce that effect. "The Village Blacksmith" is a "fancy sketch," without a background or any of those traits that prompt inquiry as to the origin of a poem. "The Fire of Driftwood," though assigned to Marblehead, might have been lighted on any wreck-strewn coast. The "Poems on Slavery," though there is no lack of fervor in them, do not indicate any personal acquaintance with the South. Even in "Evangeline" the coloring, with all its charm, lacks the touches which would make it impossible to assert that any one but an American could have written it. But the defect is one of which we have no right to complain, since, except in his two or three dramatic efforts, Longfellow never missed his aim or marred the symmetry of his work by attempting things to which his powers were inadequate. What he has given us reflects the roundness, the consistency, and the purity of his nature. It was not his office to explore the depths of men's souls or to give vivid delineations of their life, but to delight them with delicate fancies and encourage them by sweet counsels; and few writers have better performed their appointed task or been more amply repaid by the admiration and affection of their readers.



## PLACE AUX DAMES.

## A Lady's Reminiscences of Aaron Burr.

PERHAPS no American more forcibly impressed himself on his day and generation than did Aaron Burr, and, although nearly fifty years have passed since his death, incidents of his eventful career and facts tending to solve the enigma of his clouded life are still received with interest by the public. In the old Winant manor-house, in a secluded corner of Staten Island, are still living two old ladies who were intimately acquainted with Colonel Burr during the last stage of his career. They are daughters of Daniel Winant, who in 1836 was proprietor of the Port Richmond Hotel, on Staten Island, where the last three months of Colonel Burr's life were passed, and were members of their father's household at the time of his death. When Burr's name was mentioned they manifested considerable reserve, and it was not until they were assured that their visitor was a connection of the colonel's, and rather proud than otherwise of the relationship, that this reserve vanished, and they favored him with a flow of anecdote and reminiscence. Both, it was easy to see, were warm admirers of Colonel Burr,—a fact noticeable in all who came in personal contact with him, while his detractors have generally been those who knew him only by hearsay. They have many treasures and relics of their distinguished guest: one is the old account-book in which were entered the items furnished him by the hotel, another, his mattress, and a third, the mess-fork—a large, three-tined, silver-plated affair—which went with him through his campaigns during the Revolution. The first entry in the account-book is as follows: "June 15, 1836. Colonel Aaron Burr commenced board." This book has been carefully guarded from the public eye, the writer being the first who had been allowed to copy from it. This was done at the request of Judge Edwards, Burr's cousin. Many of its items were for stimulants such as would be needed for a feeble old man, and after Burr's death so great

was the clamor against him that Judge Edwards implored the Winants to carefully seclude this book, lest his detractors should obtain the items and publish them as proof of the colonel's intemperance; and for nearly fifty years these ladies have jealously guarded their trust, although many visitors, including several journalists, have desired to see it.

So many lurid accounts of Colonel Burr's last hours have been published—several within the last two years—that the public will welcome something of an opposite character, particularly as it comes from those who were from their position competent to speak in the matter. The elder lady was the *raconteur*, her sister assenting. Colonel Burr, she said, was brought to the hotel from New York on the 15th of June, by his relative Judge Edwards, and another gentleman, whom she did not know: he had suffered a paralytic stroke, and was nearly helpless, but could walk or ride a short distance. He was given an upper chamber, and Edward Binney and the maid, a strong, good-natured, rosy-cheeked Irish girl, became his attendants.

"The inn was very gay that summer, several naval officers from vessels in the bay, with their wives, being quartered there in addition to the regular guests. Burr retained his fondness for society to the last, and, as long as he was able, insisted on taking his dinner at the public table, where he was an object of much interest to the guests and led in the conversation. There was a nameless charm about him which continued to the end. Nothing better pleased the officers' wives than to sit at his bedside and read or talk to him. Our fair cousin Abby B—— would leave more youthful gallants any time to read or talk to Colonel Burr, and my sister and myself gladly devoted our leisure hours to him. Cousin Abby was his favorite, I think. He would tell her tales of his adventures in the Revolution or in foreign lands, and joke and laugh with her by the hour. He would say, 'If I were a younger man, I would take you, Abby.' And she would laugh and fall in with

the idea. His conversation was always vivacious and instructive; the tones of his voice, low and melodious, thrilled one, while his expressive dark eyes added to the charm of his speech.

"Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter were stopping at 'Kettledash,' on the island, that summer, and frequently rode past,—by design, as I often thought. Colonel Burr noticed them, and inquired who they were, and, on being told, turned away with an expression of indifference. He never mentioned the Hamilton affair unless the subject was broached, but I am sure he held himself entirely guiltless in that matter. I remember that once a Colonel Story called to see Mr. Burr. My father cautioned him, before he went up, to say nothing about Hamilton, but he disregarded it. Presently he came down, somewhat flushed, and remarked, 'Well, Winant, I disregarded your advice, and, you may depend upon it, I got a blast.'

"He never mentioned his daughter Theodosia in these last hours but once. One day, bolstered up on his pillows, he looked out on the bay and the ships at anchor. 'Ah,' he said, 'if I could only see my daughter coming to me over the water there as they said she walked down into it from the ladder!' And the tears rolled down his cheeks."

"Was it true," I inquired at this stage, "as has been stated, that in his last hours Colonel Burr was in the habit of swearing and blaspheming furiously, and became so violent from remorse that it required the efforts of several men to hold him?"

"No," she replied: "he died as calmly as an infant sinks to sleep, and during his whole illness he was as patient and gentle as one could expect of a man in his position. I remember only one instance of his showing any marked irritation. Mary, our strong Irish girl, often attended him after he was confined to his bed, and was quite a favorite with him. One day she lifted him rather roughly, as he thought, and he desired her sharply 'to go to h—ll.' The poor girl withdrew in much distress, but in a few moments native wit came to her aid,

and she knocked at his door for admittance. At his permission, she went in, and said, 'Colonel, I've been there, and seen the old man, and he says he has only room there for you.' Colonel Burr laughed heartily at the girl's wit and restored her to his favor.

"The Rev. Dr. Van Pelt, of the Reformed church in the village, visited him frequently during his sickness, and was always received with courtesy and apparent pleasure. On these occasions the family and guests of the hotel assembled in the room and joined in the responses to the good man's prayers. Colonel Burr also repeated them, and was at times visibly affected. His death was peaceful and painless. My brother-in-law, Edward Binney, who was with him to the last, said that he died as calmly as a tired child sinks to sleep."

In describing the clamor that arose against Colonel Burr as soon as the grave closed over him, the venerable lady became much excited: her cheeks flushed, and her eyes sparkled with the animation of youth.

"They were such barefaced falsehoods," she said, "such vile, malicious slanders, that they filled me with horror and disgust: it did not seem possible that men of high standing could be so wicked. And some of the clergy and a part of the religious press were the most bitter and unscrupulous. I heard several sermons in those days that I could barely sit still under, so full of falsehoods were they. One, delivered by a blind preacher, I remember particularly, Colonel Burr being its subject. The preacher described him as dying alone on the sand-banks of Staten Island, while uttering awful oaths and blasphemies, forsaken by God and despised of men. You cannot imagine my feelings under it, and it was only with the greatest effort that I could restrain myself from rising and telling the people that what the preacher had said concerning Colonel Burr's last hours was false in every particular; that he was not deserted by his friends,—Judge Edwards and many others visiting him daily; that he had everything that his condition demanded,

and that his conduct on the bed of death was not that of a reprobate, but was what might have been expected from a man of his talent and position."

C. B. T.

### ART MATTERS.

Henri Regnault's "Automedon and the Horses of Achilles."

REGNAULT'S "Automedon," recently sold in New York with the collection of the Hon. Levi P. Morton, is not only one of the finest works of art, intrinsically considered, that have ever come to this country, but has also a peculiar extrinsic value by reason of the interest attaching to its author and of the small number of works he executed during his short life. Only twenty-eight years of age when he was killed at the siege of Paris, in 1871, Regnault's fame was already more than well established. Especially by those best qualified to judge—his brother artists—he was ranked among the first painters of the day. More than this, it was prophesied by many that when time should reveal his utmost power he would stand at the very head of contemporary art. Fortuny and Munkácsy are perhaps the only men of his generation who have shown the genius of the pure painter in so strong and so original a fashion. Than Fortuny no man could well be more original at this late day: he is the only artist of our time who has founded a new school in the proper sense of the word. And, as he, too, died young, he would no doubt have done still finer work in his maturer years. Munkácsy, I may say, though this is not the place to enter into any detailed examination of the genius of such men, with all his magnificent power and with all the wealth of color he displays in some of his pictures, is not a colorist *pur sang*. Fortuny, of course, possessed this greatest of all artistic gifts to an extraordinary degree. But his paintings fall almost always within the domain of *genre*, while Regnault, if we may judge from his youthful essays, with an equally remarkable gift for color, joined to splen-

did draughtsmanship and great emotional fire, would have trodden the higher walks of historical or imaginative art. What the world lost by his death it were hard to reckon. But he bequeathed it at least a few treasures of the highest value.

His famous pictures may easily be counted. While still a student at the French art-school in Rome, he visited Spain and there painted the portrait of General Prim. Prim was dissatisfied with it, because, though on horseback, he was shown bareheaded and with disordered hair. Regnault took the canvas back with him to France, where it was purchased by the government. To-day, now that Prim and Regnault are both dead, that the latter is recognized among the princes of his art, and that the portrait is held to be one of the greatest modern works in its own line, the family of the Spanish general are said to be inconsolable, as well may be true. With the "Prim," there also hangs in the Luxembourg gallery Regnault's "Execution in Morocco." Terrible in its realism, it is yet magnificently beautiful and shows Regnault's color at its very finest. His "Salome" is too well known to fame to need comment here. He also painted a "Judith," which is now in the gallery at Marseilles, and several other pictures of less renown. The "Automedon with the Horses of Achilles" is earlier in date than any of these works. It was painted at Rome as the first of the annual *envois* required by the mother school from each of her nurslings at the Villa Medici. The rule is that such pictures should be studies of a single nude figure. Regnault endeavored to comply with this demand, but his essentially dramatic genius could not confine itself within so narrow a frame, and the two steeds are of equal importance with their leader. The canvas is very large, the horses being of colossal proportions. Automedon is shown in the act of running between them. With his right hand he holds the bridle of one, while he seizes with his uplifted left the bit of the other,—which has reared and broken the cord,—and is thus arrested in his course and

almost pulled off his feet by the struggles of the splendid animal. The composition is spirited beyond rivalry in contemporary work, though it shows certain signs of academicism inseparable from so youthful a creation. The almost straight line which runs from the uplifted left hand to the left foot, upon which Automedon is poised, is beautifully conceived, and gives the strong support needed to counter-balance the flowing lines of the rest of the canvas. The modelling of the nude figure is superb, and the landscape background, simply and nobly planned, is of equal value with all the rest. In color the canvas is fine but subdued, not showing Regnault's coloristic power as it is shown in his later work. The technical handling is very broad and strong, a superb example to all students of masterly brush-work. Yet, in spite of all, the main interest of the picture is to be found in the way the superhuman—if not properly ideal—subject has been conceived. The man is a splendid specimen of humanity. The horses are the steeds of Achilles, divinely given, immortal, heroic, Homeric. It is a work which should have gone to one of our public galleries, a work too unique in its kind and degree of excellence to be allowed to pass into private keeping. Yet it was bought by a Western gentleman for the comparatively insignificant sum of five thousand nine hundred dollars. The lady who owns Regnault's "Salome" is famous with art-lovers for that fact only. Mr. Morton may yet be told in Paris that he has committed an unpardonable mistake in selling the "Automedon," and our museums may yet learn to regret that they neglected to profit by his blindness.

M. G. V. R.

#### ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

##### One of our Dialects.

To show who is North, who is South,  
Two words like a finger-post beckon,—  
For, as soon as he opens his mouth,

One will "guess" and the other will "reck-on."

THIS old rhyme furnishes shibboleths by which we may recognize two great

divisions of the "American language." They may be called the New England and Virginia dialects, though each is spoken, with more or less purity, in other localities. Both of them are too well known to need any description. But there are other provincial forms of American speech (not subdivisions of either of those just mentioned) whose very existence is not widely known outside of their respective districts. One of these is spoken by a certain class of the population in a large part of Maryland, and especially in the city of Baltimore. No works of the Sam Slick, Hosea Bigelow, Artemus Ward, or Mosis Addums order illustrate this lingual offshoot of our common tongue, and yet it displays peculiarities which are quite as striking as those heard farther north, south, or west.

The following short dialogue between a Baltimore husband and wife, relative to the carrying of a small parcel by the former, will give some idea of its chief features:

"Say, looggayurr, wurrbowtz d's she live at?"

"Oh, not fur. Jist up yurr'n Fayette-street" (Fayette Street), "next to the church."

"Ye don't call that fur, don't ye? W'y, Bawltmer-street's" (Baltimore Street) "a graidle" (great deal) "fu'ther'n I want to lug all that air truck. Say, wurr-bowtz's my overcoat got to? Some person's went an' hid it."

"No, some person ain't went an' hid yer overcoat, nuther. Ef ye'd 'a' went an' looked wurr ye ought to look, out'n the passidge" (hall), "behind the steps" (stairs), "ye'd 'a' found it a-hangin' up on the nail" (peg). "Ye jis' takes an' chucks it down anywurz w'en ye comes in."

"Well, looggayurr, now, w'y can't Billee take these yurr blame' things the seev'nin'" (this afternoon) "w'en he comes home f'm school?"

"Billee don't never git home till pooty nigh on to five, an' that'd be too late fer Missiz Jenkins to git 'em. W'y don't ye jis' take the bunn'l an' go? 'Tain't s'orful heavy."

"I ain't never said it was heavy yit, am I?"

"Well, ye talks like as ef it was."

"I never. Not wunst. Yurr, gimme the things, can't ye? Women is sich a' norful bother! They al'ays has so much to say 'bout nothin'."

Here the slamming of the "frun-door" behind the man's departing form cuts off a somewhat vehement retort by that half of him which he well knows to be the better one as far as a ready flow of language is concerned.

Just how this Maryland dialect arose it would be hard to say. It is not of recent growth, but seems to have come into existence at the time when the upper part of the State was settled. It resembles in many respects the one spoken by the lower classes in the English counties south of the Thames, and is not unlike what the Cockney mode of speech would be if the letter *h* were allowed to keep its proper place. A majority of the natives of Baltimore are the children of people who came to that city from other parts of the country or from Europe. But this appears to have made no perceptible difference in the general form of the dialect, although it is, like all similar relics of by-gone days in the United States, fast dying out. In fact, dialects are anomalies in our country, and public schools, serials, libraries, railroads, and the various forms of business enterprise are swiftly and surely making them things of the past. In a few more decades the public-school graduate, the printing-office employé, or the young commercial traveller who has "worked his way up" will not be likely to say to himself, "I wish father and mother didn't have such a common way of speaking."

W. W. C.

#### A Pioneer Judge.

DURING an intermission in a Western court-room not long since, some one opened a newspaper and announced, "Judge Raggles is dead."—"What! old Judge Raggles?" chimed several voices, and a little crowd of middle-aged and elderly lawyers drew round the speaker, who read out a short obituary

of the deceased. And immediately they all fell to contributing recollections of him,—enough in the aggregate to have made a respectable biography. He was the most genial, humorous, upright, and eccentric of men, a deep thinker, a profound lawyer, just, acute, incorruptible, with a capacity for keen irony, touching pathos, and towering indignation.

Anecdotes crowded upon each other, illustrative of his many conspicuous qualities, and a white-haired counsellor transcended description by exclaiming, "I tell you, gentlemen, he was infinite,—infinite!"

The presiding judge came down from the bench and stood whittling a bit of pine. "I tried my first case before Judge Raggles," said he. "It was up in one of the northern counties, over twenty-five years ago. In one of the towns court was held in the upper story of a dry-goods building at the head of the main street. The judge usually rode in on his mustang pony,—you all remember the mustang, doubtless,—and took off his saddle-bags and tied the beast to a post in front of the store. The boys had a trick of stealing him away and riding him round through the back streets during court,—a proceeding, I think, of which he was well aware, though he never demurred. He was very fond of the boys, and the pony was always at his post when he came down-stairs, and they out of sight. As I said, I was trying my first case; and when I rose to make my plea it was in the spirit of Pitt. I was young, and had been twitted of it; and I was as eloquent as any of you were at twenty-five! The judge ignored the 'bench,' and sat tilted back in a chair, cross-legged, near an open window, turning his head from time to time to eject a copious accumulation of tobacco-juice. In one of these brief diversions his eyes fastened upon something down at the bottom of the street and lingered so intently that my own gaze magnetically followed, and I beheld a group of boys and loafers surrounding two or three old horses and mules and the mustang, evidently preparing for a race, each



animal being mounted by a light-weight urchin. From that moment I began losing ground with my audience, and the judge seemed to notice it, and waved his hand to me now and then, without turning his eyes, and said encouragingly, 'Go on, go on, Mr. Smith; I hear you,' which made my position extremely ludicrous. My knees fairly knocked together, and at each succeeding 'Go on, Mr. Smith,' I sustained a fresh loss of 'pluck,' until at last, in the height of embarrassment and disgust, I indignantly left the floor, and was followed by an unceremonious storm of applause, in the midst of which the judge sprang to his feet, upsetting the chair and a small table in front of him, and shouted in the greatest

excitement, 'By thunder! the mustang's ahead! Adjourn court, Mr. Sheriff!' and was down-stairs in a jiffy, the whole court, except myself, uproariously following to witness his demonstrations over the victorious mustang. When his enthusiasm had somewhat abated, he turned to the crowd behind him and said blandly, 'I thank you for that cheer, gentlemen. Some one please remind me of the obligation when we go over to the hotel.' An Irishman in the crowd exclaimed, 'I' faith, yer honor, it was Smith we was cheerin'.' 'Oh, did Mr. Smith win?' asked the judge innocently. 'Did ye iver hear the likes?' cried Pat: 'wasn't it yer honor's ain mustang that won?' " A. I.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Morocco: its People and Places." By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated by C. Rollin-Tilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Few countries of equal extent and equal interest are so little known to the outside world as Morocco. The jealousy of the government and the bitter hatred of Christians common to all the native races except the Jews make it all but impossible for a European traveller to gain access to the interior. Only three or four explorers, at the constant risk of their lives, have succeeded, within the last decade, in penetrating to the heart of the empire. Signor de Amicis owed the opportunity of visiting Fez and Mechinez—the two most populous cities, but lying scarcely more than a fourth of the distance from the Mediterranean to the capital—to an invitation to join the escort of an Italian envoy. His observations being confined to these towns—in addition to Tangier, the point of departure—and to a journey of little more than a hundred miles in each direction, in a country larger than France, the reference on the title-page to "people and places" implies a promise which is not entirely fulfilled. It would indeed have been a singular piece of good luck, not only for the author but for his

readers, had he been able to see and describe all the principal places and the intervening territory. For, besides the novelty of the scenes which would thus have been brought before us, their picturesque capabilities must be of the highest order, and as a describer of the picturesque Signor de Amicis has no rival among travellers. One of his rarest merits is that he never over-elaborates: when he has given sufficient touches to make every feature vivid, he refrains from adding a single detail which might blur or weaken the impression. His skill is that of the rapid and masterly designer who knows precisely the effect to be aimed at and the strokes by which it can be reached. In the present book his power is exerted to the full extent of his opportunities, and with results not, on the whole, inferior to even those attained in his work on Spain. If the canvas is smaller, the picture has a still greater freshness, with equal brightness of color and not less effective grouping. It is not his main object to impart what is commonly called information, but the reader of this volume cannot fail to feel that he has gained an amount of knowledge in regard to Morocco far exceeding in value

what he could hope to derive from all other accessible sources.

One quality which distinguishes our author, in contrast with the common run of travellers, is his sympathetic treatment of races, habits, and ideas the most foreign to his own. No diversity excites a hostile prejudice in his mind, no beauty or merit fails to obtain his admiration, no defect or annoyance is made the subject of unmixed or violent invective. In a discussion with a Moorish merchant who had travelled extensively in Western Europe, he allows his interlocutor to have the better of the argument in a comparison between barbarism and civilization, between the social life of Fez and that of Paris and London, merely implying, by some touches of humor, that his original conviction had not been altogether changed. He recounts the sarcastic remarks on the appearance of himself and his fellow-travellers by a party of Arabs,—such as that they did not see what the skirts of the Christians' coats were for, unless to hide their tails,—and adds, "Poor fellows, let us be just! They were not so far wrong, after all! Ten times a day, while they skirmished about us on their superb horses, we remarked to each other, 'Yes, we are civilized, we are the representatives of a great nation, we have more science in our heads, we ten men, than exists in the whole empire of the Scherifs; but—planted on our mules, dressed in these clothes, with these hats, in these colors—among them, goodness knows, we are hideous!' And it was true. The least among those ragged figures on horseback was more noble, more dignified, more worthy of a lady's glance, than all the dandies of Europe in a bunch."

Yet his appreciation of whatever pleased the eye or touched the heart in the strange life with which he came in contact does not blind him to its baser or baser aspects. Of the Moorish population, which has in its hands the chief share of the trade and skilled labor of the land, he writes, "There is no doubt that these people are endowed with admirable faculties, and that their industries would increase immensely, as also their agriculture, which was once so flourishing, if commerce would make them live." But he adds in regard to the mercantile class, "The more I study these Moors, the more I am inclined to believe that the judgment unanimously passed upon them by travellers is not far from the truth, and that they are a race

of vipers and foxes,—false, pusillanimous, cringing to the powerful, insolent to the weak, gnawed by avarice, devoured by egotism, and burning with the basest passions of which the human heart is capable. How could they be otherwise? The nature of the government and the state of society permit them no manly ambition. They traffic and bargain, but they have no knowledge of the labor that begets fatigue of body and serenity of mind; they are completely ignorant of any pleasure that is derived from the exercise of the intelligence; they take no care for the education of their sons; they have no high aims in life: therefore they give themselves up with all their souls and for their whole life to the amassing of money; and the time that is left to them from this pursuit they divide between a sleepy indolence that enervates and sensual pleasures that brutalize them." This is not a picture to make one regret that the French should be extending their conquests in North Africa.

"The Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley, R.A. With Notices of his Works, and Reminiscences of his Son, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain." By his Grand-daughter, Martha Babcock Amory. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE long and somewhat cumbrous title prefixed to this book does not describe it quite accurately. It is not a biography, properly speaking, either of Copley or his son, but a family history, consisting largely of letters written by different members of the family to one another during a period extending from the American Revolution nearly to the present day. Family traits are more prominent in this correspondence than individual ones. Without any of the eccentricities which often mark the course of old families, the Copleys appear to have preserved intact, during two or three long-lived generations, all their characteristic features as a race. As we meet them in their correspondence, they seem to have stepped out of one of Copley's canvases, without disarranging a fold of their drapery. They take up the pen with dignity and a consciousness of the historic importance of that instrument. They are cold and formal on paper, but we catch somehow from their rounded periods the impression of a stronger and warmer social presence, of a certain stately kindness and worthy feeling. They all seem to have looked at things in the same way, as a matter of course, and the traditions evidently de-

scended to the grand-daughter, who writes of her predecessors from their own point of view and with a sympathy which strengthens the tie of kinship.

Mrs. Amory has been wise in publishing her materials as fully and unpretentiously as she has done. There is nearly always an excuse for the publication of letters or memoirs apart from their intrinsic interest. They are there, as the French say, *pour servir*, to be of use to any one specially concerned with the matters of which they treat, or to be read by any who find pleasure in them. Length is no drawback to such publications, and no condensation would have made an entertaining or popular biography out of the matter given in Mrs. Amory's book. Social or public details are entirely subordinated to domestic ones, and there is a dearth of anecdote which is, to say the least, singular.

It is certainly disappointing to find the great men with whom Copley was more or less associated mentioned nowhere but in the notes, where we could have dispensed with their names; but if they had left any traces in his correspondence, Mrs. Amory would scarcely have withheld them, and it is safe to conclude that there are none. Copley appears, indeed, to have been entirely immersed in his work. A few letters to his wife, written when he first went abroad, from England and Italy, show him enjoying the world of art into which he had suddenly entered, but, above all, studying, planning, and looking always to the result. He makes a passing mention of the pictures he has seen, but has something else to do than to dwell upon his impressions. These letters, which are interesting in spite of their slightness, are the only contributions made by the head of the family to this correspondence. Later in the volume he is mentioned regularly in the letters of his wife and daughters as at work in the painting-room. The reader would be glad to be taken into the painting-room; but that privilege is not granted, and he must content himself in the family drawing-room, where the younger Copley, afterward Lord Lyndhurst, soon becomes the central figure. Of the results accomplished, as it were, behind the curtain, we have an account by Mrs. Amory, who has brought together a good deal of interesting but unsystematic information with regard to the history and present ownership of Copley's pictures.

### New Novels.

"The Freres." By Mrs. Alexander. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"A Tallahassee Girl." (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Madam Lucas." (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S most successful stories have always turned upon the fortunes of a heroine whose spirit and courage, combined with a delicate and subtle feminine intellect, engage the reader's instant sympathies and hold them to the end. There is little or no idealism: the central figure is no mere conventional or typical creature, representing an abstract principle of beauty, love, and innocence, but a woman well endowed with mental discipline and training to meet any of the vicissitudes which are certain to assail her. She is fitted to surmount difficulties and dangers; she shines like a star through the glooms of poverty, and, besides possessing admirable judgment and good sense, is one of those happily-gifted beings who can do nothing ungracefully. She thus wins the heart of every man who beholds her. If "The Freres" lacks the charm of "The Wooing O't" or the piquancy of "Her Dearest Foe," the fault seems to lie less in the situations and the characters than in the fact that the author has weakened the interest and reality of both by a want of unity. With no apparent reason, she has shifted the scene from London to German provincial life, and, as little fresh matter is introduced, this study of foreign manners merely serves to remind us of what has been far better done before. The struggles of the Freres in London are in Mrs. Alexander's particular vein. Mrs. Frere's silly incompetence, the spoiled humors of the younger girl, and the unbounded conceit and vulgarity of the young man, throw Grace into such shining contrast that her isolation in a world of chattering imbeciles would be painful unless one felt that rescue was close at hand. James Byrne, that loyal and homely soul, is the best character in the book, and, with Lady Elton, contrives to strike the balance and keep up one's faith in humanity. Some flaws can generally be found in ladies' heroes, and Mrs. Alexander's have occasionally recalled the old-fashioned Lovelace type, although restrained and refined by modern ideas; and we are glad to see that, in the present book, Max, who for two-thirds of the story seems to be playing in a brutal, masterful fashion

the part of *jeune premier*, is compelled to give way to the proper hero, who comes in tardily but effectively and carries off the full honors. Mrs. Alexander has given us books with more *verve* and spontaneity, but we predict a wide success for "The Freres," from its fidelity to life and freedom from exaggerated pictures.

"A Tallahassee Girl" is too slight and too little elaborated to be called a novel; yet it is much more than a sketch, and the amount of unused material which is suggested on every page makes one regret that the author did not more thoroughly work up the advantages his situation offered. The story is very simply and gracefully given, the characters are real, and the background well painted. We should venture to assert that the author is a Northerner who has had unique opportunities for knowing the South and for feeling in a lively degree the poetry and picturesqueness of the survival of the old traditions and instincts after the deluge had swept everything else away. He has his subject well in hand,—too well, in fact, since he might have gracefully let it run away with him. The situation is one which would have suited Tourgénéff, who would have worked out to the uttermost of human interest the character of the old judge, his Lisa-like daughter, her three lovers,—the one she has been brought up to marry, the one she fancies, and the one who loves her and has the strength to win her, except that he is confronted by her brother, the spectre of a youth whom he met at Chickamauga and changed into a maimed and helpless cripple by his rifle-shots.

But most American writers are afraid of actual humanity: even with the passionate insight into elementary feelings which ought to carry them to the very bottom of the subject, they like better to suggest than to portray,—to open a vista than to penetrate it and master its intricacies and secrets. In short, a certain delicacy and fastidiousness mars the stroke of the artist, and he contents himself with mere prettiness, feeling certain that this, at least, will offend no one.

There is no aiming at more than bright effects in "Madam Lucas," which is the story of a French widow, with youth, love, and beauty, who settles down in the city of St. Louis. While the other novel of the Round Robin Series is distinctively and admirably American in color and spirit, "Madam Lucas" has no nationality, and its characters and setting might belong, as the writer says

on one page, to "a group of revellers in some land of summer idleness."

"Why haven't we a Boccaccio among us? Oh, Italy! Oh, Florence! I smell the fragrance of the orange-trees!" said Wolf, smiling idly on his companions, as he lay, with head thrown back, on a silken pile of cushions."

And the whole book seems rather an adaptation of other ideas and other histories, which have struck the writer as bright and graceful and pathetic, than an actual working out of the story of her own heroine. Thus "the grappling of the potter with his clay" is not felt, and, in spite of the writer's pleasant intention, the reader remains unimpressed and a little cold.

#### Books Received.

Belgian Days. By Kate Byam Martin. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Popular Astronomy. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Theology and Mythology. An Inquiry into the Claims of Biblical Inspiration and the Supernatural Element in Religion. By Alfred H. O'Donoghue. New York: Charles P. Somerby.

Spinoza. A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

First Aid to the Injured. By Peter Shepherd, M.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Manual of Historical Literature, comprising Brief Descriptions of the Most Important Histories in English, French, and German. By Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Easter Offering. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

Garfield's Place in History: An Essay. By Henry C. Pedder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Wine Question in the Light of the New Dispensation. By John Ellis, M.D. New York: Published by the Author.

Atlantis: The Antediluvian World. By Ignatius Donnelly. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Life and Public Services of Arthur St. Clair. By William Henry Smith. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Volumes I. and II.

The Burgomaster's Wife. A Romance. By Georg Ebers. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gollaberger.